

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1927

THE NEW HOMESTEAD

LETTERS FROM FORT VERMILION

BY HILDA ROSE

[In the *Atlantic* for April 1927 we left Hilda Rose, with her seventy-year-old husband and her nine-year-old son, camping out in a tent, in latitude 50° north, on the Peace River, somewhere between Fort Vermilion and the Great Slave Lake. The new letters, from which we have made a selection, describe her journey into that northern wilderness, and the vicissitudes which have beset her since she began to prove up her claim to the new homestead. — THE EDITORS]

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
July 10, 1926

DEAR DOCTOR-LADY: —

I am now on the steamer going north and will land very soon, so this will be a short letter so I can get it ready and leave it here on the steamer to take back to civilization. We will land at L. Point, which is ten miles before we come to the trading post. There is only one white settler there and he is on the boat. He has fifteen children — is a very large, fine-looking, jovial man. His father was a missionary and the first white man here. He has taken a great fancy to Daddy, and as he is a very rich man his word is law on the

river. The boat was crowded and we had no berths and night was coming on. He called the purser and told him to give us a good stateroom and look after Mr. Rose, as he looked tired and needed rest. Say, I never saw a man jump around so swiftly. The best stateroom was given to us and we had every attention as if we were rich. Daddy was eight days in the freight car and was in a dreadful state when he arrived. I took him to a hotel and gave a woman a dollar to carry me four pails of water from the creek and heat two cans of it, and then I bathed the poor dear and put him to bed. He could n't even eat for exhaustion. He was just a helpless baby.

I'm so glad Mr. L. has taken charge of us. Now everything will be all right and I've quit worrying. Boy is the only child on the boat and is very happy. Everybody wants him, and from the captain, who coaxes him up into his tower and lets him use his telescopes, to the engineer and deck hands, he surely has a good time.

Leaving Edmonton, the freight that Daddy was on lost twelve cars just behind him. They turned turtle and piled up on the track so that my train

was delayed eleven hours. Finally we got going again and we had a wreck, but our car was left standing on the track. This was in a swamp and we were there six hours at night, and the mosquitoes descended on us and Boy almost lost his mind, though I wrapped his legs in my jacket and fanned him constantly. Finally they rustled up an old locomotive and a freight car and took us to Peace River Town. It was very crowded and the first-class passengers were horrified when they had to ride with us emigrants. Three in a seat and on the floor, just as tight as could be. No lights, and they sang songs as we rode along, for most of us were happy to be going again through the dark hills to safety.

I have no time to write more. The land looks green, lovely, and lonesome. I am a little homesick. Just a tearful feeling.

July 25, 1926

The boat came up this morning and brought me your letter, and this is just a hasty scrawl that I hope will catch the boat if someone here at the L. ranch goes down to the shore. I love it here, but see hardships ahead. Getting ready for winter will be a big job. Daddy is poorly. I kept him in bed all day yesterday and he felt stronger to-day, but not able to do anything. But God will see me through and I am happier than I've been for several years.

It grows here—everything grows, though the season is so short one must hustle to get it planted and harvested. There is wood a plenty to burn, but it takes work to get it ready for winter. There is plenty of water in the majestic river if wells fail. Happy, dear heart! I have reached the garden of Eden. But, there is the winter and the cold, the hard work, the loneliness. I'll get my mail once a month, I think, for

some breed or somebody will come by surely. I repeat the Twenty-third Psalm each day.

[No date]

The talk now is only 'fur' and 'dogs.' In another month there won't be a breed or Indian within one hundred and fifty miles, nor anybody, as all will be on the trap lines and we won't see a soul till spring. Yet, I don't dread it. Yesterday a large wolf—and they are immense—came within three hundred yards of our tent. From the ground to the top of the middle of their back is thirty-six inches. Take a yardstick and measure the biggest dog you know and you'll get some idea of them. Some are black and some are gray and some are mixed. The bounty is eight dollars and the best skins bring twenty-five dollars. You know we are on a bend of the river. The wolves have a trail right across the neck at our back, so we can see them as they streak across. I have six wolf traps and I shall set them out as soon as my bait is rotten enough. It takes an awful stink to lure them to your traps, unless you have a dead horse or something to set your traps around. The largest wolves stand as high as forty inches to the back up here. I haven't got a decent rifle for them. Nothing but old muzzle loaders that Daddy's forefather used in the Revolutionary War and a good little 22 rifle.

If I can get them once into a trap I'll kill them with a club and 'shabby-nacky' myself a good 30.30 rifle. 'Shabby-nacky' means 'trade' in here. The only white people to come 'in' this year besides us were two priests to take the place of two old priests going 'out.' One at the Catholic Mission and one at the English Church Mission. So we are very well known by hundreds of breeds and savages, as they have

what I call 'moccasin telegraph' service here. It travels very fast by moccasin and canoe. If someone gets a new dog we all know it and all about it very quickly. Our dog is known to hundreds that have never seen it.

To save my candles I am writing this by the stove. By taking off one lid I get a fitful light that barely enables me to see to write. It makes me think of Lincoln's early life. We are still living in a tent, but it's getting pretty cold nights. It was twenty degrees above zero in the tent last night and I won't be able to get a log cabin this year, as good logs are too far away. So we are going to take what is handy, which is poplar pole trees, and cover the tent and put a roof on it of poles and put hay and dirt on it. This pioneering is tough, all right, but I expected it and a merry heart goes a long way. Though not a day passes that I don't question myself whether I have done right in coming so far away. But no one could help me where I was, and I wanted to keep my self-respect and raise the boy to be a real man, and I did n't have a show there.

Boy has a very small Indian pony — looks like a small Shetland pony, but has the toughness and pep so necessary down here. Our rivers flow *down* to the Arctic here. When Daddy came he stopped at the last drug store in civilization to get a box of salve. The kindly little gray-haired lady who waited on him asked him, 'Whither bound?' and he said, 'Fort Vermilion.' 'That's my grave,' said she sadly. 'Why, were you ever down there?' says Daddy. 'Yes, I wintahed one yeah on the Great Slave Lake.' 'Did n't you like it?' asked Daddy. 'No,' says she. 'Too fah from a doctah.' 'Well,' said Daddy, 'she's quite close to a "doctah" now, for her husband is one and runs that little drug store.'

When Boy comes riding on his pony

back over the hills, now you see him, then he's out of sight in a gully, now he's riding up the slope, gone again, and then comes racing home on a gallop. Well, it's like looking at a Wild-West movie show, only it's real. He and his pony are one — all the brother he has except his big black shepherd dog. I must get some dogs, but not this year. Only dogs are used here in winter. You lie down on your sled wrapped in a feather quilt and the river is the road. A trapper offered me a trained female dog, but I have too much on my hands yet awhile. A bunch of wild pups would drive me crazy. A husky is half wolf; a malamute is a husky bred back to a wolf. They make fine sled dogs, but have to be well fed or they'll turn on you and eat you up. I have too many to feed now, but I'll have a bunch of trained dogs after a while.

One of the breeds says he'll take Boy out on the trap line when he gets big enough. The trap line is from one to five hundred miles off and lies over a big country where only Indians live, well watered with unknown rivers and lakes. Each trapper chooses his line, which runs through the bush along these rivers, creeks, and lakes, and he builds a cabin at the end of each day when he goes over it the first time. Six cabins is the rule. So it takes a week to go over his route, and he travels thus all winter long, back and forth. In the spring he comes out to the trading posts with his catch and trades it for what he needs or sees at the post; wastes his substance on whiskey, cards, and foolishness; goes in debt to the post for a grubstake for the next winter, and then there is the hardship and loneliness of the trap line ahead of him again.

All the talk now is 'dogs' and 'fur.' 'Saw some fur last night,' says Peter R., a half-breed. 'What was it?' I asked.

'A big wolf, and if my horse had n't got scared I'd 'a' shot him,' he answered. The foxes are shy and you never see them. A large bear looted Jack W.'s cabin. Just tore things loose and carried off his bacon. A wolf carried off a fresh beef hide from the white settler's place two weeks ago. That's all the news. I have no paper from the U. S. and I wonder what they are doing there. Those clippings would be interesting—I hope you are saving them. Politics and world happenings, you know.

August 24, 1926

Have n't a minute to spare, as winter is n't far off, but must write you a few lines, as I know you'll be anxious about us up here in this vast wilderness. I am still living in a tent and cooking over a camp fire, and it appears to be very healthy, judging by how dirty we get to be. I smell like a smoked herring. No well dug yet, so we get water from the river, and very good water it is. A large bear is prowling around, but not having shells for bears I can't tackle it yet. I have fifty-six traps of all kinds, which is just one twentieth of what the other trappers have, but I will get more if I catch any fur. The trading post trades you anything you want for fur, charging about four times what it's worth, plus the freight in. This trading is very interesting indeed. Suppose I take some eggs or butter to the store. They'll offer me, say, fifty cents a pound or dozen. 'Shabby-nacky,' or else I can take it home. There is no cash business done at all. But it's not 'so worse,' as one man said. The trader will buy you anything from the 'outside' you want, from a box of salve to a threshing machine, providing you have it coming. Furs dropped in price fifty per cent here when the U. S. put a fifty per cent tariff on raw furs. So the poor Indian

'gets it in the neck.' The trader plays safe. I went horseback over to see a family living seven miles from us and learned quite a bit about setting the traps. The breeds are really beginning to like us. One smiled at us and joked me about being a barber when he passed by to-day and I was trimming Daddy's hair out in the sunshine in front of the tent. They are a very quiet, silent race, but once a friend, it's forever true.

Our homestead is in a bend of the river and has some low hills at the back, where it is thirty feet higher than the river. There is a small lake and a slough with muskrats in it, partly on our place, and the lake on the homestead for Karl to locate on when he is eighteen years old. I expect to make our living catching the rats and a few foxes. The fur is so scarce that the trappers go far inland and have trap lines a hundred miles long. But that leaves what there is here for me; and foxes can run, so I'll get some, I'm sure, and rats always live in sloughs. We have been very busy putting up hay. Daddy can't work hard, but he got a job from the white settler to ride the big mower for him for a few days, and in return his breeds stacked up what hay we'll need for the winter. The hay grew on our homestead, which is nearly all cleaned good hay ground. There is plenty of hay around here, as the white settler has set fires for forty years and cleaned up for fifty miles around his place for his stock to graze on.

You have caught the spirit of my venture. So have the breeds and Indians. They will love us soon. We are so original and natural. I received all your letters and we enjoy those editorials. More than before we need a window to see what the world is doing. I do dread the winter and we are cutting logs and poles, but it's slow.

I have warm blankets and quilts and a moose hide to make us moccasins and ten pounds of wool yarn to knit up, and I shall cut one blanket up for clothing and lining coats and vests. We'll make it fine. Vegetables never fail here, nor grain or berries. By salting one spot against the prevailing wind, deer and moose can be got easily. There are big fish in the river. The Lord is my Shepherd once more, and He only helps those that help themselves.

My two good friends will never get over it, I fear. They are shocked to death. So frail, Daddy so old, boy so young. But that's what makes it so interesting. Not to go to a poorhouse, nor crawl on my belly in an irrigated garden for a living. As I look at the river on three sides, where there will never be a sign of human habitation in sight,

I am monarch of all I survey
From the centre all round to the sea.

We were so tired of half rations, so sick of the struggle. I expect hardships, welcome them, but it will be on a full belly and I can stand it.

September 6, 1926

My conscience is troubling me very much. I tried to doctor a sick soul and gave a sedative instead of using the surgical knife. The white settler has a dear little daughter, just twenty-two years old. I never thought I'd find a woman smaller than I, but this girl is, and so pretty and sweet. They grow that way up here in the woods. I mean, sweet. All the young girls are that way. Their eyes are shy and timid and I could n't hurt them. The white settler has so many kids, and the girls range in age from ten to twenty-three and there are seven unmarried and all are just as I have described them. M. is the one that haunts my wakeful hours at night.

Which reminds me of a verse in the Bible, which says, if I remember right, 'The poor are always with us.' For M. told me the first day I met her, 'The breeds are here, and we must accept them and treat them like human beings.' Daddy said the same and we are doing it.

All breeds are not alike, but the big majority have strong backs and weak heads. Among the exceptions is one named N. That's his first name. He is nearly white, tall, very strong, and would pass for a Frenchman 'outside.' But here he's just a breed, and among his fellows looks like one. He has always worked at the ranch and played with the children as he grew up, and fell in love with M. Her parents have forbidden her to ever think of marriage with a breed. M. has refused eight white trappers, to share their cabins, and I don't blame her. I have n't seen one yet as nice as N. Yes, he wipes the dishes for her every day and they look anywhere except at each other when anyone is looking, but when they're alone blue eyes look at soft black eyes. He eats with the breeds at their table and this little act of wiping the dishes is his one happy moment after each meal.

Dear Doctor-Lady, I wish you could see them together. So happy and yet so unhappy. Then one day M. broke down and cried and told me. And I comforted her, assuring her everything would come out all right and that N. was a very good man. I could n't bear to see her cry and I forgot that she will have breed children if she marries N. My sympathy made me do wrong. For I don't want breed grandchildren myself. I can't think of anything more horrible than to have grandchildren with strong backs and weak heads. For breeds are just big children. If I had expressed my horror at such a union as she contemplates,

my conscience would be clear and I'd feel like a brute. What shall I do? Just let nature take its course? Am I, a woman from the 'outside' and well informed, responsible for this? She said she was going to marry him or die an old maid.

It's too bad that we are fifteen miles from the white settler. Karl gets so lonesome for children. I play with him some, but it's not the same. He knows the name of every breed around here and quite a few Indians. He has also made a friend of the Mounted Police, who is nicknamed 'Baldy' and is a rather young-looking man with a splendid appearance, as if he had just stepped out of a storybook. But they lead a very strenuous life here, protecting the white settler and keeping the Indians peaceful. There is only one at each fort and their days are full of danger, and braver men never lived. Baldy has told Karl many stories of his own exploits and of another who was his partner a few years back, but got shot by a murderer who was quicker on the trigger than he was that time.

Full many a league o'er prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfeet and of Cree;
But danger from their savage bands
Our dauntless heart disdains,
That heart which bears the helmet up
Of the Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,
The soldier's care and pride;
No waving flag leads onward
Our horsemen when they ride.
The sense of duty well discharged
All idle thoughts sustains;
No other spur to action need
The Riders of the Plains.

So among uneducated, silent Indians, childlike breeds, and trappers of the fur, Boy's life will be spent. But already I see a change in him. He is

more manly, more to be depended on. He realizes that we are in a new, wild country and that I depend on him to make a home here and provide the necessities of life. The silence almost gets me. For two weeks I have n't seen a white person, and we, Boy and I, have been alone. Daddy had to appear in person at the nearest land office to file on our homestead and he left us on the twenty-seventh of August. He will most likely be back the end of this week. Boy and I have been so lonely without him. But the law has to be complied with, and by homesteading himself, if he should die before Boy is of age, I also get a homestead, besides the right to prove up his homestead should he die before it is proved up or after. He is very anxious for Boy to get a good farm and enough to pasture stock on. It's possible to get half a section, besides Boy's homestead, right at eighteen years of age this way. I think that Daddy will be with us a good many years yet, but he does n't think so, though I tell him that 'creaking hinges last a long time.'

You can't get a breed or an Indian to live alone. They are the most childish and superstitious mortals I've ever heard of. Their fears simply get them. 'What are you afraid of?' I ask them. 'I don't know' is all the answer I get, or 'I won't stay alone — I can't.' My health is better here and Karl is growing so fast I can just see him grow, and he is just as chubby. So the climate so far agrees with us. I hope you are well, too, and happy.

October 25, 1926

This will be just a few lines to let you know that I'm well and we're all feeling good. Winter is here, snow on the ground, and we are still in a tent, but building on our cabin. It's not very cold, except in spells, and I have a heater up besides the old cookstove.

There is no soul closer than seven miles — not even an Indian. All are away on their trap lines.

We had fish for supper last night and prairie chicken for dinner. Just as a battle looks more terrible to those far away than to the one in the fray, so this must look that way to you. It's pioneering, I'll say, but I think we'll winter through all right. I do wish we had a house and barn, but will dig away at it and by next winter we'll have it. I have a roof over the kitchen stove and three walls to that, but have to cut lots of logs yet for the rest. Old winter will be a snorter in another month and I must go to work again. Can't wait a minute.

Thank you for the paper. The mail is a bright spot in our life, a window to look out on the big 'outside.' The river is n't running ice yet, but will any day, and then the mail will be once a month and I may not be able to get it regular, as it's over thirty miles away and I have no dog team. I saw a dog team this week. A trapper passed through with five dogs. I gave him his dinner and then I kissed each of his dogs on the forehead and hugged them and cried a little over them. He vowed he'd never whipped them and I told him right to his face he was a liar. Such beautiful dogs, and their hearts were broken; their tails turned down and slicked tight to their stomachs at the sound of his voice. This country is 'hell' for dogs and Indians. The Indians are in the grip of the fur traders and are robbed terribly, and just starve along, always in debt to the traders. And the traders just hate white settlers and manage to keep them out. We are the only ones to come in this year. Those that came before have most of them gone out again, but I intend to stick. If I get through this winter I'll make it. It's a wonderful country, a bracing climate, and I love it.

The fairy-tale book and *Robinson Crusoe* have been a godsend for Boy. Just what he needed for his mind. He has his sled and a hill to slide on, a dog to play with, and he is getting to be an expert with the big axe. Much better than I am. Well, it's going to be a hard time for me for a while, but I'm game. So much is at stake.

January 18, 1927

Just think, I've been to a party. A real party, and it seems just too good to be true; and a year from now there'll be another one. But first I must tell you about the Preacher, because he enters so much into our lives. The English Church sends us one missionary and we call him 'the Preacher.' The old one was pensioned and sent to England the week we arrived here. He thought he could ride his circuit as usual and the result was he was found wandering in a muskeg, by the Indians. He had started out with a sandwich in his pocket and no mosquito bar, and when found was out of his head. It's no trouble to get lost here at all. I never venture over a quarter of a mile from home without the dog. When I want to go home I tell him to go ahead and show me the way. Our new Preacher is just out of college. He's a dandy — real good-looking, young, jolly. Can sing a rollicking college song or dance a jig. He is very modern, immaculately dressed, and rides like all Englishmen — bumpety-bump. It looks so unnatural. We enjoy his visits very much and he has called four times already. There are so few here that it does n't take long to get around.

No, the teacher got cold feet at the last minute and would n't come. She was a strong, husky Scotch woman, and if she'd come we'd have got along fine and got our cabins built. Yes, I read your proposition of the irrigated land; I know all about truck, fruit, and

apples and the marketing of it, too. It sounds nice, but when you can't sell what you raise, what then? Freight rates are so high that the selling price of the stuff won't cover it. There are no markets in the West. Some day I'll tell you of five years spent on an irrigated ranch. I'm grateful for the offer, but never again will I crawl on my belly for nothing.

February 9, 1927

There are just 131 civilized in here. By 'civilized' I mean speaking English and wearing clothes. Of these, thirty-one are white, and I can count the white women on my fingers. The Preacher is a mine of information and our newspaper. He likes us and is delighted to think we are really settling here. We sometimes talk about the 'Bonny Lassie' left in England and the aged mother who won't sell her antique and cherished old furniture and silver because she's keeping it to move right into the 'Vicarage' when he becomes 'the Vicar' of the little village church. He loves the freedom here and says he can't go back to the narrow life of the English vicar. The Bonny Lassie is planning on coming here this summer. Won't that be fine? Pretty rough on this gentle English girl to live amongst Indians and trappers, but I know she and I will be the best of friends and she's a brick if she comes. It's a self-imposed exile for me and will be for her, too. Love for your mate makes you daring, but it has its compensations.

February 11, 1927

These civilized people are scattered over a couple of thousand square miles. Many live in teepees and the rest in log cabins, except two or three who have board cabins. Mr. L.'s house was built by his father forty years ago of boards sawed with a handsaw. Some labor.

He gives a party once a year after Xmas. The Preacher was so afraid we would n't go that he came after us. It's hard to find the trail in the snow and it's a perfect maze to me, but we arrived at 7 p.m. and after a hot supper the L. children gave their school programme of music, recitations, songs, and dances. They have a big school-house in the back yard and the eldest daughter teaches them. After the programme the dining room and big kitchen were cleared for dancing. Everybody was there except five and the Catholic Mission.

The white women were elderly — wives who had followed their husbands in here. Old-fashioned, unbobbed, and with long skirts. But it was like coming home, so warm was the welcome I received from this lonesome sisterhood. They held my hands so long; they did n't want to let them go. They were nearly all from the States. One had gone insane — not very bad; you could see her mind was shattered. You know it takes some mental calibre to come in here and live alone and not see a white woman more than once or twice a year. If you have n't much in your head the lonesomeness will get you. This woman is poor white trash from the cotton fields of Texas. She knows nothing but work. I questioned her about her life here in order to learn what I could of the loneliness that makes insanity among sheep herders and farm women.

I see by one of your letters that you have no conception of how far north I am. Calgary is a large city crowded with cars. Farther north is Edmonton, also a big city. Next comes Peace River, a small town at the end of the railroad. It has some autos and two wooden hotels. Each hotel has a bathroom in it, but you have to carry your water up from the creek and heat it on the kitchen range if you want to take a

bath. Then I went on a steamer that holds thirty carloads of freight in the bottom. We went north all the way until we came to the Great Slave Lake Region. We got off just this side of it in the wilderness. There are no autos in here. There are nine white people at Fort Vermilion, the Governor, doctor, Mounted Police, Hudson Bay man, and so forth. Get a map and find the Great Slave Lake. A little south of it — that's here. Boy has already had two invitations from Indians to go trapping with them there when he gets a bit older.

The Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River Town districts are settled with farms till it looks like a checkerboard. Here is the primeval wilderness. Unless I have the dog with me I never dare go out of sight of the house, as I get lost so easily. The white settler's wife and children have to climb a tree quite frequently when picking berries to see in what direction to go home. As there are no roads in the sea, so there are none here.

February 12, 1927

I have now been in bed one week. Last night was a good night and I feel rested and easy to-day. Just a week ago I fell, striking my back on a small bag of frozen salt in the tent. I walked back to my little house, undressed, and crept into bed, and there I've been ever since. It will be two weeks yet before I can walk. I found the hurt place in the Anatomy. The hurt is on the right side.

I lie on my left side. To-day Daddy raised me up in a reclining position which feels very nice. Boy is the cook, and by following my directions does real well and bakes good bread. Sets his sponge at night just like any good housekeeper. There does n't seem to be anything out of joint and we're so far from a doctor that at a dollar a mile

the price is prohibitive unless something is really broken. The Indians are doctored free, but not white people. Doctors should be free to all people. I'll never have another doctor's bill hanging over me if I can get well without. So tired I won't write any more now.

March 1, 1927

Still in bed, but better. Next week I'll be up again. It was a slight sprain and much bruised. Daddy is baking meat and potatoes for our lunch. Boy is in bed with acute bronchitis. Running out while warm into the cold without a coat must have caused it, but Daddy is bringing him around in good shape. He smokes him every day for the cough. Pours oil of pine tar on hot coals and makes him breathe the smoke. It loosens the cough up fine.

The Party. The Preacher said, 'Now you'll see some fancy clothes.' 'What! Do they wear fancy clothes?' said I. 'The Duskie do,' says he. As I had only met one Indian squaw all summer, I looked forward to seeing the others. I received the surprise of my life. He calls the Indian and breed women 'the Duskie.' They were dressed in the latest fashion. Knee-length gowns, bobbed hair, flesh-colored silk stockings with bright flowers embroidered on the knees. Their gowns were of bright silk, and they were so painted and powdered the men looked black in comparison. Dancing the breakdown they grew so excited that Cree and Beaver war whoops made my back hair rise up in horror. I thought they'd start scalping next, but a glance across the room at the gleaming pistols and full cartridge belt of the Mounted Police reassured me. Nearly all had come in dog sleds.

My little house. I love it. There is only one room in it, but I would n't

trade it for a mansion. I could n't make a dugout in the hill, so then I started a log cabin. Eight logs were laid when the cold came. Such a cold! The thermometer dropped steadily and we all cut wood to keep from freezing to death in the tent. We put up the big heater, but had to wear our coats to keep the cold from our backs. We lived from day to day. Building was out of the question. The intense cold just made the meat on our bones vanish away, and we ate all the time, all we could.

Thanksgiving Day came, and just at dusk Mr. L. drove up with four teams and sleds loaded and three other white men and one breed. They brought everything with them and, with the thermometer at forty below zero, put up my little house in six days and had us moved in. I fed them. They could just get in around the stove, but they were a jolly crew. They made big fires outside to get warm by. The icicles hung from their eyelashes in the intense cold, and they danced war dances around the fires and whooped to get warm. Mr. L. has a small saw outfit and saws lumber, and he brought odds and ends he had on hand. The foundation was logs and they even dug me a small cellar. I shall pay for the material and time, of course. But it was queer how they arrived just in the nick of time. Daddy was in bed for a week in the little house just from the cold. Nothing the matter with him at all. The cold grew worse until it was forty-nine below by my thermometer and sixty below by self-registering ones. Was n't I glad we had a shelter at last!

Been feeling blue because I had no luck trapping, nearly sick with worry, when like a bolt from the blue came good news and a check! Look in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the back in the Contributors'

Column. 'It can't be true,' I say to myself a dozen times a day. Mrs. A. sent my letters in to the magazine and they accepted them. I can't believe it. A grubstake for the coming winter; able to pay my debts and buy some clothes for Boy, right out of the blue sky!

The piano was never unpacked and the last thing the men did was to set it up in the little house.

Perhaps you have already seen the *Atlantic*. I received the February number and the check February 20. I did n't fret any more about staying in bed. Your letter and package came on that day, too, and Boy's book and all the reading for me. You are too good. How can I ever pay it back! Everybody is too good to me.

March 14, 1927

I was afraid you might worry about me, so I'll write a few lines to tell you that the young doctor was out to see me and he examined my back and said it would be all right, but that one kidney was still sore. He left me a heap of pills of many colors which I won't take. The Government furnishes us a doctor and this lad is a dear child just out of college. He is very busy and has a hard row to hoe up here doctoring Indians. I did n't send for him, for I can't afford such luxuries. He came anyway. I guess the breeds must have told him I'd never walk again. I can't walk much yet, but I take a few steps every day now. We had a nice visit and he told me all about college days. It was real nice of him to come sixty miles with a cold north wind blowing, but he said that was nothing. He often went one hundred and fifty miles when it was colder. Some life.

April 29, 1927

I am up and around — not so very strong. Four inches of snow fell last

night and it's still snowing, but it will go as soon as the wind changes. As soon as the ice goes out the mail will come in. I hope it goes soon. I am planning a vegetable garden and am going to farm all I can. The summer is short, but it's almost continuous daylight and things do grow. I feel lonesome to-day and wish there were some other woman to talk to besides the one in the looking-glass. I'm not well enough to be outside and I'm tired of the inside. The mail will be so welcome.

PEACE RIVER, ALBERTA
May 4, 1927

We're expecting the boat this week with mail. I feel better — have it checked again. Spring is here, and birds. It's so lovely it hurts. Ducks and geese and frogs make the air noisy, and birds everywhere. I am so happy.

May 19, 1927

The mail came in two days ago and I have a chance maybe to mail this card as the boat goes back. I'll try, anyway. Medicine came, and just what I needed. My back is nearly well. I only feel it when I stoop over. I'm late with my garden and so busy. Had a heap of letters. Books and papers all arrived. The B. cape kept Daddy's head from freezing all winter. He even took it to bed with him. We have a fresh cow this month and lots of milk.

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
May 21, 1927

Spring is here at last and the grass is green. Flowers are springing up everywhere and wild strawberries are in bloom. There was quite a severe frost a couple of nights ago that may have injured them. The mosquitoes are also with us now. If this land ever

gets settled up they won't be bad, but as it is now they are fierce. We sleep under a mosquito bar, at night, made of cheesecloth so the little ones can't crawl through. They will stay with us now until fall comes with sharp frost. But they are bearable. Summer seems to come as if by magic. There really is hardly any spring. To-day is Sunday, I believe. I am never sure of the days in the calendar. I studied the Bible a bit and found that the word 'hell' means 'the grave' in many places in the Bible. I have heard people call this north country by both these names, but I need never do that now that people outside know I'm here. I feel as if I have known all you folks all along, but you did n't know about me.

The weeks and months and years slip by and the old struggle for existence goes on. It's been a fight to keep the intellect alive. Do you think I'll ever be able to write for a living? I can devote a little time every day to study even when I am busy with the garden, and during the long winter there is too much time on my hands. The dark comes too quickly and then stays so long.

What a lovely place I have for a home! The river forms a perfect half circle around us, and there is a hill behind us that shuts out the north wind. The homestead is flooded below the hill until June. It makes fine hay. On one side is a small lake that never goes dry. About eighty acres large. We are all alone.

I was counting on catching fur, and there is n't any and won't be for three years — if I can exist till then. I must write, for, while I hope to grow most of what we eat, we need to buy some things and freights are so high in here.

I find that I am treated with great respect by the men in here. That's because they admire a woman who'll

follow her man into the wilderness and stay with him. They look tough, but inside they're homesick for some old mother, and always, of course, with the longing for a woman's sympathy and love, which is the gnawing hunger of lonely men. The trappers are coming out of the bush on their way to the trading posts or to the 'outside.' Their sleeping bags are filled with duck feathers and quilted. It's really just a large comforter; and they roll up in them and sleep right in the snow even when it's sixty to seventy below zero.

I have gone back to when the world is still young. Civilization is gone and only the little band of lonesome women here remember it. I have a pretty little buckskin Indian pony, but have n't dared to ride yet, as my back is still a little lame. But it is passing away and I am getting stronger every day.

May 31, 1927

Boy and I went hunting yesterday together for the first time this year. He got four ducks, each time he shot getting his bird. The fifth time he shot he killed his duck, but she floated out of reach and the water was too deep for him to wade in after her. He can't swim yet very well, and I can't either.

Of those he brought home, two were big mallards, one was an Indian duck, and the other was a spoonbill. It's all the meat we have and it's very good. He is really getting to be a very good shot.

Meat is very scarce here some years and has been so for quite a few years now, the Indians say. It's too far north and the country is so large, and wolves keep it down, too. But ducks are good as long as they last. After a while there will be prairie chickens. There are small deer here, but they are very scarce. I have never seen one. In the muskegs there are moose, but except in winter they are impassable. Bands of large wolves feed on them. It's such a big, wild country — big lakes, rivers, and muskegs; no trails and no people. Less than two human beings to each thousand square miles, and that means Indians, too. I won't admit out loud that I'm lonesome, but it's a Robinson Crusoe existence. Like being alive yet buried. Books will save my reason, and letters. Trappers tell me no white woman from the outside can stand it longer than six years. I'll have to show them.

Sincerely yours,

HILDA ROSE

INSURING INSURANCE

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

ADVERTISING men sometimes call advertising 'business insurance,' and wonder why men who insure the world against every imaginable catastrophe do not insure their own business against the destructive power of silence.

If advertising is business insurance, why do not insurance companies advertise? The few who do are glorious pioneers and worthy of all praise, but the sum total of their efforts is far too small to form that body of advertising which is necessary to create a new public opinion. Just how small that sum total is may be estimated by comparing figures for a few selected advertising mediums. In this comparison and in the course of this article the word 'insurance' is used to cover all forms of insurance, not only the grand divisions known as life, fire, accident, indemnity, and marine, but protection against other catastrophes quaintly described in the contracts as 'acts of God.' The various applications of insurance vary greatly one from another as the actuary or underwriter regards them, but they all have one quality in common: they lack and need that form of public good will which can come only from public knowledge.

In twelve leading magazines, as checked by the Curtis Publishing Company, the total expenditure to advertise insurance in 1926 was \$1,064,269, while for the motor car and its accessories it was \$30,955,298. The twelve magazines checked, while few numerically,

afford what the statistical 'sharps' call a good cross section. It is safe to say that, were the comparison extended to include all advertising mediums, the odds in favor of the motor car would be greater. It is sufficient for our purpose to leave them at thirty to one. The question is, what peculiar need, or urgency, or intrinsic quality makes it profitable to advertise motor cars thirty times as much as insurance is advertised? What has the motor car in the way of interest, importance, necessity, desirability, or potential market that insurance does not possess? Measured by human needs and human standards, insurance goes deeper, is more potent to stir our emotions, and has a profounder influence on our destinies. Insurance companies are selling an almost priceless commodity — protection, freedom from worry, peace of mind. As old Omar said of the wine-sellers: —

I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Certainly they do not buy advertising. In proportion to its opportunity, insurance has never been advertised. Insurance is sold by an army of salesmen, patient, resourceful, and intelligent, whose ingenuity is taxed to offset and overcome the reticence of the companies that employ them. The present volume, admittedly large, is due to their untiring industry, unaided by receptive knowledge on the part

of the public. Most of what the public suspects about insurance is wrong, including the suspicion that the agent is a nuisance. We picture insurance as a vast office building, filled with vice presidents and adding machines, and the agent as a persistent haunter of our steps, curious about the date of our birth, who finally gets us in a corner and wins our reluctant consent to be made a sharer in the most splendid coöperative institution modern civilization has devised.

One needs no figures to realize how great the unnecessary expense must be. He need only recall the time spent by one agent in trying to reach and sell him. And if a prospect sells himself he still must pay the agent. He cannot go to the company and buy insurance over the counter. And that is right, as things are. If the system must be, it should be supported. But how much easier the work of the agent if his customers wanted insurance; if he could sit in his office, like a nose-and-throat specialist, while people crowded his reception room to be shown in one by one! Why do people stand in line to buy postage stamps or railroad tickets, and let the insurance agent stand in line to sell them insurance they need far more urgently than they ever needed to mail a letter or make a journey? The answer is habit. The insurance companies have elected to do business that way; the public has acquiesced. Some services are sold. Others are bought. It is the habit for insurance agents to chase customers, and it is the habit for travelers to chase ticket agents. But habits are the result of education, and the most powerful educator to-day is publicity. Advertising could reverse this situation, and give the insurance companies the strategic position of active demand.

The difference in thinking is sharply shown by comparing one group of

business men with another. No motor-car company could think of selling without including advertising. Advertising is as necessary and as inevitable as a factory. Insurance companies, with very few exceptions, have no conception of advertising. They belong in a different era. They continue to function as they started, with no awareness of the new world around them. No important industry is so archaic, so remote from modern life. Banks and trust companies are beginning to realize that they are human institutions as well as financial institutions, but insurance companies have never outgrown the actuarial conception of insurance. The present small volume of insurance advertising is powerless to affect this situation, not because it is not good advertising, but because the volume is small. The great force in advertising is group advertising, not coöperative, except as all advertising for any one industry is coöperative. It is the whole body of automobile advertising that keeps the motor-car idea alive. No one or two manufacturers could do it. Buick advertising sells Dodges as well as Buicks. The continued interest of the public in cars is more necessary to makers of cars than the demand for any one make of car. This is true of all products. The country is too large to be moved greatly by any one advertiser.

This conception of advertising applies especially to insurance. Insurance is an intangible, an idea, a service. Laws hedge it in and standardize it so that there is comparatively little room for choice. What advertising it does must, from the nature of the case, be institutional; that is, for the good of the whole body. Metropolitan Life devotes its space to teaching the value of health. Hartford Fire promotes fire prevention. Each of these campaigns helps all life and all fire

insurance. But these two and a few others are too small to create the mighty chorus necessary to inflame the public mind and give to the word 'insurance' the power to penetrate the consciousness and arouse, quicken, and stir the interest that the words 'motor car' have. If insurance maintained such a body of advertising, to which each company contributed its just quota, insurance would be one of the best-known, most interesting, and most talked-about topics of our daily lives. A hundred campaigns as good as Metropolitan Life or Hartford Fire would do that very thing. With such a body of publicity, insurance would crop up in the news like baseball, radio, or aviation. Nearly every front-page news story has its insurance slant—the Sherry-Netherland fire, the Snyder murder, the transatlantic flight. The insurance slant is not stressed in the news because the topic is of small interest to the public. The insurance companies confirm this state of mind by their destructive silence.

Things are not talked about because they are intrinsically interesting—they are interesting because they are talked about; because they are brought to our minds daily and hourly, and we are compelled to take account of them. Insurance could be one of those things if its message were delivered, not in small installments, by word of mouth, but by a volume of advertising comparable to the total volume of automobile advertising, but infinitely more interesting.

II

The advisability of advertising has been brought before the insurance companies frequently. The answer is that advertising men do not understand insurance—which merely means that insurance men do not understand advertising. The obligation rests entirely

on the insurance companies. They are custodians of what has become a great public utility. Even if there were not the obvious selfish reasons for availing themselves of so great an aid to selling as constructive advertising has proved to be, they owe a duty to the public. Even if advertising did not increase the volume of insurance, or, which comes to the same thing, decrease the cost of selling, the insurance companies have no right to withhold from us the real story of insurance.

Many of the great life companies have mutualized themselves, making their policyholders members, whatever that may mean. It does not apparently mean that their policyholders learn any more about their companies, or any company, or life insurance in general, than they did before. But it should mean, should it not, that insurance is no longer the private concern of a small group of officers, but has become a public benefit of such vast possibilities that the public is entitled to such consideration at least as it gets from the selfish sellers of other products that it buys? There is something anomalous about an institution so necessary, so intimately associated with our daily life, which depends so much upon a public state of mind for its growth and prosperity, not availing itself regularly and systematically of such an efficient and inexpensive means of creating public opinion. It is just as possible to advertise ideas as it is to advertise goods. No institution or service has such a wonderful array of material as an insurance company. Its regular course of business is full of incidents of the greatest human interest, things that concern all of us closely and intimately. And all that good stuff goes to waste.

It is seriously asserted that there is no money for advertising; that only so much can be legally spent to secure

business, and this is all given to the agents, who would be unwilling to surrender it or any part of it. Even if the objection were true, it would be negligible. Insurance companies are not maintained for the benefit of their selling staffs. If there is a better way of selling, the field men must adapt themselves to the new conditions. But the primary benefit of advertising is to make the work of agents easier, to enable the same men to write more insurance, or fewer men to write the same volume, because a changed attitude toward insurance will send the public to buy just as it goes to buy other things it has been taught to want — things, be it said, not so useful or necessary or desirable.

It is further argued that the money belongs to the policyholders, who will not look kindly on such a use of it. This argument was true once, in the days when insurance originated, before the public had accepted advertising as a part of its daily life. The public has changed its attitude, but the insurance magnates have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. It is the policyholders' money that is paid to the agent — most emphatically the policyholders' money. A goodly percentage of our first payment goes to him, and some fraction of subsequent payments, which, as has been said, is only right and fair as long as the present cumbersome method of selling is maintained. The purchaser pays the cost of selling on everything he buys, and rejoices that modern methods reduce that cost; and he has accepted advertising on this basis, that it makes so many things so accessible geographically and financially that earlier generations never knew. But insurance is not one of those things. It is an anachronism in this day, which is a great pity, for it has all the elements of a spectacular success.

Insurance is the greatest single unadvertised possibility in our modern scheme of living. It is bound to realize that possibility in the end. It is still largely in the hands of the pioneers, the men who made it possible and made it great, but these men are insurance men first, last, and always. They cling to the system they have developed, unaware of the great change that has come about in the world around them. They have not learned, for instance, the value of publicity for its own sake, apart from its material benefits.

The whole world has at the moment been thrilled in contemplating the feat of a gallant young American who flew alone in one continuous flight from New York to Paris. It was one of those happenings which make us proud of the human race. Each of us went about our task with a little more enthusiasm. The world where such things could happen was a pretty good place after all. Suppose it had been possible for Lindbergh to take off without publicity. Suppose for some unimaginable reason the newspapers did not consider the event news. Remember, the Wright brothers' first flight was not considered news. And so there would have been gathered together down there on Curtiss Field a little group of well-wishers, backers, and airmen. All that night, instead of hanging breathlessly on scraps of news while Lindbergh winged his way through night and silence, the civilized world would have gone about its appointed business, not knowing that a great event was in the making. When Lindbergh reached Le Bourget what happened would have been something like what Lindbergh, with his innate modesty, imagined would happen. He would have landed in an empty field, watched by airmen and others who happened to be on the spot; he would have told them what he had done, and they would have been slow

to believe him. He would have parked his plane, hunted up a mechanic, got a cab, and set off to Paris to present his letters of introduction and convince another thrilled group that he had really flown across the Atlantic.

What a loss that would have been to the known world! The feat would be just as fine, just as brave and skillful and wholly admirable, but no one would know it. We should lose all the thrill, the inspiration, the enhanced faith in humanity that the knowledge of it gave us — the take-off, the long night of anxious waiting, the safe arrival, the spontaneous reception; two whole hemispheres warmed and stirred and drawn together, not by what young Lindbergh did, but by the high privilege of knowing what he did, and sharing it. Most of the benefit of that flight would have been lost without publicity. It is not unknown good, but known good, that benefits the world. And so with insurance. The life companies have written \$11,000,000,000 new insurance in the last twelve months, and not one of us a whit wiser or better or more uplifted because of that fact. It all happened off stage. Yet the stories behind that vast gain would move and stir us, did we but know them, as did Lindbergh's flight or the Mississippi flood.

What holds the insurance companies from advertising is partly indifference and partly ignorance. They feel no need of effort. They are prosperous and content. Also they have no conception of what advertising could and should do for them. They think of it only as a means of immediate selling, which they say they do not need. They refuse to consider its larger and more remote influence, the creation of a public concern about insurance. The public mind is full of a number of things in which it takes great interest. Those things are put into its mind by

suggestion, either by premeditated advertising, as the motor car or radio, or by spontaneous publicity, as baseball or the Atlantic nonstop flights. In any case the public talks about what it hears or reads about. The inherent intrinsic interest of the subject is unimportant. A body of advertising called into existence by all the insurance companies, — life, fire, marine, throughout the list, — the component parts varying in size according to the resources and needs of the individual companies, composed of the moving and stimulating stories that insurance agents now tell their prospects across glass-topped desks, would, when added together, prove a powerful awakener of public attention and equal in human interest many of the stories the newspapers feature with seventy-point type on their front pages. Whatever argument in favor of an individual company its advertising put forward would be immaterial. The Metropolitan Life, by its admirable presentation of the value of health and the importance of preserving it, is not primarily promoting Metropolitan Life — it is promoting insurance. What it gets is good will, but it benefits all other life companies. If all other life companies joined hands, each selecting its individual note, the message would get over. And so with fire, accident, indemnity, marine, and so forth. What is demanded by the logic of modern business is enough advertising to make insurance the vital topic it deserves to be.

III

It may be that the insurance magnates have no more inspiring conception of insurance than the public has. Perhaps they too consider it the prosaic, statistical, unhuman business that it appears to us to be. Long association with balance sheets, mortality tables,

and actuarial figures is apt to give this point of view. If so, it would be worth their while to sit at the feet of some of their better agents and learn what a moving tale of fire and flood insurance has to tell. Not even the stories Scheherazade related to her spouse have more sustained interest than the rôles insurance plays in human destiny.

If insurance were being presented constantly to all who can read, in terms of living, in terms of man's daily interests and dreams and ambitions and affections, — as one of the basic things of life, like getting on in the world, or marriage, or health, or recreation, — and especially if all the picturesque and entertaining stories which grow up around the practice of insurance were used, the sight of the word 'insurance' in print would be the signal for such interesting and agreeable mental pictures as accompany the words 'raise in salary,' 'home run,' or 'tax reduction.'

Of things that are basic in us, resting on natural and primitive instincts, self-preservation and self-perpetuation have always been considered two great ones. Self-preservation includes everything from a pay envelope to dodging an automobile. Self-perpetuation includes not only the great function of bearing and raising children, but also every yearning for posthumous fame. The man who gives one hundred thousand dollars to found a public library is moved by practically the same motive as the man who brings up a fine family, though probably it is easier for many men to earn a hundred thousand dollars than to raise a fine family.

I have been reading an interesting book called *This Believing World*. It is a history of religion. It shows that fear is the origin of all religion. Primitive man found himself at the mercy of forces which he did not understand.

Rain, hail, lightning, flood, and fire snatched away his humble store of food, his flimsy hut, or his family. There seemed to be no reason for these happenings. He believed that they were caused by malignant spirits which were hostile to him. He tried to find some way to propitiate them. By charms, fetishes, totems, sacrifices, and rituals he endeavored to appease the enemies he believed lived in the forces of nature, and out of this fear of the unknown grew the first primitive religion. As man became more civilized and intelligent, and learned more about the world around him, his religion kept pace. He did not lose fear, but he became wiser about it; and when he was intelligent enough to know that religion had nothing to do with the forces of nature at work in the world, he invented insurance, the modern and scientific method of mitigating the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Indeed, much of the world's folklore, Greek and older myths and legends, and many a fairy tale are based on an instinctive but blundering groping for insurance. Achilles' mother bathed him in the Styx to make him immune. How many legends rest on the idea of propitiation of some impending evil, or providing some armor or charm or rite to ward off the dangers surrounding the adventure of life! And what is insurance, all insurance, but preparation to mitigate the accidents of fate, to soften the blow, to render one's self, family, income, possessions, as safe as possible from what may happen?

Another human instinct out of which insurance grows is coöperation. Coöperation is the finest flower of civilization. When hundreds of thousands of people are washed out of their homes by the overflowing Mississippi the nation passes the hat and responds with millions to care for the refugees. This is spontaneous coöperation. But if every

one of the dwellers in the lowlands bordering the Mississippi had been for years paying a small sum annually to insurance companies to provide against losses by flood, that would have been organized coöperation. Insurance is organized coöperation. It is a form of public utility.

Millions of doughboys came home from France with life insurance in force obtained under unusually favorable terms. They could not hope to start again under such lenient conditions — insurance furnished at cost by the Government with the privilege of extending it at the same low rate. One would think these young men would cling to this very tangible asset. Instead, they dropped it with what seems like amazing indifference. It was not their fault that they placed so low a value on the privilege. The blame rests wholly on the insurance companies, who do not value their own service highly enough to tell the people about it and make it mean something to every human being. If these same young men had found themselves with motor cars or radio sets which they would own on making a few additional payments, the result would have been quite different. They want motor cars and radio sets. They do not want insurance. And this state of mind measures the gap between advertised and nonadvertised commodities — the known and the unknown good.

The need of insurance is a basic need — primal, intuitive, fundamental. Self-preservation, yearning for immortality, love of family, ambition, thrift, fear, the sad aftermath of war, the sustaining solidarity of coöperation, all demand and are to a great extent met and satisfied by some form of insurance.

Insurance runs up and down the whole gamut of human emotions, interwoven with all our hopes and

fears, a human service if there ever was one; and the industry as a whole continues to present to its public a face as cold and inscrutable as that of the Sphinx. To proceed from the general to the particular, allow me to exhibit a page from my own experience, an intimate and personal page, which will show why I am a believer in insurance and at the same time a critic of its remote and unfriendly attitude toward a public it needs and which needs it. I am, I believe, what almost any life company would consider a good customer. Last year I paid to the largest company in the world premiums aggregating something over \$23,000. I am chagrined that my patronage does not create a ripple on the smooth surface of that company's complacency. The telephone girl is taught to answer your call with a smile in her voice. The United Cigar Stores salesman is expected to say 'Thank you' for the smallest purchase. My tailor and my haberdasher write me letters to tell me how much they appreciate my patronage. It is the spirit of the age that business shall acquire the social amenities. But during all the years that I have been paying what are to me large sums to my insurance company I have never had from it a single 'thank you.' To it I am just a number, like a convict in Sing Sing. When even the most remote industries, the public utilities, the banks and trust companies, even some departments of the Federal Government, realize that we are after all just one big family, and extend the hand of good fellowship through advertising, insurance companies maintain their splendid isolation and refuse to establish a basis of mutual understanding. The telephone company, a monopoly that would seem to have little economic need of advertising, has reaped a rich harvest of good will from its sincere and informing talks

with the public. It has far less need and much smaller opportunity than insurance.

The form of insurance of which I buy most is what is known as annuity. It is less popular in this country than in England, and there was little demand for it. But it fitted my peculiar needs, and the story of how I came to that conclusion is pertinent to this discussion. I am engaged in a race with deafness. I have been deaf all my life and am growing deafer as I grow older, facing the menace of diminished earning power. I desired to establish an income which would provide for me as long as I lived, and which would be outside of my control. If deafness interfered with contacts by which I earned my living, it would equally interfere with the intelligent investment of my own funds. Men learn about good investments from each other, often in casual conversation. A deaf man is dependent solely on himself. It seemed a great privilege that I could hire a competent organization to invest a certain portion of my savings and pay me a greater return on it than I could receive from other investments, however fortunate, at the risk of leaving in the company's hands all that I had not used before I died. I have bought freedom from worry about ways and means for the rest of my natural life. An organization, safeguarded by restraining laws, is bound by contract to pay me a certain stipulated amount as long as I shall need it. The other day I drew a check for \$16,012 and sent it to that company. It was quite an event in my economic life. It was the final payment on the largest of my annuities. I had been hard put to it at times to get together the money to meet the payments, but I had at last achieved this one ambition and had as far as was humanly possible propitiated one of

the enemies of mankind. But while it was a red-letter day for me, it was just Tuesday at the insurance company's office. Promptly I received the standard receipt — a green slip, filled out by an adding machine. No human hand had touched it. No red and gold ink marked it as the special and final payment, the goal, the capstone, the *magna charta* of my new liberty, the privilege of living free from at least one form of worry as long as life should last. I wrote for information. This was the final payment, was it not? And was my understanding of the policy the correct one? In two weeks came the reply. My understanding was correct. The payments would begin on such a date. Next! Just like that. It was as hospitable as lunching at an automat.

I have given this incident with so much detail, not because I have a grievance, which I have not, but because it is typical — typical of all my relations with this company, typical of everybody's relations with all companies. It is intended to show the dire need the insurance companies have of some means of expression, some way of reaching the public mind with a message that will offset their standardized steel-trap method of conducting their business. They need the humanizing influence of trying to explain themselves to the public.

The story of my unusual annuities came to the attention of one of those exceptional insurance agents who are building up their business along lines of human relations. He asked me if I would write him a letter telling him the story I have told here, and allow him to use it as a means of interesting others in old-age insurance. I would and did. He tells me that my letter has been a great help to him; that through it he has sold a great deal of such insurance. That letter is an advertisement,

a human document, possessing more intrinsic human interest than all the financial statements ever published. And the insurance companies have millions of such stories at their disposal, the stuff that life is made of, which need nothing but publicity to change the popular conception of insurance and make all agents as welcome as this particular insurance agent is wherever he goes.

IV

The value of advertising is not in question. Advertising exists as a force in modern life as certain forces exist in nature. Architects design and build structures, relying confidently on the law of gravitation. If a building falls down, it does not disprove the law. It merely shows that the architect did not understand the law. It is the duty of insurance companies to study advertising. That duty is imposed upon them by public opinion, by their obligation to that public to consider everything which affects the efficiency of their administration. The findings and the recommendations of the Hughes Commission made life insurance safe for democracy. It defined, among other things, the character of securities in which it was permissible to invest the policyholders' funds. It could logically and reasonably have gone further — and it is conceivable that such a recommendation might some day be made — and advised insurance companies to study all methods of reducing the cost of selling insurance, including advertising.

The telephone company maintains a research laboratory which is said to cost some two million dollars a year. This laboratory is to protect the vast investment of this corporation from unpleasant surprises. In a rapidly moving world, where investigation

and discovery are daily altering the physical aspects of old established fields of endeavor, no great business dare relax its eternal vigilance. If insurance men were modern in their thinking and adjusted to their environment, they would long ago have developed and applied to their own business some method of keeping it abreast of the age. If insurance men as a body would devote their time whole-heartedly and sincerely to a study of advertising in relation to insurance, there would be from fifty to seventy-five million dollars spent annually in making insurance better known, and a great corresponding reduction in the cost to the insured.

Just what is the scope of the Life Insurance Sales and Research Bureau I do not know, but if it is studying this question of selling, comparing its present costs of selling with costs of selling in other industries, measuring actual results of an agent's efforts against the time involved, exactly as manufacturers of paints, electric refrigerators, or safety razors must do, it should not be long before the antiquated methods were replaced by modern ones. Insurance companies must realize, as other great purveyors of commodities have learned, that they are not merely competing with each other but with all products for a place in the family budget, against anything for which money can be spent. The competitors of insurance are motor cars, radios, movies, trips to Europe, furniture, clothes, and food, all of which have the advantage of unremitting advertising.

Insurance has greater need of advertising than the long list of commodities that have used it. To return to our familiar example, the motor car — it is in a way its own visible advertisement. You can see it, and especially see it driven by some friend or neighbor. But insurance is invisible. It is

an idea, a service. It lacks the powerful aid of the spirit of emulation. The early fire underwriters appreciated this trait in human nature, and tacked up over the doors of houses they insured metal medallions bearing the name of the insuring company. You can see these plaques on old houses still, like armorial bearings over the gates of a castle. These signs marked the house owners as progressive and modern, prompted to adopt the new protection afforded by fire insurance. There is a thought in this for insurance men to consider. Insurance might become a badge of distinction, like the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, or the letters of an honorary degree, or the medal pinned on the breast. But to confer any distinction it must first have publicity.

Advertising has just been compared to gravitation. The comparison is apt in this, that it works whether you use it or not. It pulls down as well as holds up. The power of nonadvertising, the destructive power of silence, begins to work on those commodities and services which withhold themselves from public interest. This thought was the theme of an advertisement put out by an advertising agency which attracted considerable attention from the thoughtful, and was reprinted, of their own initiative, by some six hundred newspapers and periodicals. It is commended to the attention of insurance men: —

‘We have advertised a long while,’ said a manufacturer who wished to stop. ‘And have good will. That good will will last us for a long while. We don’t need to add to it right now.’

To some extent that is so. The flywheel goes on turning for a while after the power is shut off. But not for long. And when it stops it takes more power to start it, by six times, than it takes to keep it running.

One might almost as well say: —

‘We won’t buy coal now that it is so expensive; we will gradually chop up the plant and burn that in the furnace until coal is cheaper. And then we can rebuild the plant.’

Good will is a fine thing to use.

But not a fine thing to use *up*.

Nothing is ever finished — done. Time is destructive. Stop building up and time starts tearing down. Some things last longer than others. But nothing lasts so very long. You think of your plant, for instance, as built. But it only stays built because you are painting and repairing and gradually but continually replacing it bit by bit.

Think how much more rapid the inevitable loss in a thing so intangible as familiarity — as reputation — as good will. Out of sight, out of mind — not all in a minute, but before so very long.

Advertisers who stop advertising expose the advertising structure, on which they have invested much money for many years, to elements quite as destructive and more rapid in their action than those which attack and disintegrate an unfinished, abandoned building.

In almost every community you will find the ruins of an ambitious but unfinished mansion — generally called Somebody’s Folly.

Much money went into the work and then financial reverses stopped it all. And the winds blew and the rains descended and the sun warped the wood and the dampness rotted it, and rust and decay completed its ruin.

Now, an advertising structure, dependent on familiarity and reputation, can never be finished even to the extent that a building can be finished. We venture to say that never, in your most optimistic moments, have you felt that your advertising structure was finished and that it would shelter and protect your established business forever after.

No; you realize, when you stop to think, that the work of building must go on until the end of time.

Good will is a fine thing to use.

But not a fine thing to use *up*.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NOW

BY I. A. RICHARDS

I

A WELL-KNOWN Max Beerbohm cartoon serves me in place of an exordium. In it the Eighteenth Century, wigged, silk-stockinged, and rapiered, stands gazing with pained eyes at its imagined successor — a shadowy, etiolated replica of its own self, the decadent ghost of an achieved perfection. Below, the actual Nineteenth Century, burly, bland, and extremely solid, is beaming through cheerful but calculating spectacles at a larger, even solider, even cheerfuler self — a Twentieth Century facing the whole stretch of time with unshakable confidence, proud in the simple certainty of righteous might. In a third picture, beneath these two lucid summaries of Modern English History, appears the actual Twentieth Century, a slender, hesitant, nerve-racked young man with features bearing some resemblance to those of Mr. T. S. Eliot. About him and before him is spread darkness, broken only, at the point where the vision should appear, by a faintly luminous query.

A reproduction of this picture wriggled in the drafts above my fireplace for a long while before I finally twitched it from its pin and dropped it into the flames. It had been annoying me for some time. A singularly numbing full stop rounds off the best of Max Beerbohm's *jeux d'esprit*. Turn them over in the mind and your smile suddenly seems to become a smirk. With the twentieth century a quarter way through, and its tendencies declaring

themselves more clearly every week, that stooping, puzzled figure lost his point; he became the representative, not of this century, but of the tail end of the last.

The literary critic is usually anxious to disclaim the possession of any fortune-telling ability. But, if the wandering Cagliostro, or Professor Buncombe, who plies so brisk a trade in his booth at the village fair really does no more than read his clients' tendencies, the critic ought to recognize himself as a fellow member of the craft. For every author who is worth considering gives us in his work a sample of current tendencies. If he does this unwittingly, as the poet and novelist may, so much the better. But we cannot in any case appraise his merits without, consciously or unconsciously, estimating these tendencies. Every critic worth the name is a minor prophet by vocation.

Before trying to sum up the chief happenings to the spirit of man in this first quarter of our century let me first point for a moment to some of the snares which beset the rash venture. We must beware of mistaking a surface tendency for one which works more deeply. Tolstoy — rejecting Shakespeare in favor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* because Mrs. Stowe claimed to be preaching the brotherhood of man but Shakespeare did not — made himself an awful warning for all time through just this error. It is not the tendencies

which an author professes, but those which actuate him, that we must use as our guide; and to discover these is no light undertaking.

Equally dangerous is the fallacy of the procession. Starting from the reflection that we are not all living in the same era, either intellectually or morally, we pass readily to the image of mankind as an army, guides, vanguard, main body, and laggards, advancing like a procession or writhing by like a snake. But this image is very inexact. The mind grows in many directions at once. An octopus would be a better image than a snake, and a tree is perhaps the best of all. Poets and original writers are the growing points of this tree. If we assume that, in spite of its prehistoric roots and sturdy strength, the mind of man is still a sapling, we shall feel free to watch for those stirrings of growth in the upper branches which indicate where the main boughs will spread in the future. A subtle and incessant rivalry between different trends is necessary for this growth. Forking and ramification are not a calamity, but a condition of health. Our question here is simply: Where is the sap most vigorously flowing?

A third danger, harder still to guard against, is the following. Sometimes influences which loom very large and appear very important pass by rapidly and leave no deep or permanent effect. Others, less salient but as it were more massive, pervade the community for long periods and modify our outlook without being much noticed. The Russian Ballet, for example, made an immense disturbance when it first came to London. It rapidly won over the 'advanced guard' while merely antagonizing the main body of taste and opinion. But a few years later it had become a fashion spreading with characteristic rapidity to all classes and types. To-day its only opponents

are the new 'advanced guard.' It has set its stamp upon the wholesale furnishing houses and replaced a dingy type of commercial decoration by less restful schemes, but its success is probably symptomatic of nothing with which we need be concerned here. An instance of the other kind of influence, powerful, permanent, but unobtrusive, is the growing interest in psychology. With these 'warnings' duly noted, — we shall have occasion to look back to them, — let us proceed.

II

The chief, the dominant trend is toward a reversal of the rôles of intellect and feeling. Bergson led the way in this, but, great though his influence was when backed up by William James, the causes of this revolution probably lay deeper than he alleged. It was neither the failure of intellectual philosophy, bankrupt though it was, nor the psychology of instinct, as this was understood when Bergson wrote, that prompted the revolt against logic. I should trace it myself to the currents that for more than a century have been sweeping against religion, flowing down from the uninhabitable polar zones of science. Indeed, just as the meteorologist founds his study of cyclones upon the assumption of an inflow of cold air toward the equator, so the contemporary critic must, I believe, always remember that religion, hitherto man's chief means of envisaging the universe, is being challenged and affected even for believers. Complications of course ensue, and the currents are often found flowing in the opposite direction. But, directly or indirectly, science has disturbed us all. Man's trust in the universe is probably less to-day than it has ever been, as it is certainly harder to rationalize. At times he feels

himself to be alone in a queer place. None the less there are hours when he feels secure, but these hours are not so much climaxes of thought as states of feeling. Thus feeling, but not necessarily religious feeling, comes to be regarded as our chief guide and support.

This trend toward feeling rather than thought is not contradicted by the fact that the young so often seem more intellectualized than ever. The discussion of principles tirelessly continues, but it follows a new set of laws. Formerly a few principles stood fairly solid and the feelings were more or less in revolt against them. The contest circled about them. Nowadays more principles are in the field and they shift and change at the prompting, less and less disguised, of rival feelings which are the main disputants. We can see the difference very clearly if we set the discussions with which Kingsley used to exercise the Victorians against those with which Mr. Aldous Huxley indulges us. Mr. Huxley is peculiarly the philosopher of the Oxford freshman. In the mounds of last season's talk which are piled so high beneath *Those Barren Leaves* the enthusiastic young reader scents the comfort of a confirmation in his own half-rationalized confusion of impulses. Eased from the smart of his own provincialism, but unable to perceive the something more — it is not as much as it should be — that Mr. Huxley attempts, he contents himself with trying to be as witty and as complex as his original. Mr. Huxley, indeed, excellently represents the most frequent predicament of the Anglo-American (or Anglo-New York?) intelligentsia: the feelings neither simple enough, strong enough, nor sufficiently rooted to win a stable poise, and the intelligence merely a clever subordinate, abetting — like the servant in an old comedy — all the

rival machinations of the principal figures in rotation.

I have turned the discouraging side of the picture to the front, making very free with Mr. Huxley for the purpose. But there is a very different side to be examined. Twenty years ago, and this is a symptom of great importance, Mr. Huxley's most cordial admirers would have been disciples of Mr. Wells. *The New Machiavelli* (1911; the date seems worth inserting, so fast does the mental landscape change to-day) was regarded on its appearance as a very daring and shocking book. Daring it was, in view of the then current mentality, a mentality which Mr. Wells has played his part in changing; but that it should have shocked proves very clearly how immense a load of unhealthy inhibitions has been lifted in recent years. But this often remarked and much discussed tendency away from prudery is not the one upon which I wish to insist. Mr. Wells, with his passion for explicit statements, for programmes, policies, and concrete prophecies, is a perfect example of the habit of mind away from which we have been trending. In spite of the skepticism of logic which he sometimes shows (we have to remember our first 'warning' above), and in spite of such safety-valve outbursts as produced his *God, the Invisible King*, Mr. Wells retains the outlook of Thomas Huxley, the confidence that hard thinking is by itself a sufficient guide in life. That is why the younger generation no longer reads him with the same enthusiasm. Mr. Wells is in fact a rationalist; and the sons and daughters, the nephews and nieces, of the generation that eagerly adopted his world-outlook have exhausted its emotional possibilities. Add the disillusionment coming from the war, and it ceases to be surprising that Mr. Wells, by addressing himself to human reasonableness, should

seem to them to be missing the point.

But there is a further explanation for this failing influence. Mr. Wells, as *The History of Mr. Polly* and the early romances show, might have been a great creative novelist if he had not chosen instead to be the first educator of his age. We are all immensely indebted to him for saner and better-informed views upon innumerable social problems, but his carelessness as an artist has made his later books look 'thin' to the eyes of a more self-conscious and self-critical generation. General disorientation, preoccupation with feeling, and the increasing mixture of cultures have made us more introspective. The contemporary young man has more information about himself than he can handle. His bewilderment is quite different from the social and political problems with which Mr. Wells is concerned. It is in fact the bewilderment with which only the artist can grapple. We feel a need for order in our own minds before we can set about ordering the affairs of men in general, and only the artist can give us this order that we can no longer win from religion. Thus the decline in Mr. Wells's influence is partly due to his perhaps deliberate renunciation of the task of the artist.

A similar 'thinness' is also the accusation brought against Mr. Shaw, who seems equally, in spite of great popular successes, to be vanishing over the horizon. It is a commonplace of criticism that Mr. Shaw's plays show no natural command of emotion. He is a master of those feelings that are struck out by the clash of ideas, but hardly ever comprehends the feelings which lie behind the ideas. And his set emotional pieces, the death of Dubedat, for example, in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, are so plainly factitious that they cast a fatal doubt upon his authority as a guide to life. Our age has learned a

great deal from him, but its deeper concerns do not come within his province.

The passing of these two rationalist gods of the dawning century is significant. It is doubtful, though, whether we can be so optimistic as Emerson. When half-gods go it is less likely that the gods arrive than that other half-gods take their place. Or, what is more probable in this case, merchants with new gods for sale may appear. The decline of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw is deplorable if it means only more room for crude mysticisms. But to describe Mr. D. H. Lawrence, in spite of *The Plumed Serpent*, as a merchant with gods to sell would be very unfair. For Mr. Lawrence's sincerity, in the deepest sense of this abused word, is awe-inspiring. Its quality makes him a very significant contrast to Mr. Shaw. (Again we have to remember our first warning against mistaking a surface tendency or doctrine for a deeper trend.) Mr. Shaw talks in *Back to Methuselah* of the Life Force; Mr. Lawrence feels it, whatever it is. And when Mr. Lawrence writes about it, as he is too apt to do, we still feel that he has known what he is talking about; but Mr. Shaw's Life Force is never anything more than an excogitated hypothesis.

No one better than Mr. Lawrence represents the still largely inarticulate yearning of the moderns for a closer contact with life, or, to speak more clearly, for a fuller, less inhibited, and more natural response in feeling. The conventions of a morality which has largely lost its social and religious sanctions press upon us more and more. Whether we applaud or regret it, the fact now stares us in the face that our needs are altering. By changing the conditions of our lives the industrial revolution has changed us too. Our morality begins more and more to be a misfit — too tight in some places,

and not nearly tight enough in others.

How far we have changed already from the morality of our forefathers may be seen by comparing even so conservative a book as *The Old Wives' Tale* with *David Copperfield*, *The Scarlet Letter*, or *Tom Jones*. Over every act of each of Dickens's characters (I except Mr. Micawber as being not a character but a phantasy — about as real as Rumpelstiltskin) there hangs a clear moral judgment. They did right or wrong, were well or ill advised according to a moral plan in Dickens's mind as definite as a chess-board. So also with Hawthorne and with Fielding. These men possessed moral principles fully qualifying them for a seat on the Bench at the Day of Judgment. In comparison Arnold Bennett is utterly unprincipled, but we may still consider that the morality — not an affair of principles, but purely a morality of sympathetic feeling — that rules in his great novel is more adequate to life as we know it.

The moral misfit has its comic possibilities. Mr. Shaw, nicely dressed after an eighteenth-century fashion, can be content to exploit them, with now and then a whiff of scorn or commiseration for ugliness and discomforts which he does not share and only imperfectly divines. But Mr. Lawrence, who is alive to all the real horrors which a misfitting morality entails, and who feels to the uttermost both the unnatural tension and the lack of support, is inevitably agonized. It is his power to present this agony, rather than any positive contribution toward a new morality, that makes Mr. Lawrence so significant. He is gifted with a sensitiveness which few have equaled and with a vigor which makes his most emotional contemporaries seem diletanti beside him, but the characteristic failing of his generation has none the less betrayed him. He has not been

content to let his feelings work out a salvation, as a poet of equal endowment in a happier age might have done. In spite of his revolt against those traditional doctrines or principles or ideals that try either to stifle feeling or to force it in ways no longer sanctioned by our circumstances and our needs, he has not been able to refrain from manufacturing new doctrines, equally if not more disturbing in their interference. The purity and freshness of the best parts of his early work, of *The White Peacock*, for example, have given place to the murky mysticism of *Phantasies of the Unconscious*. Harking back to the primitive mentality described in *The Golden Bough*, he has constructed an artificial framework of doctrine which acts like a forcing house to his feelings. Hence the dreary exaggerations of so much of his later work. The doctrinaire has tyrannized over the poet, and Mr. Lawrence's return to reality has ended too often in a worse falsification than that against which he originally revolted.

III

Before proceeding let us glance back over the ground so far covered in this triangulation of contemporary consciousness. One result of the subordination of reason to feeling may be the state of affairs which I took Mr. Huxley to illustrate — feelings too slight and too shifting to dictate any steady or consistent view of life. At the other extreme is the state of affairs exemplified in Mr. Lawrence — feelings so deep and strong that the reason becomes a mere slave in their service. Confusion, shallow or profound, seems to be the outcome in either case, but against this we may set the increased fidelity to our fullest experience that the reascendancy of feeling has brought about. In an age of confusion it is not

surprising that our most representative authors should be bewildered.

But confusion need not be the outcome. To prove this we can turn to the work of the best of our younger poets. We have, of course, great poets such as Mr. Bridges or Mr. Housman, who have kept, more or less deliberately, out of the stream of current tendencies and influences. But their poems might have been written as well, or better, eighty years ago; to recall our image of the human tree, their work is a blossoming upon side branches rather than a stirring upon the main lines of growth. And we have poets whose work, however admirable, is significant chiefly as a confession of defeat — Mr. de la Mare harking back always, when he writes well, to a child's world untroubled by contemporary problems, or Mr. Yeats in his later poetry retreating from actuality behind a smoke screen of occultism. There are innumerable ways of dodging the issue, of sheltering from the storm, but our interest here turns to those who make their poetry not a refuge from the present hour but a means of gathering together their faculties to win a new order from the turmoil. Picking out, as before, a chief figure to indicate a general tendency, let us attempt to plot a curve with the aid of Mr. T. S. Eliot.

The first impression made by Mr. Eliot's poetry is perhaps one of an unexampled confusion. No rational scheme seems to unite the items. Allusions, quotations, materials of every imaginable kind, seem to jostle one another at random, and the reader usually completes his first perusal without attaining even a dim idea of what the poem is 'about.' None the less, if he is a reader used to great poetry, and if he has read the lines slowly and carefully enough to give them time to take shape to him *as sounds*, he will probably have received

another impression very rarely made by anything but great poetry. The words have a final and authoritative ring. They sound both passionate and sincere, as though the choice were strictly governed by feeling and as though that feeling were deep, intricate, and coherent. Between this first impression and the conquest of the poem, which may require many readings and even a lapse of years, a double process takes place. It is partly an imaginative realization of the feeling governing the choice of words, partly a work of detective intelligence exactly parallel to the more creditable feats of Sherlock Holmes. This happy guesswork supplies those links in the poet's thought which would, if supplied by him, have impaired the concentration of the poetry and deadened the astonishing emotional resonance of his phrasing. They might, however, have been given in a gloss to be read apart from the poem at the reader's discretion.

It may be objected that this is a strange amount of trouble to take over a poem and an exorbitant demand for a poet to make. 'Beauty is simplicity,' someone will remark, forgetting that some very simple effects can only be produced by very complicated means. It is much easier to produce a noise, for example, than a pure musical tone. But indeed there is nothing in this account of Mr. Eliot's poetry that does not apply to many other poets — to Donne, to Milton, or to Shelley at his best (the Shelley of *The Triumph of Life*), to name three who differ as widely as possible from him and from one another. That it may take even a very serious and gifted reader years to master a good poet need surprise no one. Even with the help of all the commentators not a little of Shakespeare at his best still requires seven readings. It must be so, if the poet is not merely exploiting our ready-made feelings, but

is weaving them into new patterns that have never existed before. In brief, the creative poet has to create something in us and we must not blame *him* if this costs *us* trouble. The only question is whether it is worth while.

Ours is an age of mixed feelings; so is Mr. Eliot's poetry a poetry of mixed feelings. But the mixture may be ordered or random. And the method by which we attempt to right the disorder must be judicious, or worse ensues. If the signs of the times as revealed in literature point to anything it is this: that no doctrine to-day has any power to free us. Disordered feelings cannot be purified by preaching. Nor can we escape by quashing those of our feelings that are troublesome. A wider acceptance of life is, in fact, the only way out. Thus when Mr. Eliot sets some august example of ancient passion beside some tawdry fragment of contemporary existence it is not to point scorn at the present or to glorify the past. In his hands, when he makes such a collocation, the past does not seem so glorious, nor the present so debased, for the same currents of life are felt to flow through them both. Without a whiff of doctrine and merely by a more balanced inclusiveness, the counterpoising feelings have been added to our experience. The miracle is simple enough; two conflicting feelings meet and coalesce.

But the poise, the serenity, the capacity to see life steadily and see it whole, will not ensue in the reader unless he starts where Mr. Eliot started. To some readers Mr. Eliot's best and longest poem, *The Waste Land*, so significant in its title, does not bring any release, but only an increased sense of disillusionment and despair. Still more does this reflection apply to Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the other supremely representative work of this third decade. Only those who are unprepared for nothing, however

painful, repellent, or abhorrent, that life can offer will escape shock, perhaps severe shock, from its titanlike convulsions. This is the justification of the censorship which has been exercised against it. But upon those who are ripe its robust acceptance of everything has an enheartening, calming effect that comes like a culmination of all the tendencies of the century. The quiver that welcomes release from illusion is so close to the horror of disillusionment as to be sometimes indistinguishable from it. If our increasing knowledge of ourselves shows much to distress us, the antidote or counterpoise is also uncovered. If acceptance is sometimes terrible, so that Mr. Eliot once said that *Ulysses* was written to put the fear of God into us, it is really an end and not a beginning of terrors.

This third decade, if I have chosen its spokesmen aright, sees us with much better mental foundations if with less towering edifices. The whole quarter century has been a period of deflation. Hopes are not so lofty, ideals less in evidence, and faith, if we distinguish this from knowledge, much declined. All this, however, applies to those only who stand out preëminently in our literature. Among lesser writers, those of less sincerity and clear-sightedness, the opposite characteristics are often manifest. But if, as we may reasonably assume, the clearest spirits set forth what is obscurely present in the souls of others, this phenomenon may be understood. Strong convictions often mask a secret hesitation. I should add finally that, although one of my instances is an American, only the spiritual history of England comes within this survey. It would be more difficult to write the equivalent chapter for America. The cultural background, the economic present, the probable future issues of the two countries, are so diverse that separate treatment is unavoidable.

A SOCIAL SURVEY OF THE LITERARY SLUMS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

THERE are few fields that social reformers, armed with instruments of precision, have not entered. They have investigated tenements, country houses, stables, cotton mills, match factories, steel works, slaughterhouses, churches, and universities. There are better-business organizations to raise the standards of business, wholesale and retail. Things sanitary and things industrial and things intimately domestic are looked into by persons trained for the purpose. The individual is not allowed to go his own way. The public is recognized as a party in interest. The world is being made safe for the workman. Sickness is not a private matter. The guardians of the public health are not content to notice the general facts of morbidity and mortality. They seek the causes. Without regard to the prejudices of the householder, they poke into ash cans and dark closets, measure the width of alleys, test the plumbing, call attention to articles left on the fire escape, make notes on wages, compute the number of hours lost by reason of illness, inquire into the profits of landlords, and ascertain the number of arrests for juvenile delinquency.

But there is one class that has been strangely overlooked by investigators. It is the class of literary workers — the makers of books, magazine articles, poems, plays, and the like. These articles are manufactured in great quantities and are looked upon as necessities

by that portion of the community known as the literates. But the hard-working industrialists who produce these wares have hitherto been immune from investigation. Literary people have long been known as 'the irritable race,' and their natural irritability has been increased by every attempt to impose nonliterary tests upon them. They have insisted on complete independence. If a work is good from a purely literary standpoint, they say that is enough. Whether it is an offense against good morals or an outrage against good sense makes no difference. The clever author claims the rights of extraterritoriality. Literature sets up its own courts, and claims to be a law unto itself.

But literary artists cannot expect to be let alone any more than the rest of us. When there is so much salutary curiosity about the number of bacteria in the milk can, the public should not be expected to be indifferent to the dangers that lurk in the inkstand.

I was therefore not surprised to find that a society has been formed to investigate the conditions under which literary work is performed, to safeguard the health of the workers, to study the occupational diseases to which literary people are subject, and to keep consumers informed of the facts. The society is well organized, with national headquarters and regional superintendents and a large and highly respectable advisory committee.

I have before me a pamphlet published by the society, entitled *Proposals for a Social Survey of Literary Slums*.

Let me say at once that anyone who takes up the circular with the expectation that it will gratify the slumming instinct will be disappointed. Personalities are avoided; there is no directory of objectionable literary characters. The evident aim is scientific, and there is no attempt at the sensational. Indeed a considerable part of the circular is given over to an appeal for funds. This is a necessity in all enterprises of an educational character and tends to stabilize them. One who appeals for funds will never put his proposals in so radical a form as to alarm the large contributor.

Leaving out the financial appeals, I will give some quotations which will show the nature of the new proposals.

II

'While so many social agencies are investigating labor conditions, it is not strange that the public should be unaware of a quiet and painstaking work that is going on in the study of literary slums and their effect on the public health. Indeed it is the policy of our association to avoid publicity, and only the urgent need of more funds to carry on our investigation has led us to make any publication at this time. Everyone is aware of the good work which has been done for a number of years by the Consumers' League. That society works upon the assumption that the consumer has a right to know the conditions under which the goods he buys are manufactured. It makes it its business to supply necessary information and to insist upon proper standards. This is in the interest of both producer and consumer.

'But hitherto nothing has been done for literary workers. We have followed

the theories of early-nineteenth-century individualism, rather than the philosophy of the twentieth century with its emphasis on social welfare. Very little attention has been paid to the unemployed or unemployable, or to the plight of the casual worker or to those whose occupation is only seasonal. Such a problem as the juvenile delinquencies of poets has hardly been touched. There is a lack of statistical information on many vital points.

'More than a hundred years ago Shelley wrote:—

A poet there was who sat by a ditch,
And he took an old cracked lute
And he sang a song that was more of a screech
'Gainst a woman who was a brute.

At that time such a case would be looked upon as one for private commiseration, though even then it must have been evident that what the poet needed was not alms but a candid friend. But by the socially-minded person of our day the case cannot be so easily dismissed. And when a score of poets sit by a ditch and give a combined screech we recognize the fact that we are dealing with a social question. It is necessary to investigate the ditch and examine the old cracked lutes.

'The literary critic of the old school is like the judge at a cattle show who judges according to the points the cattle breeders have agreed upon. But the modern representative of the State comes to the owner of a herd of fancy Jerseys and insists on looking them over. He cares not a fig for the blue ribbons, but insists on applying the tuberculin test.

'Literary persons, when there is any talk of outside interference with their calling, raise the cry of Victorianism or Puritanism. This is barking up the wrong tree. The Puritan would object to a book because it was unscriptural. The Victorian would object to it

because it shocked the proprieties. The social investigator asks, What is its ascertainable effect on the mind of the reader? This is pure fact-finding, and should be carried on without prejudice. No preconceived theory must be allowed to interfere with the experiments. We must be prepared to accept new evidence when it is presented.

'It used to be supposed that clothing worn by yellow-fever patients carried the disease. Experiment proved that this was not the case. It used to be supposed that unpleasant-looking water was always unwholesome and clear water was safe. Now we send the sparkling water from a suspected spring to be analyzed.

'A book does something to us. It may put us to sleep, it may infuriate us, it may inspire us, it may depress us, it may make us feel that life is not worth living and that the bottom has dropped out of the universe. The author may say that this is none of his business. He lives for his art, and what happens to us is no concern of his. We answer, You may be right. It may be none of your business, but it is very much our business. When we put food in our mouths, it is not for the encouragement of a temperamental grocer. It is because we think that it is good for us. The food must agree with us and not merely with him.

'It is the same with what we put into our minds.

That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood.

That is what I read it for. I do not propose to sacrifice my intellectual health for the sake of another man's art. My mind may not be of the first order, but it is the only one I have, and I can't afford to sacrifice it.

'The case of Typhoid Mary is familiar to all social workers. This excellent woman, who was herself immune,

went about innocently diffusing typhoid germs. She was a carrier. In a way she was not to blame for her exceptionally strong constitution, but the fact that she herself enjoyed good health made her all the more a menace to the community.

'Compare the careful investigation that discovers such a carrier of disease with the way we treat a book that is under suspicion. One person reads a book and declares that it is immoral; then another person reads it to see if it is as bad as it was reported to be; then a large number of persons who have not time to read the book discuss it acrimoniously. Then the emancipated critics say that, if it is suspected of immorality, that is *prima facie* evidence that it is a work of genius. Then the careful parent says that at any rate it is not the kind of book to be put into the hands of his daughter. Then his daughter tells him that he need n't worry; she read it last summer, and anyone who is still talking about it is "dated." Then the discussion begins all over again, with a more recent book as the point of departure.

'Such antiquated discussions would not be tolerated in any district conference of the Family Welfare Society. Even the most inactive Board of Health would not approve canned goods suspected of containing ptomaines because one of the members admired the picture pasted on the cans. They would test the food in a scientific way instead of waiting for the result of a post-mortem on one of the consumers.

III

'A New Testament writer declares that evil communications corrupt good manners. But only careful experimentation can determine to what extent and under what conditions these communications can be made through

literature. Cold print is not a good culture medium for certain sins. Just why this is so we have not ascertained — we only note the facts.

'Thus our experts have made a careful study of two thousand detective stories to ascertain their effect upon the conduct of their readers. The readers investigated were judges, magistrates, bankers, bishops and other clergy who by their own confession were addicted to this kind of literature. Contrary to what might have been expected, there were no reports of crimes against life and property that could be traced to such midnight reading. Our investigations seem to point to the probability that the specific germs of burglary, murder, arson, and piracy are not viable in printed matter. They require personal contacts. At any rate, it is obvious that certain classes of the community have a high degree of immunity.

'On the other hand, an investigation of the effect of so-called sex novels reveals a real danger. In dealing with it, however, the public should have more expert advice than that usually at the disposal of legislators. The law can only deal with passages that are "shocking." It is much less dangerous for the moral sensibilities to be shocked than for them to be lulled to sleep by an insidious poison.

'The real watch and ward must be like that which Edmund Spenser described as kept in the stately House of Temperance.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward.
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debared,
Bablers of folly and blazers of cryme.

'To be safe, each mind must have its own warder, and it will not do to hand over his work to the chief of police.

VOL. 140 — NO. 3

B

'Leaving each individual free in matters of taste, and refusing to interfere with his personal affairs, our commission confines itself to the matters which concern the public. We wish to ascertain the causes of literary diseases, rather than to deal merely with symptoms. The reading class is dependent on the labor of the writing class. It has a right to know how the other half lives. It must be able to discriminate between literature that is produced under wholesome conditions and that which is the product of the slums.

'What constitutes a slum? It is not simply a place where poor people live. Poverty can be clean, self-respecting, and healthy. But the poverty of the slums is of a different kind. It is the result of overcrowding. There are too many people herded together, too little light, too little air, too little wholesome food, too little opportunity for recreation. Human beings crowded together are stunted. There is no room for the full development of personality. All sorts of morbidities and abnormalities appear.

'Nobody plans a slum, and therefore it is hard to get anybody to feel responsibility for it. It is a condition that comes when there is no intelligent planning. Hence the need of socially-minded people to point out actual conditions. It was discovered that some of the worst slums in London and New York were owned by excellent people who were unaware of what was going on. Even churches have been guilty of gross carelessness in this respect.

'Many persons would be surprised to know how many books there are that are produced under slum conditions. They are the product of minds that are overcrowded, undernourished, and with a shameful lack of ventilation. When a number of slovenly minds are working in close contiguity, the results are deplorable. They have no leisure to

grow wise, and quickly lose any desire to do so. Yet they are very prolific.

'The results of overcrowding and undernourishment are apparent in the history of literature. The reader of the *Dunciad* — and everyone should read the *Dunciad* once a year — is familiar with the recriminations of the literary proletariat in the time of Queen Anne. It is evident that literature was recognized as a sweated industry. There were too many poets competing with one another for a precarious living. The notorious slum called Grub Street was literally swarming with young persons who had come to London to live by their wits. There were penny-a-liners waiting for such hack work as might be offered by the printers; there were versifiers with a pretty knack of turning off complimentary odes; there were pamphleteers, strong-arm men, literary bravos who could be hired by great men to do their dirty work. Then there were private brawls carried on with much inkshed.

'The impression we receive is of a feverish struggle for literary existence, a terrible pressure of the poetical population on the means of subsistence.

'Pope writes: —

When sick of muse our follies we deplore
And promise our best friends to write no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
For those who cannot write and those who can
All rhyme and scrawl and scribble to a man.

'We recall Swift's familiar lines: —

Every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise.
So naturalists observe a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey
And these have smaller fleas to bite 'em
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him who comes behind
Who though too little to be seen
Can tease and gall and give the spleen.

Thus, he says, they "lay Grub Street at each other's door."

'The Industrial Revolution changed all that. Grub Street has been improved out of existence. Literature, like everything else, has felt the effect of the factory system and the manifold efficiencies of big business. The industrious writer shares in the benefits of quantity production, standardization of product, better marketing methods, and up-to-date advertising. Without waste motion, he can turn out an unlimited number of short stories with interchangeable parts, and of perfect uniformity. Nothing is left to the curiosity of the reader, who knows just what he is buying. All this is in the interest of intellectual economy.

IV

'But though the Industrial Revolution has accomplished so much, the evils of overcrowding are still painfully manifest. Wherever too many persons of the same kind crowd together, slum conditions are bound to be created. It does n't matter what they are trying to do — if there are too many of them they get into each other's way. In the Middle Ages many of the larger monasteries fell into a slummy condition. Too many people were trying to be good without allowing each other sufficient elbowroom, and they made a mess of it. Theodore Parker used to say to his brother ministers in Boston, "Ministers are like cabbages — they don't head well when they grow too close together." Even college professors feel the need of a sabbatical year when they can get away from their own kind.

'Nowhere are the effects of overcrowding more painful than among literary workers. Their mentality suffers from too close proximity. Under such circumstances their minds do not

stand alone. They tend to stick together in a glutinous mass. After a time they come to pride themselves on their intellectual stickiness.

'From time to time epidemics sweep through the congested districts of literary centres. They are often mistaken for significant movements, and the more nervous intellectuals are alarmed for the future of civilization. But the illiterates and semiliterates who live in the open country go their way as if nothing had happened. Their immunity is very fortunate for the race.

'Just now there is an epidemic almost exclusively literary — which is characterized by excessively low spirits. The talented writers indulge in the most lugubrious prognostications. Their tone is consistently querulous. They feel in duty bound to resist any tendency to joy, freedom, resiliency. Whether in prose or verse, they take dismal views of the present and of the future. The only comfort they allow themselves is in the thought that the past was probably still worse. They cultivate the sardonic, and refuse any little alleviations that may be suggested by the natural man. What strikes one is the singular synchronism in their emotions. They utter their shrill lamentations as if they were obeying a cheer leader. A single person who felt that way might be interesting, but there are too many of them. These birds of a feather flock together — all moulting at the same time.

'We have watched these cases with considerable solicitude. Our commission is investigating the environmental influences which tend to depress the spirits of the literary worker. Our agents who have been dealing with child labor have made some valuable suggestions. The great objection to child labor is that, by subjecting nerves and muscles to a premature strain,

the victim is deprived of that elastic strength necessary for the varied activities of manhood.

'It is suggested that many writers are stunted because they have been set to tasks too great for their mental age. Their faculties have not been given time to mature, and they have tried to express what they have not yet experienced. There is evidence of malnutrition. There is gristle where there should be bone. There are many symptoms of intellectual rickets. When the author tries to be more clever than he is, the effort is bound to tell upon him. Many a promising novel has been spoiled by premature publication. The author has not allowed sufficient time for the book to catch up with the jacket. He should be reminded of Lord Chesterfield's remark that a wise man is as careful to live within his wit as he is to live within his income. Here is a field in which our society is undertaking welfare work. We have opened up a department of preventive literature.

'Charles Lamb wrote a discriminating essay on the Melancholy of Tailors, but he did not suggest that the melancholy infected the suits they sent out from their shops. But the melancholy of poets gets into their poems, and it is catching. Unlike burglary, which, as we have said, does not seem to be spread through literary media, a tired feeling is easily communicated from the writer to the susceptible reader. Hence the need of isolation.

'As contributors like to have a little human interest injected into the reports of societies they are prepared to support, we have ventured to insert a letter which we have received from one of our most resourceful case workers. We may remark in passing that she left a position in the English department of a well-known college for women to enter the employ of our society. We hope that a generous public will make

it possible to retain her services. She writes: —

‘My time has been taken up with a young poet who seems worth saving and who was sent to us by one of our friendly visitors. He was naturally of a buoyant disposition, but when composing poetry he was plunged into abysmal gloom. When the writing mood was upon him he would fairly revel in the thought of the futility of effort. His emotions were unstable. At one moment he would be in a verbal paroxysm of grief over the thought that things are as they are, and the next moment he would be in stony despair over the suspicion that they are n’t that way at all. Nothing pleased him. The shorter the poem, the worse he seemed to feel. He would start as if he were going to cheer up and say something. Then he would stop in the middle of an unpunctuated sentence as if to say, What’s the use? Two or three ejaculations on an otherwise empty page produced the effect of frustrated genius. It was the effect he intended to produce. And yet, as I said, he was naturally a cheerful and companionable young man.

‘I made a thorough investigation and found that he had confined his reading to the verses of other poets who were in the same condition. It was a case of competitive world-weariness.

‘He was removed from his unfavorable surroundings to a hill farm in Vermont, where he could be under observation and at the same time move about quite freely. The slender volumes which had infected him were taken away. The only book allowed to remain in the house was an old copy of Walt Whitman’s *Leaves of Grass*. For the first few weeks the poet was irritable, and wandered about trying to think of some disagreeable subject to write about. He exercised his ingenuity by giving a sinister twist to any ordinary theme. This he did by attaching dismal adjectives to normally cheerful nouns. He wrote a poem in free verse, entitled “Coal-black Sunshine.” I remonstrated with him and told him that sunshine is n’t coal-black. It made no difference to him. “That’s what most people think,” he said. “But I’m not writing for the crowd. This is no Pollyanna stuff.”

‘Then he wrote on “The Jealous Earth Turns Green, or the Recurrent Tragedy of Spring”; “When the Tired Arbutus Trails”; “Why the Gentian Is Blind”; “When the Tainted Well Went Dry.” This last theme seemed to have great possibilities. By first lamenting its taintedness, and then lamenting its drying up, he got gloomy thoughts coming and going.

‘Being in New England, he thought he would write on “The Deserted Farm-house.” But all the farmhouses in the vicinity had been transformed into attractive summer cottages and seemed remarkably cheerful. However, he found melancholy satisfaction in thinking of the city he had left behind, and wrote a drab little piece entitled “The Deserted Flat.” He pictured a disillusioned summer boarder sitting under an apple tree and thinking in dry-eyed despair of his deserted flat in the city. He pictured its loneliness and stuffiness on a sweltering August day. To be sure, nobody was in it to suffer, but it was material for melancholy reflections.

‘But in the course of a few weeks, separated from his companions, a change came over him. One day he came from the orchard with the *Leaves of Grass* in his hands.

“Do you know, I was looking for a title for a new book of poems. I thought that Walt would have something for me. I found it, or thought I found it. Here are the lines: —

Ah! Poverties, wincings and sulky retreats,
You degradations, you tussles with passions
and appetites.

That sounded good to me. How would this do for a title? ‘Poverties, Wincings and Sulky Retreats.’ Perhaps the publishers would want a short title. ‘Sulky Retreats.’ That’s what we sophisticates are in favor of. Or perhaps just ‘Wincings.’ That would look stunning on the title-page.

“Then I read on and found that Walt did n’t look at these things as our set does. After giving a list of the degradations, he seems to think that it’s not necessary to wallow around in them. He thinks that we not only ought to get out of them as quickly as possible, but that we can. This is what he says: —

Ah, think not ye finally triumph, my real self has
yet to come forth.
It shall yet march forth, overmastering till all lies
beneath me.
It shall stand up, the soldier of ultimate victory.

“Then I read on and found that that
was what he was driving at all the time.
‘Out of the bulk, the morbid, and the
shallow,’ he says, there comes something
that is ‘electric, antiseptic.’ It’s that anti-
septic element that our crowd seems to have
missed. Listen to this:—

Over the mountain growths disease and sorrow
An uncaught bird is ever hovering,
High in the purer, happier air.
From imperfection’s murkiest cloud
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light.

Oh the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread, so fine
Along the mighty labyrinth.

“The poet, according to Walt, is not the
one who is lost in the mighty labyrinth and
sits down to bewail his fate. He is the one
who has found the thread and is following
it. If that is so, it makes quite a difference.
I want to take time to think it out. At any
rate, I’m going to scrap ‘Wincings’ and
‘Sulky Retreats.’ I’m going to call my
next volume ‘The Soldier of Ultimate Vic-
tory.’ Don’t you think that’s a good
title?”

“Yes,” I said, “if you can live up to it.”
Seeing that he was in a more genial mood, I
ventured to say: “Now that you’ve got a
new line on Whitman, perhaps you might
be more sympathetic with Milton’s ideas in
regard to the nature of poetry.”

I found I had gone too far.

“We’ve cut out that old Puritan stuff
long ago.”

“I was only going to recall to your mind
Milton’s declaration that poetry is ‘simple,
sensuous, and passionate.’”

“Did he say that poetry ought to be
sensual? I did n’t suppose he was as ad-
vanced as that.”

“Milton did n’t say sensual,” I replied,
“he said sensuous. He thought poetry
made its appeal through the senses. It’s
something that you feel and hear and touch
and taste and smell. The poet’s senses be-
come avenues of joy. He writes about

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

The poet has a power of visualization and
has the ability to make us see through his
eyes. His words are a sort of incantation.
Just look at that bend of the Connecticut
where Broad Brook comes in through the
meadow. I could see it by myself, I sup-
pose, but I get a great deal more pleasure
out of it when I murmur Milton’s lines:—

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

There are n’t any towers and battlements
here, but look at that farmhouse on the top
of the hill on the New Hampshire side—
‘bosomed high in tufted trees.’ How the
youthful poet would have enjoyed seeing
that!

“And the poet enjoys not only familiar
sights but familiar sounds. He loves to
listen

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o’er the furrowed land
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe.

And there are times when the smell of new-
mown hay gets into his verse, and it is
none the worse for that. Milton, when he
was your age, enjoyed these sensations. He
treated poetry as if it were a privilege and
not an affliction. Don’t you think there is
something in that?”

“Perhaps so,” said the poet hesitatingly,
“but in these days we have to be sincere.
The public expects it of us.”

“Quite so,” I said, “but suppose you
stay up here till you get rid of the jangle in
your nerves. Some fine morning you will
wake up and be sincerely glad that you are
alive. If you succeed in expressing your
sincere gladness in language that is not
sophisticated or fantastical, but in words
that are simple, sensuous, and healthfully
passionate, the public will be glad, too.”

“But don’t you think if I were as simple
as that I might lose my standing among the
new poets?”

“Oh,” I said, “people won’t ask whether
you are new or not. They will just recognize
you as a poet.”

V

'Another epidemic which sweeps through congested literary areas is what may be called pseudo-primitivism. It shows marked periodicity and recurs, with variable virulence, at intervals of thirty years. It is in its nature atavistic, being characterized by a relapse into modes of expression once quite natural, but long since outgrown by the more civilized part of mankind. There is a literature that is genuinely primitive. It expresses primitive passions in a simple and unself-conscious way. There is also a literature which deals with a society that is more or less sophisticated. Each has its own place. But the writer whose mind has not had time to mature tries to be primitive and sophisticated at the same time. When a number of primitivistic sophisticates, or sophisticated primitives, get together and encourage each other in their calculated indiscretions, they become disturbers of the peace.

'Here the experience of our social workers in the slums is of great value. Nowhere can the mental processes of sophisticated primitives be better studied than among the youthful denizens of the slums. Here is a kind of knowingness that is utterly divorced from wisdom. In the crowded streets the play instinct of boys finds its only expression in dodging policemen and risking life in stealing rides on passing vehicles. The victim of such an environment finds an impish pleasure in the forbidden. Humor degenerates into a crooked wit. There is a shallow sophistication of the streets. The qualities which the street boy admires are agility, hardness, toughness, sharpness, and a vivacious insolence. These are the qualities that stand high in the estimation of the gang.

'When we see literary reputations made by the exhibition of these

qualities, we have reason to believe that we are dealing with the gang spirit. A popular literary gangster can go far. He has a scorn for reticence which endears him to his own kind. He would return to Nature, but never in a teachable spirit. He is one more object that Nature must apologize for.

'While coarse natures harden under the pressure of crowds, more sensitive spirits are distracted. This forms a separate problem. This brings us to something that our commission has much at heart — the guarding of our more promising and sensitive literary workers from what Emerson called "the insanity of towns." There is a tendency for all industrialists to leave the countryside and flock into the urban centres. This creates social problems. To no class is the lure of the city more perilous than to the man of letters.

'Our commission is making a study of the effects of city life with its various stresses and strains on literary workers. We have begun with a survey of New York City and shall continue our researches in other centres so far as our funds will allow.

'A study of current literature produced by clever writers who have crowded into Manhattan Island impresses us with the contrast to the spirit of Diedrich Knickerbocker when he set out to write the history of New York. Knickerbocker began with the creation of the world and came gradually down to his own time. His idea was that Manhattan Island was only a part of the Universe and could only be understood in relation to it.

'Not so with many of the writers of the present Manhattanese School. To them life in New York seems to be not a normal growth but a series of premature explosions. The firecrackers have short fuses. There is a sensation of jumpiness. There is rapid motion,

but no sense of direction. There are all kinds of noises, all kinds of people, all kinds of events. In order to be up to the minute, one must grab the minute before it becomes antiquated. The person who is content to work while it is called to-day must look out lest what he calls to-day may be what his more agile competitors call day before yesterday. One feels as a piece of innocent white paper might feel while being thumped by the keys of the typewriter. The clicks and thumps follow each other rapidly. They probably mean something, but the typist has no time to explain to the paper what it is all about. Perhaps she does n't know herself. She is taking dictation that is too rapid for her.

'The writers whose work conveys the impression of futile hurry and undue

nervous strain are not the interpreters of the great city, but its victims. To see a modern city aright, one must be able to look at it as he looks at a great mountain, or a stormy sea — with a certain detachment. He must not be distracted by its varieties or irritated by its noises or bullied by its threats. His must be the "harvest of a quiet eye." If you wish to enjoy the sublimity of Niagara, the best way is to take your stand on the bank. It is a mistake to think that you can get a better impression by going over the falls in a barrel.'

At this point the writer of the pamphlet remembered once more his official duty and made an urgent plea for annual membership, with especial emphasis on the virtue of promptitude.

THE WORLD'S FUNNY BONE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

DID any of you folks ever hear tell of Paul Bunyan, that wonderful lumber-jack they got up North somewheres? They say he kin burl a log so fast he'll skin it right outer its bark, and then run to shore on the bubbles. Well, we got a mighty logger right here in West Virginia, by the name of Tony Beaver, and the tricks he pulls off sure air all outer the common. He has his log camp up Eel River, and I'm aiming now to tell you all erbout the time them two great fellers, Tony Beaver and Paul Bunyan, met up face to face. That sure must er bin sompen to see!

And outer it, too, come the biggest kinder eye opener for Tony and Paul both.

The first news Tony Beaver's crew had of Paul Bunyan was one time when a strange logger come by the Eel River camp singing a little song: —

'Paul Bunyan growed a mighty tree,
Its branches scratched the sky;
And when he felled the doggoned thing
It ripped a hole on high.'

'Hey, stranger!' Big Henry, one of Tony's stoutest hands, yells at him. 'That song's all right, but you got

the names twisted. It wa'n't no Paul Somebody growed that tree; it was Tony Beaver hisself, and well I recollect the time.'

'I never heard tell of no Tony Beaver,' says the stranger, 'but Paul Bunyan I know well, being one of his hands. In Paul's camp now,' he says, setting down on a stump and biting him off a chaw of terbacker, 'they got a griddle for frying the batter cakes the fellers eats so big that the onliest way they kin grease the thing is to have six men skate over it with a slab of fat meat on each foot.'

'Welcome to Eel River!' says Big Henry. 'It's right here in Tony Beaver's camp you belong — only first you got to git them names straight.'

'I hate to git things wrong,' says the stranger, looking like he was doing his best to hit the truth; 'and it's a fact I made a slip when I said Paul Bunyan needs six men to grease that there griddle. It's really eight he uses, and in a pinch I've seen as many as ten er twelve hands skating over it, with them slabs of bacon on they feets. It sure is hot work fer the fellers! Every slide they make they leave a trail of smoke behind 'em, and they have to keep stomping they feet *all* the time to stomp the flames out.'

'Look a-here, stranger, did n't you hear me say that was Tony Beaver you was talking erbout?' says Big Henry, gitting mighty restless.

'Paul Bunyan is the man I'm speaking of,' says the tother, buttoning up his mouth in a right stubborn way.

'That's a —' says Big Henry, and sidesteps. 'That's a —' he says ergin, riding right up to the word and jumping off jest in time.

'If the word yer aiming at is "lie," hit it!' says the stranger, standing up kinder dangerous.

'Well,' says Big Henry, knowing he

has to be polite to company, 'we don't have to *say* nothing erbout lies in this camp, for Tony Beaver's got a trick for ketching 'em. He's invented him some sticky lie paper that ketches lies as fast as fly paper ketches flies. Wait, and I'll show you!'

With that he goes into the bunk house, and comes back with a great roll of that thar lie paper. Thar was two or three ole lies still hanging on to the thing, and if thar's one thing worse-looking 'an a fresh lie, it's a ole one.

'Here, now, we'll jest see what's what!' says Big Henry, swishing the paper all erbout in the air whar the stranger'd been talking. But no, sir! He did n't ketch nary ernother lie.

'Hey! Looks like I've been telling the truth all erlong!' says the strange hand, kinder tickled, and some s'prised too. 'Or else sompen's the matter with the paper — mebbe you fellers in this camp has sorter overworked it.'

'Sompens wrong, sure,' says Big Henry, mightily outdone. 'Thar, now!' says he, looking down the trail. 'Here comes ole Preacher Mutters! He's got all kinds er book sense if he ain't got no other kind. Mebbe he kin straighten things out. Hey, Brother Mutters!' he bawls. 'Did you ever hear tell of a feller by the name of Paul Bunyan?'

The ole preacher claws his fingers through his beard fer a spell, looking as earnest as a billy goat. 'It's *John* Bunyan you mean — him as writ that holy book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*,' he says, rolling back his eyes, and tipping up his chin to let them pious words trickle down his throat, like a ole hen drinking.

'That's news to me,' says the stranger. 'Paul mought of had a brother by the name of John, but I never heard tell of him. The Bunyan I'm speaking of,' he says, gitting into

his stride ergin, 'has the biggest bees a feller ever did see. Each one of 'em's big as a full-grown ox, and Paul crossed 'em a while back with a gang er moskeeters, and the offsprings of that wedding is the awfulest critters a person ever did see, fer they has stings both before and behind.'

'That sure don't sound like nothing I ever heared tell of John Bunyan,' says the preacher, shaking his head mightily mystified.

'Looks like the bunion's on the tother foot, then,' says the stranger, acting smart.

'It ain't no Paul Bunyan, ner no John neither—it's Tony Beaver! And I'm here to tell the world so!' says Big Henry, jumping up.

But it was the stranger got in the furst lick. '*Paul Bunyan!*' he says, putting his fist in the word, and landing it on Big Henry's jaw.

'*Tony Beaver!*' Big Henry bellers back at him, placing his name on the tother's nose.

'Hol' on, brothers! Hol' on!' says the preacher, reaching out and trying to peacify the two. But pore ole feller! *Bang!* he got a *Paul* on the side of his head, and next a *Tony* tuck him in the chist, bowling him over on the ground with the wind knocked outer him.

He lay thar for quite a spell gaping up at the sky. 'No,' he says at last, kinder talking to hisself. 'No, that Paul Bunyan surely ain't no kin at all to John.'

But jest erbout then Tony Beaver hisself happens up on the scene, toting a little boy on his shoulder what's a great buddy of his'n.

'Here, now! Here!' he says. 'What's all this erbout?' With that he scoops ole Brother Mutters up off'n the ground, steps right in betwixt the two fighting fellers, and had everything ca'med down jest in no time.

'But look a-here, Tony,' says Big Henry, still all worried up. 'Here's a strange hand telling some of your doings, and tacking 'em all on to a logger by the name of Paul Bunyan—or mebbe his furst name's John.'

'No, *sir!* It ain't John Bunyan!' says Brother Mutters, feeling hisself all over to see was he fatally busted.

'You all oughter see that blue ox, Babe, of Paul's,' says the strange hand, going right erlong like nothing had n't happened. 'He measures all of forty-two axe handles and a plug of terbacker acrost his forehead—forty-two, that is, of Paul's axe handles; that 'ud be erlong erbout one hundred and seventy-five of any common hand's. An' his nose is so fer away from his years he can't hear heself snort.'

'Well, *that* ain't nothing,' chips in the little boy setting up on Tony Beaver's shoulder mighty proud, fer he jest thinks Tony Beaver makes the world go round. 'Tony, he's got him a yoke er steers so big it takes a crow a week to fly betwixt the horns of one of 'em.'

'Shake, young feller,' says the stranger. 'If yer needing a job, I'd be glad to take you up to Paul; he's looking fer stout fellers like you right this minute.'

'I thank you,' says the little feller, all swelled up, 'but I got jest erbout all I kin han'le right here he'ping Tony out.'

'I've heared tell of that Paul Bunyan afore now,' says Tony, scratching his year more like he was some kinder varmint than a human. 'If he's the great logger you say he is, tell him to come on up Eel River, and him and me'll have a contest and find out which is the best feller.'

'That's the very trick!' Big Henry hollers out.

'All right, I'll take your word to Paul—he'll show you all sompen,'

says the stranger, laying back his years, and making ready to shoot fer his own shanty.

'Tony Beaver'll show *him* sompen!' the little feller hollers after him, cocking up his head, and flapping his arms like he was a rooster about to crow.

II

Well, it wa'n't hardly no time after that 'fore Paul Bunyan come up Eel River with a whole parcel of hands from his camp. Thar was Charlie the Swede, Big Ole, and a heap more, besides Johnny Inkslinger, Paul's timekeeper, with his fountain pen as big as a saw log — no, I dunno's it's quite *that* big.

Well, sirs! When they met, Tony and Paul sure did set a swift pace in manners!

'Welcome to Eel River, Mr. Bunyan,' says Tony.

'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Beaver,' says Paul. 'Me and my crew put out the minute I got your word, but mebbe I'm a bit late gitting here. What's the time?'

'It's any time you say, Mr. Bunyan,' says Tony.

'How's that, Mr. Beaver?' says Paul.

'Jest like I say — name the time you want, and it's your'n.'

'Well, I *was* aiming to hit your camp at sunup, but now looks like it's nigh midday,' says Paul.

'Sunup she shall be!' says Tony. With that he reaches in his pocket and hauls out a handful of time, and *swish!* thar she was right back at sunup ergin, with the dew fresh on the grass, and all the little birds chirping up to sing.

'That's a mighty handy trick,' says Paul. 'Inkslinger, make a note of that.'

The timekeeper laid aholt of his pen,

and the scratch-scratching of it was like a million katydids ripsawing on they hind legs in fall weather.

'We had bad luck with the time in our camp the winter of the blue snow,' says Paul. 'There was mighty little forage that year, and Babe, that ox of mine, busted into the granery where the time was kep' an' chawed it all up 'fore we could make him quit — all, that is, 'cept the leap years. Even Babe could n't stomick *them*.'

'My time is yours, Mr. Bunyan. Jest help yerself; take right smart, take darned nigh all,' says Tony, showing his manners.

'I thank you,' says Paul. 'I fetched you a present of a couple of my bees. The pair of 'em'll make you a ton er honey a month. Here, Ole! Fetch up them bees!' he hollers out.

Big Ole brung the bees up, and I wished you could er seen 'em! Each one of 'em was as big as a ox, and they was loaded down with log chains to keep 'em from flying erway.

'We had 'em check they stings with the timekeeper while we was traveling,' says Paul. 'But Johnny Inkslinger's got 'em labeled which ones goes behind and which before, and kin slip 'em in whenever you say.'

Tony casts his eye over 'em, and they sure did give him back a mighty mean look, with both of 'em buzzing like a sawmill cutting through white oak.

'Well,' he says, 'let's git better acquainted afore we give 'em back they weepens.'

After that the stunts betwixt Paul Bunyan and Tony Beaver commenced. But pshaw! It looked like thar wa'n't a pin to choose betwixt the two of 'em. If Tony Beaver tore a white oak up by the roots and pitched it acrost Eel River, Paul Bunyan'd pull up a red oak and toss it over the ridge. And if Paul set the calks of his boots nigh

fifty feet up in the face of a cliff, Tony'd jump across Eel River and back ergin without tetching ground on the tother side. So thar they was wasting a lot er sweat and nothing gitting settled. But d'reckly all hands got to noticing that that little boy belonging to Tony's camp kep' a-hollering all the time for Tony no matter which feller done the trick. 'Aw, look at Tony Beaver jumping acrost Eel River! Aw, look at Tony stomping his boots up yander on the rocks!' he'd holler.

That made Paul's hands kinder mad. 'Look a-here, young feller, your man ain't doing it all! That was Mr. Bunyan what set his calks in the face of the cliff,' Big Ole tells him.

The little feller looks at him kinder big-eyed and s'prised, and then he says, 'Aw, you fool me!' an' kep' right er-long hollering 'Looky! Look at Tony!' fer everything that happened.

But Paul hisself did n't git mad. He looks at the little feller fer a spell, and then he throws back his head and busts out with a great big round 'Haw, haw, haw!'

'What's hitting your funny bone, brother?' Tony asks him, for by now the two of 'em was gitting mighty friendly.

'Thar's a big laf coming from somewhere,' says Paul, kinder sniffing the air like he was a hound dawg. 'I can't tell whar it's heading from, but when she busts she sure will be a big one. I'm funny' that way,' he says; 'I kin sense a joke and commence to laf when it's still all of ten miles off — be damned if I can't! Aw — oh!' he says, clapping his hand to his mouth, 'I did n't go to let that word fly out before the little feller!'

'Take it back then, brother!' says Tony.

'How kin I? I spit that word out so hard it's nigh half a mile down the skidways of the past by now.'

'I kin git it back fer you!' says Tony, bawling to his hands to fetch him around his riding horse.

Now that nag of Tony's sure is swift, but it ain't so much its swiftness that's peculiar as the way they got him saddled. Tony had a chore boy in his camp a while back what appeared to be jest a fool fer want er sense, and one time the feller fetched the horse round with the saddle facing the tail. 'I saddled him thataway so's you could ride both going and coming,' he says, his mouth gaping open at his own smartness.

'Well, thar ain't one grain er sense to that,' says Tony, 'and jest fer that very reason I b'lieve it's true.' With that he jumps on the beast, and dogged if he could n't do jest like the fool said, ride both going and coming. It sure is a swift way er traveling, and the onliest way I know of that a person kin be in two places at onct.

Well, Tony jumps on his beast now, and takes out *pluckety-pluck* after that cuss word Paul had let fly. Riding thataway, it wa'n't hardly no time 'fore he come up with it. But course I don't have to tell none er you all that if thar's one thing a cuss word hates worse'n another it is to be taken back once it's loose. So, with Tony right atop of it, that word turned a kind of a summersault, and tuck back up the road ergin, its years laid flat, jest scooting fer — Well, to name the place that 'damn' was heading fer I'd have to let out another cuss word, which I ain't aiming to do; so I'll jest say it was making fer home, and let it go at that.

'Thar she goes! Head her off! *Head her!*' Tony bawls, checking up his horse, and turning erbout with the gravel flying off into the bresh, and the trail smoking behind him.

All hands from both camps spread out acrost the road whooping and

hollering fer all they was wurth. But, with them hollering in front, and Tony whooping up behind, that 'damn' word commenced to squawk and to fly like a skeered guinea hen. All hands made a jump fer it, but it sailed right over the heads of everyone 'cept Paul. He give sech a master leap that it landed him atop of a white oak tree, and from thar he bounded over on to a low-hanging cloud, ketching that cuss word on the way.

'Aw, looky! Look at Tony up in the clouds!' the little feller screeches out, dancing eround and all carried erway.

'That ain't Mr. Beaver up yander; it's Mr. Bunyan,' Paul's hands hollers back at him, clean outdone.

Well, *sirs!* Things sure commenced to look bad fer Paul. That cloud had been jest drifting erlong, hanging low in a kind of a doze, but when Paul landed down on it, all so sudden, it give a great bound, and headed fer the sky like a skeered racer, with Paul hung up on it, and no way er reaching ground ergin. More'n that, the cloud was right thin, and it looked like, heavy as Paul is, he mought fall spang through it any minute. Every step he tuck he went down waist-deep in the thing; and it's the truth, time and ergin the fellers seen his boots come dangling through the bottom side of the cloud with nothing but air betwixt them and deestruction. All of Paul's hands sets up a turrible yammering, hollering up at him to 'take keer' and 'mind out' and 'don't fall,' and all like that, like the feller would fall if he could he'p hisself. Tony's hands, wanting to show they manners, they hollered too. Johnny Inkslinger, what's the greatest cal'ulator the world has ever knowed, unlimbered his fountain pen and commenced to figger out the distance from the ground, Paul's weight, and all like that, so's they'd

know how bad he'd be busted when he drapped.

'Git ready fer the wurst, boys, fer he'll be nothing but fractions when he hits,' he says, figgering and sniffing, with the ink and tears all spluttering out together.

But erbout then Big Ole lets out a great yell. 'It's all right! Ole Paul's all right! He's kicking him up a thunderstorm!' he hollers.

Sure 'nough, when the hands looked they seen that Paul was milling 'round in the cloud, trompling on it and teasing it, making the thing so mad that it was gitting blacker and blacker, twill d'reckly it all fires up and busts out in er turrible storm, swearing and spitting out thunder and lightening at him. Paul waits jest long ernough to pick him a good streak of lightening, and then he slides to the ground on it all safe and sound, 'cept his pants was some scorched, and a person could smell singed whiskers. But the cuss word, it was burnt to a crisp.

'I have to thank ole Pecos Bill for that trick,' says Paul, breshing hisself off. 'Bill, he's that great cattle man they got down in Texas. He kin take a cyclone by the year, ride it acrost three states, and slide to ground on the lightening whenever he gits ready.'

'I knowed you was all right, Tony. I knowed you'd slide down on the lightening streak,' says the little feller.

'Now look a-here, Buddy, you got to git things straight,' says Tony, kinder worried. '*That's* Mister Bunyan,' he says, pinting at Paul, 'and *this* here is me. It was him, not me, slided down on the lightening streak.'

The little feller looks at him mighty earnest, doing his best to onderstand, but in the end he says, jest like he had afore, 'Aw, you fool me!'

At that Paul Bunyan lets out er-nother great crackling laf, shrugging up his shoulders, and rubbing his elbows

erginst his ribs. 'That big laf's gitting closer, I kin feel it tickling my funny bones,' he says.

Tony Beaver looks and looks at the little feller in a kind of a daze.

'Well, I will be dogged!' he says, like big news had struck him.

'Haw, haw, haw! Do you reckon it kin be true, brother?' says Paul.

'Well, thar's one way to find out. Come on, let's take it!' says Tony. With that he takes the little boy up on his shoulder, and, not saying nothing to the tother fellers, him and Paul went off into the bresh together.

III

Tony, he led along through the woods till they come to a little clear spring running out from under the roots of a maple tree. 'Now then, Buddy, you work us a charm,' he says to the little feller. With that he breaks off a switch from a witch-hazel bush like what you've seen a water doctor use, and gives it to the young-un to whip through the spring fer a spell. Then he says to Paul, 'Look, brother, and tell me what you kin see.' And standing right side by side they both of 'em looked down into the water.

'I see myself and nobody else,' says Paul. 'What do you see, brother?'

'I see myself and nobody else,' says Tony.

So thar you see how it was: after the little feller had charmed the water it showed 'em the truth, — what the young-un had sensed all erlong, — that Tony and Paul was one and the same feller, only dressed up in different bodies, and going under the name er Paul Bunyan in one part er the world and Tony Beaver in ernother. Did any of you folks ever meet yer very own self right face to face? Well, I ain't neither, and I know mighty well I ain't craving to. You'd think it would

be a powerful awesome sight, but dogged if it tuck them two fellers thataway.

'So you're me and I'm you!' says Tony with a great 'Haw, haw!'

'I'm you an' you're me, and I would n't be s'prised if ole Pecos Bill from down yander in Texas was n't mixed up with us, too,' says Paul. 'An' what did I tell you erbout a big laf coming?'

With that the two of 'em jest laid back, whooping and hollering and laffing fit to bust the sky wide open. They did sorter try to check theyselves up and not act too much like fools fer wanten sense, but the big laf had struck 'em; one of 'em 'ud holler out, 'You're me!' and the tother 'ud answer back, 'I'm you!' and off they'd go ergin: 'Haw, haw, haw!'

Well, er course all that whooping and carrying on fetched the tother fellers loping into the woods, hollering to know what was the joke, like hounds on a hot trail. By that time it sure looked like Paul and Tony had n't got no sense at all, fer they was carrying on like they was making theyselves acquainted with theyselves. 'Mr. Beaver, meet Mr. Beaver,' Tony 'ud say, and Paul 'ud answer back, 'Mr. Bunyan, shake hands with my friend Mr. Bunyan,' and off the two of 'em would go ergin in the craziest laffing a person ever did hear, with the little feller jumping up and down, hollering, 'Aw, look at Tony introducing hisself to hisself!'

Well, course none er the hands could make head ner tail outer the thing, but d'reckly the big laf struck them, too, and seemed like the more they did n't know what it was all erbout the more tickled they got. One feller'd holler out to another, 'Hey, Buddy! What's the joke?' And the tother'd answer back, 'I'll be dogged if I know!' And then the whole shooting match'd

go off ergin, whooping and laffing, laying up erginst stumps, and holding on to they sides.

Well, now, er course when a whole parcel er folks gits to laffing beyond theyselves thataway they is running a turrible risk er hitting the world's funny bone, and everybody knows when that happens the world can't hold the laf in and it comes shaking out in a earthquake that's liable to crack a smile a mile wide. So when Paul and Tony commenced to feel the earth heaving up in a kind of a giggle, with a deep far-off growl rumbling up through it, they knowed mighty well what they was heading fer.

'Hey, brother, mind out er we'll have the world laffing with us d'reckly!' Tony sings out. 'An' more'n that, my jaws is commencing to hurt,' he says.

'That's bad! Haw, haw, haw, haw! That sure is bad!' Paul hollers back. 'Here, you fellers, quit this foolishness now and sober down like I'm doing,' he says, holding on to a sapling and laffing so hard a person could see the lafs running up the tree and giggling out through the leaves. 'Here, quit, I say, and think er sompen solemn!'

'A toothache's a solemn thing; let's think of that,' says Charlie the Swede.

'A stomickache is more solemn,' says Big Henry, doing his best.

But at that all the Eel River crew jest fell over on the ground laffing, fer if ther's one thing that is comical it's Big Henry when his vittles turns erginst him. 'Aw, Tony, make him quit! Don't let him say nothing like that if yer aiming to git us checked up! Aw, my jaws, my jaws!' they hollers out, and the world itself rumbled out ernother long 'Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o-o!'

'Here, Inkslinger, git to work now and figger out how long it'll be 'fore the world busts out with that laf!' Paul hollers to his timekeeper.

Johnny Inkslinger sets to work,

figgering and laffing as best he could, and d'reckly he gits out, 'Mr. Bunyan, sir — Haw, haw, haw! Excuse me: Haw, haw! As nigh as I can figger it the world'll bust out laffing inside of the next fifteen minutes, thirty-three seconds, and sixty-seven hundredths of a second. Haw, haw, haw!'

'You hear that now, Mr. Beaver!' says Paul, reeling up to Tony, and skeercely able to stand fer laffing. 'The world's going to bust wide open inside of the next fifteen minutes if we don't all git together and think up sompen solemn.'

'Well,' says Tony, easing hisself down on a stump, 'cause by now his legs had done failed him, 'the solemnest thing we got in this camp is ole Brother Moses Mutters, the preacher feller.'

'Send fer him, then!' says Paul. 'Send for him quick afore the world busts!'

So, running and laffing, Big Henry and the Sullivan feller puts out after the preacher, and all the tother hands fell over on the ground and jest fa'rly give up, whooping and hollering, holding on to they sides, and complaining erbout they jaws, with the world frisking up beneath 'em, shaking out little giggles ahead of the big laf like you've seen dust devils scooting along in front of a big windstorm. Then d'reckly here come Big Henry and Sullivan back ergin, still running and laffing with the ole preacher hustled erlong betwixt 'em. The ole feller stood up thar in the midst of all them crazy hands, clawing his fingers through his beard and looking like a scan'alized billy goat.

'Thar, now! Did n't I tell you he was solemn? Aw, my jaws, my jaws!' says Tony.

'It ain't my jaws, it's my stomick hurts the most! Aw, haw, haw, haw! He's the solemnest thing I ever seen in all my life!' Paul says.

'Yes! Go on and laf!' the ole preacher bellers at 'em, all fired up, and gitting inter his stride. 'Laf yer silly heads off, but some day you all will find out that this world is but a desert dreer.'

'Aw, my soul! Don't she look like it right this minute!' Jack Sullivan sings out, and 'Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o-o-o!' come that deep rumble from the world, fer seemed like having itself called a desert dreer tickled it all up and down the bed rock of its ribs.

The ole preacher was kinder startled when he heard that long 'Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o-o-o-o!' But he tuck a brace and sets out ergin. 'Don't you know that hell is right down *thar*?' he says, stomping his foot on the ground, and 'Whoof!' says the world back at him, giving a kind of a giggle and a buck-jump.

'Hey! What's *that*?' says the ole feller, jucking up his foot mighty quick.

Well, all hands knowed doggoned well what it was, and they sure did n't want the thing to bust through, but having the world sassing back at the preacher thataway, and him jucking up his foot so quick jest after locating hell right under it, got 'em more tickled 'n ever, so's they jest could n't speak fer laffing. More'n that, Jack Sullivan jumps his feets up, too, like Brother Mutters had done, and sings out, 'Ouch! My foot's hot, too! What er-bout your'n, Buddy?'

'They's on fire!' says Big Henry, and after that them two big idgits went off in a crazy kind of a dance, jucking up they feets and shaking 'em in the air like they was walking on a hot griddle. It sure was scan'lous, and course it did n't do nothing to sober down the tothers.

'Aw, my jaws! My jaws!' says Tony.

'It'll be more'n yer *jaws* that'll

hurt bimeby!' the preacher yells at him. 'Hell — hell — *hell* — ' he says, and thar he hung up dead with a kind of a guggle, his face drawed up and his throat working like he was fighting fer all he was wurth to git his words out.

'Aw, my soul! Look a-yander! The ole feller's going to laf!' Big Henry bawls, all dumbfounded. At that all hands ketches aholt of they breath and jest looks and looks with all the looks they had, fer it sure was a awesome sight.

'Hell — ' Brother Mutters commences ergin, making a brave fight fer it. 'Hell — h-e-e-e-l — he — he — *he* — HE — ' But, puff as he would, pore ole feller, he jest *could n't* make the grade, and in another pair er seconds he busts all ter pieces, — 'He, he, he! Aw, ho, ho! He, he, he! Haw, haw!' — crackling out the awfulest laffing a person ever did hear. He stands up and lafs fer a spell, but d'reckly his knees broke under him, and he flops down on a log; but even that wa'n't enough, and in the end the ole feller jest sprawls right out on the ground, whooping and hollering and laffing.

Well, sirs! That done the trick, sobering up the tother fellers in a hurry, fer thar wa'n't no living man had ever heard the preacher laf afore and it sure was a turrible solemn sound. Even the world itself swallowed back its giggles, with the long rumble of the big laf dying down and down in the distance. All hands commenced to tell the news of it to one another. 'Ole Brother Moses Mutters is laffing,' they'd say, passing the word from mouth to mouth like they was awestruck. Thataway it got turrible solemn to 'em, and d'reckly they give way under it.

'Aw, my soul! Jest look a-yander now at ole Brother Mutters!' Jack Sullivan says, breaking down, and hunting him his bandanna.

'I jest can't *stand* having him laf! Make him quit, Tony!' Big Henry bawls, sniffing and sniffing, and wiping his nose acrost his sleeve.

'Brother Mutters is laffing, and he'll *never* tell us no more erbout he-hell,' says Jack Sullivan.

'Ner erbout the devil! Seems like I jest can't git erlong t'out the devil!' Big Henry bellers, carrying on like he was losing his blood brother.

And thar you see how it was: none er the Eel River crew had ever set much store by hell and the devil, and all like that, as long as they had it, but now when it looked like it was slipping from 'em they sets up a turrible lamentation—ain't that jest like human natur?

'Here, *quit* that! Don't you know this world is a desert dreer like you allus said?' Big Henry yells at the preacher. But 'Haw, haw, haw!' was all he got back from the ole feller. 'He never laffed afore in all his life, and he's sixty-three if he's a day. Make him quit, Tony! I jest *can't stand* this!' Big Henry blubbers.

'You say he's sixty-three and never laffed afore?' says Johnny Inkslinger. 'Then, as nigh as I kin figger it, he'll have to go on laffing day and night fer three weeks, five days, sixteen hours,

thirty-three minutes, and forty-seven seconds afore he gits hisself laffed up to date and kin quit. No, hol' on a minute! I made a bad mistake,' he says, scratching out some figgers. 'He'll have to laf fer three weeks, five days, sixteen hours, thirty-three minutes, and forty-five seconds and a half, 'stead of forty-seven seconds like I said at furst.'

And that's jest *exactly* what the ole feller done. He kep' right erlong day and night with that awful dry crackling laf till the very second and a half Johnny Inkslinger had figgered out, and then *bang!* he stopped dead, and went on back to being jest as solemn as he ever had been.

Well, anyhow, him laffing jest in the nick er time like he done got all hands and the world itself outer a turrible fix. But what it was hit the world's funny bone and started the big laf in the furst place none er the hands ever did know. The nighest any of 'em ever come to tetching the truth was when Paul Bunyan and his crew was leaving the Eel River camp.

'Well, good-bye, Tony Bunyan,' Paul says with a grin.

'Aw, Paul Beaver, don't start nothing like that now, er you'll have us all off ergin,' Tony answers him back.

IO VICTIS

NUNGESSER — COLI

BY CHARLES PRINCE

OVER the dangerous dim expanse,
World to world in an arch of flight,
Westward hurries the White Bird of France,
Followed afar by the Eastern light.
Nungesser governs its thundering force,
Lord of the French dominions in air.
Coli pilots the perilous course.
Bright are the laurels of Gaul they wear.
Safe through the battle's fateful hail,
Can it be theirs in the fog to fail?

When shall the White Bird flash into sight?
Myriads lift from the common rôle
Glances that question the day and the night
Time grudges the White Bird to win to its goal.
Questioning, doubting, waiting — in vain.
Lost in the silence of sea and of sky,
No sound is caught from the White Bird again,
No glimpse is given to mortal eye.
Did they fail then, Coli and Nungesser?
They cannot fail who ardently dare.

Courage, the soul of advancement, thrives
Bright in the teeming cells of brain;
Brighter in deeds of fearless lives
Whose glory is the race's gain.
Onward is the bent of the soul.
Slow is advancement, stage by stage.
Splendid defeat, though death be its toll
Betters the future's heritage.
Count them as victors, greater than chance,
Coli and Nungesser, sons of France.

HANG THE DOG

BY EDWIN HEDRICK

I

'Hang the dog,' said the leading counsel for the prosecution, in a case where a disappointed lover had slain his rival. Thrilled with the tragic effect of the whole scene then being enacted, I thought it would be grand sometime to say the same thing in the same way. From the sphere of influence of those words I could not escape; by that picturesque display of oratory I was uprooted from the soil, and taken forever out of the class of producers. To a country lad of sixteen murder sounded like something criminal, which really ought to be punished. I wished that I were a barrister, so that I too might take part in putting people to death. I wondered how it was that I had not before recognized the impulse and power that I now instinctively felt. Certain was I that every vile reptile of the species *Homo sapiens* who transgressed the command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' should be hanged; and that of all men I was the person best fitted by nature to enforce that divine law.

A farmer friend advised that if I wished to become a lawyer I ought to go to Chicago, and try cases for the corporations. He did not know that my secret purpose in life was to hang someone, and that my plan was to settle wherever my services were most needed. I selected Peoria. 'But up there,' he said (meaning Chicago), 'they pay ten thousand dollars a year.' That seemed like a vast fortune, hardly to be accumulated in one life-

time. From that day forward Chicago was a doomed city—I could feel it. I knew that sooner or later she must open her gates and surrender. But I did not know then that the demand for competent lawyers is always greater than the supply, simply because excellence in every line of human endeavor is very limited. Anyway, I had decided to give Peoria the first chance to be saved from legal chaos.

But in about eight weeks after starting I had a very decided feeling that I should have stayed on the farm where I belonged. I could see that my ambition to hang either man or beast was waning. And it looked to me as if Peoria did not care to be saved.

A deficit in my accounts soon ceased to worry me. It was very nearly my normal state. I never saw such peaceful, law-abiding citizens. No one seemed to appreciate the fact that a veritable Moses was in their midst, and that I was there for the purpose of ridding the community of bad characters. Embryonic greatness appeared to be a drug on the market. I would have sold myself 'short.' Finally a friend from my home town established himself in Peoria, in the buggy business. He felt sorry for me, and said so. I believe he was afraid he would have to support me. My first case in a court of record was his suit in replevin to recover ten thousand dollars' worth of buggies. The amount dazed me. I hardly knew whether to file a declaration or a

complaint. I had a case now, and was certain that I needed a lawyer. Common honesty required that I advise my friend to employ a regular attorney.

On the way to the trial I met a lawyer who is now a Federal Judge, and expressed to him my fear of the lawyer on the other side. 'Young man,' said he, 'you are the best lawyer in the country. Never admit that there are any better.' In order to make out a case I had to show fraud, and could not quite make the grade; but this case is where I learned that, as my judicial friend said, self-reliance, confidence in your own ability, is fundamentally essential to a lawyer's kind of salesmanship. The man who appears in court uncertain of his position, doubtful of the law, and ready to admit (if charged with it) that he is a fool anyway, should be operating with a broom of bristles and a shovel. The young man who is willing to turn the right cheek if smitten on the left may as well enter the prize ring as the law. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' said the old prosecutor at Fairfield, 'is the unalterable will of God.'

A very demure and modest brunette came to my office and complained that her husband had abandoned her and wrongfully taken away her piano. I brought suit to recover it. All through the trial, defendant's counsel kept in the foreground the fact that my relations with my client had been very friendly; that we had been seen together on a steamboat excursion and at a dinner party. The purpose was manifest. It was embarrassing, too. It looked as though I had broken up a home, and ought to be horsewhipped. Something had to happen to change that atmosphere. Fortunately, counsel overplayed his hand by too much cross-examination. He asked her if I had not, at a dance before her husband left her, told her that she was 'very

beautiful.' I knew she would truthfully answer, 'No'; but I objected on the ground that it did not affect her title to the piano, and said, 'I will leave it to the jury to say now whether I was right or wrong.' The jurors laughed; and I added, 'Her husband won't speak to her. Why should he object if others do?' That changed the atmosphere — always a very decisive thing — and left unimpeached her personal beauty, which of itself clearly constituted a preponderance of the evidence. The presumption that a beautiful woman is truthful cannot be overcome by proof; and the reader can well imagine who got the piano.

The campaign of 1900 was approaching, and if the Democratic candidate should be elected State's Attorney I wished to become his Assistant. This was my opportunity to become 'the secular arm' of the State, as it was described by the scholiasts of the Spanish Inquisition. I was in Peoria for that 'sacred' purpose, and to 'abandon' all accused ones to that secular arm. The chief of police had officially refused to permit a lawyer friend of mine, a duly licensed attorney, to interview his client then in the city prison, on the ground that he was not lawyer enough to be recognized. My friend did not look upon that as much of a compliment, and did not consider it a final adjudication. He felt sure there was a technical flaw somewhere in that holding. It became necessary to institute a proceeding against the 'Chief' to recover the statutory penalty for such a violation of the rights of attorney and client. The leaders of the three big Democratic wards of the city insisted that I withdraw from the case, and said that if I appeared against the 'Chief' my chances of becoming Assistant to any Democratic State's Attorney were ruined. I appeared against him, and the ruling of the chief of police

was reversed; and my friend thereafter enjoyed the rare distinction of having it established by adjudication that he was a regular lawyer. He was grateful to me. I know he was. He gave me the advantage of considering my efforts as a personal favor to him, and never commercialized our friendly relations by offering me any part of the proceeds. People appeared to have the idea that I was practising law for the exercise. The net result to me, however, was very satisfactory. After I became a prosecutor I learned that all contest for my job ended with that trial; and that the defeat in that case of the incoming State's Attorney commanded his respect.

The People of the State of Illinois vs. William Dooley was called for trial on the morning of the day we went into office. The charge was murder. I was nearing the goal of my early ambition — but not yet. While playing a game of billiards the defendant had struck someone on the head with a billiard cue and killed him; and who should appear as counsel for the defense but the far-famed and able previous State's Attorney. He was of commanding appearance physically, and of great intellectual power. In his opening he made an exhaustive and convincing outline of the evidence; then he turned toward me with a snarl, as though I had insulted him, and, apparently resenting my arrogance and conceit in being there at all, said, 'I'll show this young laddie-buck how to try a lawsuit.'

I do not know why that should affect my knees, but it did. My thought was 'I guess you will, all right.' I had a vague feeling that I might be in trouble myself before the thing was over. I thought I ought to apologize for insulting the jury with my presence. Dooley did not appear to be the dog I intended to hang. But the best thing counsel showed me was the great advantage of

keeping your own temper when your opponent loses his. In that case I learned the real power of being cheerful when your opponent is angry. Counsel's bitterness toward me personally cost his client twenty years in the penitentiary.

'Ellsworth Hinckle Kills Wife; Cuts Jugular Vein' appeared the following July in large black letters across the front page of the morning papers. I moved slowly. I walked silently to the office, instinctively reflecting upon my early ambition. I knew the hour had come. There was nothing I wished to say; yet almost aloud I thought, 'Here is the case at last.' The State's Attorney looked me over intently, and after a pause said, 'Well, say it.' After some hesitation I got it out: 'They will hang this man.' They say Webster spent thirty years preparing for his reply to Hayne. For twelve years I had looked forward to this case. The evidence disclosed that the defendant had theretofore beaten his wife and driven her out into the street to prostitute herself for his support. That was enough to hang any man. It was no victory for the State.

But when I got squarely up to the point of saying, 'Hang the dog,' they appeared to be 'lost words.' All my life I had worked toward this moment. I had struggled for years to get into a position where, officially, I could use those words. I had rolled them over in the roof of my mouth so many times I could almost sing them. And now I could not get them out. I could find no place in my argument to put them. They did not seem becoming or appropriate. I was so sure that the jury would hang the defendant that I did not feel like adding insult to injury. It did not seem right for the State, in that bestial manner, to demand the sacrifice of blood. In my heart I looked upon capital punishment as a relic of

barbarism, like witchcraft and human slavery. By that time I had come to believe that Jesus or anyone else had the right to change a law which justified polygamy, slavery, the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, and blood for blood.

At 10 p. m. the jury came in, slowly and solemnly. It was the death penalty.

At last I had taken part in one of those bloody orgies of breaking the neck of a human being and strangling him to death that are called capital punishment. Illinois had receded from the teachings of the Lowly Nazarene, and had glutted the savage vengeance which it inherited from the cave man and from the desert tribes of two thousand years before the Christian era. Most of the other revealed laws have been abandoned, presumably as of spurious origin; but this particular one, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' we cling to, as of the very essence of divinity. It is the last one of the great State crimes inaugurated by those who did not know that the sun and moon cannot stand still, and who believed that Balaam's ass conversed with its master. Capital punishment in its inception is a form of religious neurosis, which in most cases prevents the proper punishment of capital crime and in no case prevents the crime. Certainty of imprisonment is more deterring than a ninety-per-cent chance of escape. When and wherever capital punishment has been abolished crime has been relatively less. *Whoever would murder expecting life imprisonment is not deterred by any penalty.* The 'hang the dog' philosophy of the modern mind, the 'hang the dog' arguments of prosecutors, contribute as much as any other one thing to the failure of juries to convict. Some day in the approaching scientific age that human mass called

the people will realize that capital punishment is no more justified than any of the other prodigious crimes authorized by those who did not know that blood circulated in their veins or that there is such a thing as a law of gravitation.

II

To proceed with my journey: I had longed for the Hinckle case; and, while I prosecuted other capital cases, from that day forward I abhorred them. Homicide is justifiable only in individual self-defense against an assailant; but, in order that society may defend itself against the further assaults of any individual, is it necessary to take his life? Is it foreign to the criminal law to consider the natural rights of the parties? A prosecutor with an ambition to hang someone is unfit to represent the State. And the prosecutor who goes so far away from the question of the guilt of the defendant and the character of the crime in the abstract as to indulge in personal abuse of the defendant or his counsel is going away from the goal of his ambition to become a trial lawyer. Prosecutors constantly induce acquittals by engaging in personal animosities with more experienced counsel for the defense, who deliberately initiate controversies with a motive very similar to that of a mother bird in fluttering about at some distance from the nest. The Hinckle case was the line of cleavage between what is commonly expected as to the duties of a prosecutor and the correct conception of what they are.

I was beginning to learn, too, that advocacy is an art; that the argument is but a small part of the forensics of a lawsuit; that there is eloquence in the massing, sequence, and clear presentation of the evidence, and value in the unimportant incidents of a trial.

The decisive influence of immaterial

matters is illustrated by one case in particular. The charge was murder. The killing took place in the dark, and in the presence of no eyewitness; the most direct evidence to show that the defendant was the man who fired the fatal shot was the testimony of a young woman who, from a distance of a hundred yards, saw the defendant pass under an electric light, going away from the scene of the crime, immediately after she heard the shooting. The witness was rather tall and slender, with fair skin and dark hair, and wore a black silk all-over lace gown and a large broad-brimmed black hat. She was modest and refined by nature, and very striking in appearance. By the desertion of her father and the death of her mother she had been left alone to support five small children, her brothers and sisters. She kept them well dressed and in school and Sunday school. Her means of supporting them was well known, and not commendable; but she certainly did not look the part. I impressed upon her that her position in life was a great misfortune for which she was not entirely to blame; and that in answering about it on cross-examination she should manifest no resentment, express nothing but sorrow, and show the jury that in her heart she was a good woman.

She had testified concerning the support of these children, and counsel for the defense asked her how she did it. She avoided a direct answer. He squared himself for the grand assault, confident of victory, and, intending her complete destruction, came out triumphantly with the direct question: 'Is it not a fact that you earn your living by walking the streets at night?' She hesitated, and looked toward me for assistance. The jury were surprised. They could hardly believe it. They leaned forward, hoping that she might deny the charge. I could see her lips

begin to quiver, and the tears coming. There was perfect silence; it was a tragic moment. I knew we were at the turning point in the case. I requested the judge to instruct the witness that she was not required to give an answer that would tend to degrade her. He did, and she declined to answer. 'Well, then,' said counsel, 'you refuse to answer because the truth would degrade you?' She could no longer restrain her emotions. 'It certainly would, Mr. —,' she replied, bursting into tears. She wept bitterly for what she was. There was no acting; she realized the truth. Sympathetic tears of the jury attested their compassion for her. The clerk brought her a glass of water. I stepped up, took her by the hand, and helped her down as tenderly as if she had been the queen of the land. The court took a recess, and counsel for the defense slunk away like a whipped cur.

In my argument I referred to the Lord's forgiveness of the woman brought to Him for condemnation: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her,' and then said: 'There is but one issue in this case. Did this woman tell the truth?' The jury thought that she did. But, on the ground that there was no evidence to sustain the finding of the jury, the court set aside the verdict and discharged the defendant.

Upon arrival in Chicago I was employed by Mr. James F. Meagher, now deceased, and at a salary less than Mr. Meagher paid his chauffeur. That was eminently fair, too. He had tried out the chauffeur; and a good chauffeur is worth more, and less likely to cause damage, than a poor trial lawyer.

For a 'try-out,' as he called it, Mr. Meagher assigned me to a case where I could not be skeptical. I had to trust in the Lord. It was one of those suits which are responsible for the general

impression that all lawyers are dishonest. He introduced me to a theatre owner whose company had been sued for \$1400 by a theatre-ticket broker. Upon the owner's office door in the Majestic Theatre Building appeared the name of his company and the words, 'Western Agency.' The ticket broker had paid to the agent \$1200 in advance for six hundred seats for the coming performance of Harry Lauder. The agent received the money, disappeared to parts unknown, and never delivered the tickets. It would seem reasonable to suppose that the broker, not having received his merchandise, was entitled to the return of his money.

'Mr. Meagher, I cannot weaken on the first case,' said I, 'but please tell me how you expect a man to defend this suit.' For thirty years Mr. Meagher had been an object of terror to all attorneys for the plaintiff. He walked to the window, looked out over the lake during a long rhetorical pause, turned back to me, and said: 'Hedrick, there is but one way. Every time an opponent sticks up his head, bat hell out of him.' He had great confidence in an American jury. Verily the American jury system, especially the requirement of unanimity, is a wonderful institution. That requirement saves many a man from paying his debts when he does n't feel that he can afford it, or from suffering severe punishment for careless and indiscreet acts when his family needs him at home. It is a great thing, too, for a young lawyer. If the facts are against him he still has something to work on.

Plaintiff's counsel in this case knew that, and commenced operations with the jury as though he were moulding bits of clay. But his technique, I thought, was faulty. He examined each juror with unusual personal familiarity. He called the first man 'George.' I did not regard that as art.

Only a very poor quality of human clay responds to that kind of workmanship. He then informed the juror that he personally was a member of the law firm of Blank and Blank and that 'Mr. Hedrick works for the firm representing the defendant,' and concluded by asking each juror if 'man to man, face to face, and heart to heart' he would give the plaintiff a fair trial. It would almost make you weep, it was so tender. He capered and cajoled through the whole examination, and finished each time with that same dash of pathos. I kept perfectly silent, and tried to assume an attitude of dignified reserve and confidence. My thought was to create the impression that a great wrong was being attempted by a cunning hypocrite.

When it came my turn I said to the first man, 'Your name is Hawkins, I believe.' He nodded, and I continued, 'You will have to pardon me if I call you Mr. Hawkins. I don't know you well enough to call you George.' The juror seemed pleased. I then inquired if the fact that opposing counsel was a member of the firm of Blank and Blank and that I only worked for a salary would make any difference to him as a juror. He answered emphatically, 'No.' I added, 'You know there are lawyers who would not consider it much of an honor to be a member of the firm of Blank and Blank.' Counsel objected; but the court made no ruling, and I went on. With just a suggestion of imitation and pathos, as delicately and artistically as I could do it, I solemnly inquired, 'Now, Mr. Hawkins, man to man, face to face, and heart to heart, will you give the defendant a fair trial?' A responsive smile was the only answer. I waived my opening statement, and said I would have the defendant as a witness tell the jury the facts.

Plaintiff had a perfectly good claim

for \$1200, but it looked like good business to add the '99 cents.' He claimed an additional \$200 that he was not entitled to. He said the defendant had promised to redeem at the box office before eight o'clock one hundred tickets, at \$2.00 each, for some other performance. It was a fabrication out of whole cloth. I could have disproved it, but I did not, because, as the reader will learn, I quit the evidence in a terrible rage; and I could not back in and unload that testimony without the jury knowing it was all I had.

This bargain-counter claim for the extra \$200 came between me and the merits of the case. It won my sincere affection; I loved it. The rest of the plaintiff's cause I treated with cold indifference. The plaintiff explained that, after defendant's refusal to redeem the tickets, he had given them to his friends and hotel acquaintances. In cross-examination, with pencil and paper in hand, I said, 'We will send for them. Kindly give me the name of one person to whom you gave a ticket.' He did not dare to take the risk. For a moment he looked as though he might choke to death. I asked him to name any person to whom he had ever given a ticket in his life. He refused to answer.

About this time James J. Jeffries, the ex-champion, came into the courtroom and took a seat near my client, who had been complimenting the 'acting' of Mr. Jeffries that week at the American Music Hall. He had come to the trial to see the kind of 'show' my client put on. I was introduced to him, and I can never forget that ham of a hand I tried to shake. I stood up and introduced him: 'If the court please, and gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Jeffries.' The way the opposing lawyer abused me for that one little act of kindness to the jury was a shame. I never thought it was so wrong. He said I ought to be disbarred. That

caused ill feeling, and precipitated another blunder. 'Why, Your Honor,' said I, 'Mr. Jeffries is the peer of any member of the firm of Blank and Blank.' Everything I did seemed to be wrong. One of the Appellate Court judges, who read of the incident in the morning papers, said I should have been kicked out of court. Evidently that was not his idea of the way to become a barrister.

The defendant witness and I had agreed upon certain words to be used as a cue. This was at the time when the theatrical trust was in its palmy days, and he was one of the very few independents. I thought the jury should know that the trust was fighting him. They might find that the trust was the real power behind the prosecution of the plaintiff's case, and this would excuse defendant's agent for running away with the plaintiff's money. I assumed that the court would be narrow and technical about such things, and that it would take a broad mind to see the materiality of this evidence. So it was arranged that when I used the words 'alone or with someone' the witness, with a show of deep feeling and earnestness, should proceed to state, before objection could be sustained, how the trust was persecuting him. He could tell that story with sincerity, too. He testified that he was born in Germany, came to America alone as a stowaway, at the age of twelve, drove an ice wagon for five years, and then entered the employ of a booking agency. 'Mr. Hedrick,' said the court, 'that is all very interesting, but I don't see what it has to do with this case.' I assured the court that I wanted to show the jury 'fully all the facts.' In order to proceed with the business romance of my hero I was forced to use the cue, 'Are you in business alone or with someone?' The witness jumped right into high speed, and away he went—all

about how he was the only independent and the trust had been persecuting him for years. The court rapped on the bench vigorously. 'What's that? What's that?' he said. 'Strike that out, Mr. Reporter, strike that out!' But on went my witness. His first sentence was enough, but I could n't stop him; he very nearly ruined a good defense. It was not all acting, either. The manifest genuineness of his emotions saved the day.

It was my turn now. I put on a show of my own. I used all my ammunition in telling the court in the hearing of the jury how I wished to prove 'who and what' was behind this iniquitous prosecution. The court ruled against me, and I commenced all over again. I tried pathos, and then got as mad as David Garrick in *King Lear*; but it was of no avail. I stopped, looked first at the witness, then a long time at the jury, and finally turned to the court: 'Your Honor, I will leave this case to the jury.'

That was the end of the testimony; but there was a bit of material evidence I had failed to introduce. At that time the social lions were wearing those high 'lay-down' collars, which struck the wearer just at the back of the ear and made him look like a Manila convict being choked to death in wooden stocks. Counsel for the plaintiff had selected one of those evidences of a great mind in which to appear before the jury. The moment I saw that collar I knew it was bound to become an exhibit in the case. No one can become a barrister unless he is able to sense those decisive facts. But that personal kind of evidence must go in just at the right niche or not at all. If you offer it when it is forced and unnatural the jury will get the idea that it is of no importance, and some juror may suspect you of impertinence and ill breeding. It was not until plaintiff's closing argument

that the materiality of this evidence became manifest.

I had devoted my time to plaintiff's generosity in giving to nobody one hundred of another man's tickets, and I made vague references to dark and devious facts which I could, but would not, discuss, because it was 'not proper to go outside of the record.' I was too honest to do that. It would not be fair. Then I offered my sympathy to the plaintiff in being used as a tool, a Punch and Judy, for those behind him pulling the strings to put an 'independent' out of business. I never saw such utter lack of appreciation. It was positively rude the way the opposing party and counsel accepted my condolences. Counsel laid down a barrage of oratory about my impudence to the whole human race; I was a disgrace to the bar, and my conduct an insult to the intelligence of the jury. Just at the highest pitch of this grand philippic his voice broke and began to squeak. It needed oil. He was out of air. His compliments to me had been so questionable that anything I might say, even at that tense moment, would be not only excused but expected. He took another sip of water, and paused for breath. 'You could breathe better,' I ventured to suggest, 'if you took about two inches off the top story of that collar.' It was the truth. As testimony it could not be denied. As advice it did not appear to be appreciated, and added very little to the friendly relations of counsel. The jury disagreed; two years later I met one of the jurors and he inquired if 'the top story' had ever been taken off 'that collar.'

III

Shortly afterward I was put to work trying damage cases for the Gas Company, and have since tried a rate case for that company and a capital-stock

case for the Pullman Company (of palace-car fame). At last I was representing the corporations 'up there' — in the big city. It has been a long trail, and beautiful scenery all the way. No man ever became a trial lawyer without a struggle. Every man knows in his heart the one thing he can do best. The most eminent success will be attained by the lawyer who early in his career seeks and finds employment in that special line which he loves best and for which he knows he is best fitted. Attainment is limited to one's capacity. There is in each human embryo a latent potentiality, whose utmost development marks the success of the individual.

Man's duty consists in the utmost development of himself and the furtherance of the cause of justice among men. Confucius was right: 'Do good for good, and for evil, justice.' And retaliation is not justice. Crime has never been retarded by the severity of punishments. This was proven by the experience of England, with its one-time long list of governmental cruelties, since abolished for the more effectual humaneness. Public executions do not even assuage the passions and instincts which produce the vice. Blood for blood is a stage in the development of man which must be surpassed, just as we have surpassed the burning stake and trial by right of battle, and by water — if the accused did not drown he was deemed guilty. It is more blessed to save life than to destroy it. No advocate has achieved the completest satisfaction his calling can give until he has experienced the thrill and tasted the everlasting joy of saving a human life.

Over on the near-west side of Chicago in 1920 a father of a very unruly son went out on the street one night to find the son and bring him home. The boy saw his father first and started to run.

In a moment of distraction and confusion the father shot the boy in the back and killed him, in order, as the newspapers said, 'to save his soul.'

My associate in that case suggested that the prosecutors 'over on the north side' (at the Criminal Court building) did not know me, and that he had observed that jurors would help a lawyer win his case if they liked the lawyer and thought he was green at the business. So we deliberately decided that I should go into the trial of that case on the theory that I was just a plain 'boob,' and knew nothing at all about criminal practice and mighty little about any kind of law.

In examining the jury I asked the most outlandish questions I could think of; then, after counsel had argued his objections, I withdrew the question, speaking in a droll nasal tone, and inquired, 'How do you ask that question, Mr. Counsel?' And he would tell me, much to my chagrin.

Counsel for the State in his opening made an elaborate and learned disquisition on the law and the evidence, closing with a solemn demand for the death penalty. I sat there quietly, staring out into space as though I had no idea what to do next. 'Proceed, Mr. Hedrick,' said the court. 'With the evidence, Your Honor?' I inquired. 'No,' said the judge; 'the practice over here is that you can make your opening statement now or reserve it till the close of the State's case.' 'Reserve it,' I repeated aloud. Manifestly I was not certain what the court meant. But, after a short pause of doubt, I said, 'I got nothin' to hold back, Your Honor; I'll give it 'em now'; and the jury laughed. That was the makings of an atmosphere, and helped to destroy the awful seriousness of what we were doing.

Then, with all the simplicity and frankness I could command, I said,

'My defense is an alibi, that the defendant, the real defendant, the *mind* of the defendant, was not *there* at the time of this accident; and I'll tell you men how it was' — which I proceeded to do in the most colloquial and commonplace manner.

After several days, and toward the close of the trial, my associate heard one of the newspaper boys say to opposing counsel: 'Where does Hedrick get that farmer stuff? I know that guy.' From that moment on I conducted myself in a lawyerlike way, but never changed my rôle, and never thereafter gave my opponent an opening to question my perfect confidence in anything I said or did. Some of the jurors congratulated me upon my success in my 'first criminal case,' and one juror wrote, 'It was a pleasure to see you in action.' The verdict was one of the kind that caused Mark Twain to say that the criminal laws in this country are all wrong; that we should prosecute and punish people for insanity, and not for murder. The jury thought the defendant insane at the time of the homicide and 'Not guilty,' but sane at the time of the trial. One doctor testified that the rapidity of his recovery without medical aid was hard to explain.

Æsthetics is the expression and exhibition of the truth which the artist sees in such a way that it can be seen and understood by others. That is the talent which distinguished Wagner and Michelangelo in music and painting. It is no less essential to the advocate. The jury must see what he sees. The means of transmitting to the jury the vision of the advocate must be artistic. The emotions, prejudices, sympathies, and brains, or lack of brains, in the jury box are all that the State has furnished as the means of receiving and reflecting the truth. In order to project a true picture of what he sees the advocate must be an artist, and the means

adopted must be suitable to the material upon which the impression is to be made.

Keep this to yourself. In one other People's case I represented the defendant, William D. Shepherd, charged with the murder of Billy McClintock. I defended Mr. Shepherd until we got him into jail, and he then procured other counsel to get himself out.

'Hang the dog!' was the general public clamor from all parts of the country. Instinctively most men believed that the expectation of inheriting a million dollars caused Mr. Shepherd to think of that crime. That they called motive. Would that as an inducement have caused so many men to wish for the death of another that it may safely be accepted as presumptive evidence of guilt? If that be so, then we have not progressed very far from the instincts of our ancestors who fed upon one another, and cannot have very much regard for human life beyond our affections and self-interest. Instinctive disregard for the lives of others may be the reason men have cried, 'Hang the dog!' until it has become an idiom of our language, a 'hangdog expression.' The State's *prima facie* case before the grand jury justified the holding of Mr. Shepherd in custody without bail; but there was no reliable evidence of his guilt, and he was never in the slightest danger of conviction; and yet that expression was applied to him with all its pristine vigor. And logically, on account of the law of capital punishment, the State was forced to take the position that the defendant should be hanged or turned loose; and this would have resulted in his acquittal even if there had been some evidence against him.

The general notion is that for every life feloniously taken society should wreak its revenge and kill the man who did the deed. Retaliation is the origin

and the spirit of capital punishment — the idea is that the way to reform a criminal is to kill him, as though another would not be born; that a bad man should be disposed of as a bad dog.

As I stand here at life's divide and look toward the western slope I do not anticipate the need of continued human slaughter. Looking backward through the ages, I can see now that it was a long stride from the amoeba and the trilobite to man, and that man's journey upward has hardly begun. It was a bit of progress when human life was so highly valued as to be sacrificed only to appease the wrath of deities. Then commenced our own religious education: 'Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai'; 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Take all the heads of the people, and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel.' Centuries later Christian martyrs considered human life of little value, and were more anxious to die well than to live well; and ablaze was the Inquisition, for the 'glory of God.' In the name of the Lord, Massachusetts undertook to cast devils out of women — and never succeeded. After the Lord hath spoken, who can deny the source of capital punishment? After those few kind words to Moses, who could blame us for taking the head of an individual and hanging it in the sun? And, if it be done in a spirit of anger and revenge, the Almighty is in no position to punish us.

But there is no religious authority justifying 'fierce anger' and cruelty in the treatment of dogs. Dogs are not hanged, and do not deserve it. 'Hang the dog' is applied only to man, meaning that defendant man has animal

instincts. If it were not so he would not favor retaliatory punishments, in kind like the offense, known in 1100 B. C. as *lex talionis*.

Quite true it is that the human embryo and the dog embryo are from their beginning and for a long stage in development precisely the same. But the human embryo has in it a latent potentiality of manhood that no fellow man has the right to extinguish. It is that something which distinguishes men from beasts. It is variously called mind, soul, principle, reason, and God. Whatever it may be, no man has the natural or divine right to destroy it.

The truth is, God has been misquoted. He never said to Moses the cruel words which have been attributed to Him. And Moses had been buried with his fathers four centuries before those words were written by someone whose identity has never been established. It was a fraud upon the Jewish nation. If the people believed that in anger God declared to Moses, or to some other ancient patriarch of the Church, the spirit of retaliation, they would accept it as a rule of law. And that is precisely what occurred. Capital punishment was criminal *ab initio*. And nineteen centuries ago Jesus repudiated that pernicious doctrine. He had that very law in mind and undertook to abolish it: 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil.' In His own peculiar method of idiomatic speech, that was His declaration that the so-called Law of Moses is fundamentally sinful. After reading the Son of Man's clear denunciation of that savage custom, it is hard to understand how any devout Christian can find it in his heart to say, 'Hang the dog.'

ONE AND THREEPENCE

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

I

NAVAL docks, Liverpool. A large gray figure, looming in the fog like some clumsy bear escaped from a circus, achieved the more or less perilous swing from the gangway ladder to our ship's deck and, growling, spraddled and sprawled his way across the rivet-studded plates to where I stood. His voice, which issued from an unseen aperture in his beard, was quite in keeping with the atmospheric conditions: it was very much like a foghorn, though there was a rough, strained quality to it which, if found in a properly tended signal apparatus, would have called for the judicious application of oil. He drew his ponderous figure to its full height.

'H'are you the myte, sir?' he rumbled. Overbearing he was, and I sensed the habit of small authority. Hm-m! Where had I heard that tone of voice before? Memory slid back twenty years to a certain church parlor in an Illinois village where an English choir-master had tried for many futile months to overcome the restlessness of little bodies by sheer vocal violence. Now the officer of the deck on even a small naval auxiliary vessel does not fancy being treated like a boy soprano by a stranger, however vast and bearish he may be. My reply was not uncivil, but perhaps a little more brusque than duty called for. 'Yes,' I said. 'And you?'

He regarded me with the terrible dignity of a druid priest. 'H'I'm the

Beadle,' he said briefly, as though that explained everything.

'The Beadle?' I queried, sparring for time as I cast about desperately for a clue to the meaning of this title — he used it as though it were a password. 'The Beadle,' I repeated lamely, 'er — of what?'

'The Beadle of Bootle,' he declaimed stoutly, and fell to staring ferociously at a spot three inches above my head.

Little wonder I felt flattered. That a character from a hitherto undiscovered Gilbert and Sullivan opera should be calling on me! Especially that he should take the trouble to announce himself on such a cold and foggy day! It was overwhelming. I was about to ask him whether he wished to come into the wardroom and tip us a stave or two, when he broke in on me with a queer singsong recitation: —

'H'I've a summins, sor, for the person o' the capting 'r the myte o' this vessil t' appear in 'Is Washup's chymbers the Bootle District Cawt, h'as a witness t' identify a tenpenny tin o' beef tykin from the person of one Tawmus Miggins by Constable Smithers alleged t' 'ave been stolen from this vessil at tennerclock Weddensday mornin' h'October 'ighth.'

A little breathless, he drew a large handkerchief from his pocket, applied it to his nose, and blew a powerful blast, as though sounding a brisk fanfare to herald the majesty of the law. I was impressed: no one hearing this clear

bugle call at the end of so solemn a pronouncement could doubt the authenticity of his errand. It was as a seal to a state paper; it inspired awe and paralyzed resistance.

To be sure, I was not at all reluctant about going. I had long wanted to view the swift march of British justice, about which one hears so much, and lost no time in assuring the Beadle that I would attend the trial. His errand concluded, a sudden change came over the man. He leaned forward and with a confidential wink whispered, 'Yer'll get one and threepence fee, yer know. 'Andy, yus?'

Ah, so I was to be paid — and handsomely, by George!

The next morning, as I was finishing breakfast, an orderly appeared at the wardroom door and called my name. He was a young chap from the New York Ghetto, and his eloquent eyes, I noticed, were like saucers. When asked what he wanted, he mumbled unintelligibly, and finally stretched discipline to the point of beckoning in a most theatrical manner for me to come outside. Once on deck I quickly perceived the cause of his excitement — the poor lad thought I was about to be arrested. There stood a policeman not a shade under six feet, six inches, in height, his presence radiating the awful authority that goes with many bright brass buttons and a full waistline. He was brief and to the point. 'Thinkin' as 'ow yer moight 'ave diffyculty in findin' the Cawt of Bootle, h'I've come t' show yer the wye.'

A chance to walk down the street beside so titanic a figure — to me the British police have always been a race of demigods, calm, aloof, omniscient — was not to be scorned, so I hurried into my overcoat and was soon striding along beside him. After a block or two of walking in silence, he essayed a question.

'H'I've a brother in America oo's a patrolman in Tchicago. 'E 'roites me 'e's mykin' forty pound a month. 'E's 'avin' me on, now, is n't 'e?'

It seemed almost sacrilege to destroy his perfect faith in the theory that no policeman could be paid two hundred dollars a month, but I was forced to admit that his brother had not exaggerated.

'H'and me gettin' twelve pound a month,' he murmured. Abruptly he brightened; in solemn optimism spoke. 'But then me uniform's found. I fancy 'e don't get a bit o' cloth like this over there, sir, do 'e?'

He certainly does n't! The faultless fit, the smooth, sleek quality of a bobby's uniform, have never been successfully imitated.

Halfway down a narrow, deserted-looking little street my companion executed a grave and deliberate salute. There was no one in sight save ourselves, and I naturally looked at him in some perplexity. He colored a deep red. 'H'I lives there,' he said awkwardly, jerking his hand back toward a window we had just passed, 'and me little gel likes a bit 'f a nod.'

His daughter, it seemed, was six years old. I like to think of her standing there in the window, soberly accepting so magnificent a gesture!

II

At the next corner the police station hove into view, a sombre gray building so solid and formidable as to look as though it had been piled up by some prehistoric upheaval of the earth. The courtroom where we soon found ourselves was equally dark and forbidding. No sooner had I settled myself in a chair than I heard a voice in my ear asking if I was 'quite comfortable.' I looked up to see the now familiar cocked hat of the Beadle. 'H'it eyen't

goaning ter be long 'ere, sir. Your cyse is number three, sir.' Scarcely had this assurance been offered me when there came the noise of scraping chairs and shuffling feet, and I rose with the rest of them while the magistrate took his seat.

It is rather difficult to describe him. He looked like Scraggsy, if you recollect that sublime Western character in our fiction of two decades ago, whose appearance was that of 'a forlorn hope lost in a fog.' Bald, rather wizened, with a long wispy moustache colored by tobacco, he wore his glasses well down on his nose and looked over them with a pair of pale, cold eyes. He had a peculiar nervous smile which came to his face at the most unexpected times, and, since he was the most absent-minded man alive, it resulted in his interrogating witnesses with the air of one engaged in Holy Inquisition, and sentencing prisoners with the bland pleasantry of a bishop. A court clerk sat on his right, a clerk whose duties seemed to consist of keeping some sort of record, supplying statistics, and recalling 'Is Washup's' vagrant mind to earth when it took flight in the ethereal void of abstraction.

The first case was rather unusual. There was no defendant. The plaintiff was a typical Liverpool slavey, an untidy slattern with dirty red face, fierce hawklike eyes, and a greasy nondescript costume. Not one touch of decent feminine care could be discerned in either her face or her person. The magistrate looked at her in cold disapproval, shuddered slightly, and looked inquiringly at the bailiff. The bailiff opened his mouth to speak, but the hopeless creature cut him short. Striking an attitude, she burst forth with pent-up violence in a rasping voice: —

'Me 'usbing's walkin' aht with a young woming, Yer Washup; h'a-passin' hisself orf h'as a single man, an'

him married to me, stroike me pink, this two year, the bloody little —'

The magistrate, pale with horror, nearly broke his gavel in checking the flood of gutter sewerage that started from her twisted mouth. He looked at her sternly for a minute; then some little ray of pity for her ghastly, forlorn condition lit his face and he said, kindly enough: 'My poor young woman, do you approach His Majesty's Court with any proof of infidelity on the part of your husband?'

'Aw-r-r-r! Proof be blowed!' she croaked contemptuously. 'Eyen't h'I tellin' Yer Washup h'as 'ow me 'usbing is walkin' aht, the dirty —'

Again the gavel crashed. 'Young woman, lacking proof of infidelity, it is not within the jurisdiction of this Court to interfere with the personal social preferences of His Majesty's subjects. Dismissed!' Suddenly the nervous smile appeared on his face, and he drawled absently: 'Er — aw — might I suggest that you take a few of the more obvious steps toward improving your outward appearance?'

He conferred a moment behind his hand with the clerk, and, seemingly refreshed by the latter's nod of approval, turned to the next case. The prisoner appeared through a sort of trapdoor leading out of subterranean chambers, giving the impression of an inexhaustible store below, and the very bailiff handed him up with a gesture which seemed to say, 'How does this one suit? We've a large assortment below, y' know.' Your Briton takes pride in his work.

Charge, wife beating. Third offense. Sentence, thirty days in the workhouse, at hard labor — 'and the next time you lay violent hands upon your miserable wife this Court will strive to be more ingenious. Bailiff, look into the circumstances of this creature's family, and report to me personally.' Turning

to his clerk, the magistrate whispered indignantly, — all apathy had left him for the moment, — and the clerk nodded a great many times and glared also as the prisoner was being hustled below.

There was a brief delay, during which the magistrate's thoughts went far afield, if one were to judge by the quick play of expressions on his face. Then the bailiff brought up the third case, and the Beadle leaned over and nudged me. 'H'it's 'im!' he whispered dramatically. 'Him' was a white-faced, furtive little rat of a man, who stood twisting his cap like a schoolboy and blinking terrified eyes at the Court while his wretched shoulders twitched apprehensively. The magistrate leaned far out over his little desk, adjusted his glasses a notch lower on his nose, gestured aimlessly with his left hand, raised his eyebrows to an incredible height, and cleared his throat as though to speak — remember, the charge had not yet been read. Then he blushed, said 'Sorry!' and relapsed into grimacing vacancy while the charge was being read.

Solemnly a policeman with a fierce red face and a curiously mild voice testified that he had 'caught the little chap red-handed.' My name was then called, and I mounted the witness stand and identified the tin of beef — there was no doubt about its being navy property. A long silence ensued, during which the magistrate, with the appearance of not having heard a word spoken during the last five minutes, tapped out some intricate pattern on his desk with a pencil. Recalled to this world at last, — I'm sure the clerk actually nudged him, — the worthy dispenser of justice again stretched the law of gravitation to the breaking point by leaning a full two-thirds of his body out over his bench, and said: 'Eh — come, come, my poor fellow, and what is your wage?'

'Three puns a wake, sor,' said the unfortunate wretch. The magistrate in his astonishment sat down very abruptly, dropped his pencil, lifted his eyebrows to the top of his head, set his glasses on the very tip of his nose, and gasped in a strangled whisper: 'How — much — did — you — say?' 'Three puns a wake, Yer Washup,' reiterated the prisoner with some defiance. Some little spark of manhood, as yet not quite extinguished, evidently impelled him to resent such exaggerated incredulity as to his earning power.

Fiercely the magistrate looked at him, immediately forgot himself and smiled engagingly, caught himself at it and frowned, chewed his moustache, and with a helpless gesture turned to his clerk, with whom he conferred for several moments. (Why did I suddenly think of the court scene in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*?) Finally he turned on the prisoner and said: 'If, as you say, you are earning three pounds a week — eh, three pounds a week, I understood you to say?' The prisoner nodded defiantly again. 'If, I say, you are getting a wage of three pounds a week' (even at the third repetition he could n't prevent a shade of mistrust — almost apologetic now — from creeping into his voice), 'what on earth possessed you that you should steal a tenpenny tin of beef?'

The little cockney braced himself, gave his hat a frantic twist, coughed, and blurted out: 'H'impulse o' the momint, sor!'

The magistrate threw up both his hands, smiled benignly, checked himself and glared balefully, looked at the bailiff as if for corroboration, tugged at his moustache, peered over his glasses at me, realized he was glowering like a tiger, changed expressions, smiled and gave me a slight bow, twitched his eyebrows, picked up his pencil, and turned helplessly to the clerk, with

whom he conversed behind his hand. Swinging back to his desk, he picked up some papers, read them half through, quite unconsciously, and came to with a start. After pronouncing the sentence, which consisted of a fifty-shilling fine, he beamed upon the prisoner, looked daggers at the policeman who had appeared against him, raised his eyebrows at me, and coughed sternly. As I left the courtroom, he was absently staring an Italian woman out of countenance, and, pencil again in hand, beating out the measures of a particularly sprightly minuet.

III

I'm afraid the Beadle was terribly disappointed that day. Most unctuously he guided me to the cashier's window, where I received my princely witness fee of one and threepence. Expectantly he waited, but I dared not give it him. I knew where he would spend it; and, were his complexion to deepen one more shade, there was no doubt in my mind that he would burst into flames. So instead I sought out the genial giant who had acted as my guide, and asked him to take it to his 'little gel.'

'She'll want the old 'oman t' buy 'er h'a ribbing, sor, tremenjous red,' he prophesied as we strode back to the ship. 'H'eye for color, that little gel!' he added proudly.

Possibly the color of which he spoke reflected his thoughts into gruesome channels; at any rate his next remark startled me. 'You 've an 'xstrawd'n'ry number of murders in America, 'ave n't you?' he asked abruptly.

'Yes,' I admitted reluctantly, 'I'm afraid that is true.'

'H'I eyen't speakin' o' wot you'd corl common murders, sor. Mean t' say, sor, look at the constables an' police they're a-murderin' h'every dye in America!'

He was obviously leading up to something, so I encouraged him. 'Ah!' I said. 'Shocking, is n't it!'

'Guv'nor,' he said, with terrible earnestness, 'h'it eyen't once in ten year that one of ours is done in, h'an' they're a-killin' them every dye in America! Why?'

'What is the reason?' I asked, for the want of any solution myself.

Writers here and abroad have grappled for a hundred years with the British mind. Learned men have written volumes about it, shallow essayists have snapped innumerable epigrams at it, poets have made of it great thunders. Little did this humble policeman realize that in his answer he summed it up for all time.

'Ah, well y' moight ask!' he cried triumphantly. 'Your police are all armed. We're not. They can't very well shoot us, knowin' we're not armed, now, can they?'

GALLIENI

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

FIVE years after his death, the shade of Joseph Simon Gallieni received the posthumous honor of being created Marshal of France. It was a belated but sincere recognition from the French Government that in the dark days of early September, 1914, he had saved France, and had changed the face of the World War by bringing about the 'Miracle of the Marne.'

For years the truth was concealed by public ignorance, superficial assumptions, and the jealous dignity of a superior and his entourage, who needed to borrow the laurels of that victory in order to cover the shame of earlier disasters. Moreover, even among the governmental leaders who knew or surmised the facts, it was thought necessary to maintain the fiction in order to sustain the spirit of France and the confidence of her allies, for to the outside world the Generalissimo — Joffre — was the symbol of France triumphant. To-day, when this need has passed with the emergency, justice and gratitude demand that the world should recognize Gallieni, rather than Joffre, as the victor of the Marne.

Joseph Simon Gallieni was born on April 24, 1849, at St. B  at on the skirts of the Pyrenees — yet another of the famous soldiers of France who have sprung from that mountain region. And, if hereditary environment had an influence on his military qualities, there was an extra significance in the fact

that his family was Corsican in origin and with a military tradition.

Entering St. Cyr when he was nineteen, he passed out, to a commission in the Marines, on July 15, 1870 — the day of the declaration of war against Germany. This early and bitter experience of war was for most French officers to be followed by forty years of peace soldiering, but not so with Gallieni. The service he had chosen cast his lot in foreign climes and, through a series of colonial campaigns, paved his way to a mission of colonization; for, unlike most of his famous comrades and compatriots, Gallieni would have had a niche in history if a European war had never come again within his lifetime. In the late seventies, as explorer and soldier, he played an important r  le in extending and establishing French influence in the region of the upper Niger, and, after a spell in Martinique, returned again to West Africa to become governor of Upper Senegal. An acute observer and a scientific mind, his work and writings rendered almost as much service to geographical research as to France. In 1893 he traveled east across the Indian Ocean to command a military district in Tongking and secure the French hold on the country. Three years later he was called back to a still greater r  le as governor-general and commander in chief of the new French colony of Madagascar.

Madagascar was in revolt, owing to the weakness of his predecessor.

Gallieni not only crushed the revolt and completed the full subjugation of the island, but by his political measures and development of the island's economic resources left it peaceful and prosperous. Henceforth Madagascar was to be as closely associated with the name of Gallieni as Morocco later with the name of Lyautey. And like another great colonial administrator in Africa, Kitchener, Gallieni was to be called to the rescue of his motherland in the hour of supreme peril. But if the outcome was perhaps to dim rather than to enhance Kitchener's wider fame, Gallieni's niche in the hall of fame was to be enlarged during his life and still more after his death. History has few stranger coincidences than the parallel course of the careers of these two great soldiers. Both were launched into active service in the same year and the same war, — the War of 1870 against Germany, — both carved their fortunes in Africa, both became famous colonial rulers. And they died within ten days of each other, both self-sacrificed on the altar of duty in a war against the same foe they had faced together as boys.

Recalled from Madagascar in 1905, Gallieni became military governor of Lyon and commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps. After so many years in colonial expeditions and administration he had lost touch with the higher study of war and, accustomed to dealing with isolated packets of men in bush and desert fighting, found difficulty in imitating the facile mastery of those who gayly manœuvred armies of millions on paper maps. Like Joffre, he was out of his depth; but, whereas Joffre had been building fortifications, Gallieni had been building men, and, while Joffre drifted with the current, Gallieni's quicker intelligence enabled him to strike out for a point where he could gain a firm footing. This point

was the practical training of the troops. He did not attempt to lay down the law on strategical questions. Indeed, he was modest enough to realize his own handicaps and to say to his predecessor on arrival, 'I have come from the tropics: I don't know in the least what has been happening at home. Let me have a young Staff College graduate to give me lessons.' And the hero of Senegal, Tongking, and Madagascar sat humbly at the feet of this Captain Galonnier. Even when he had gained sufficient confidence to direct schemes and large-scale exercises, he hesitated to be dogmatic in exposition, and so hardly impressed his true powers upon his hearers until he was confronted by a real instead of an hypothetical enemy.

He was still learning when the crisis in the French Command developed in 1911. The reason that led Gallieni to throw the weight of his name and influence in the scales against Michel, the commander in chief designate, was probably less that he distrusted the latter's strategical policy than that he was disquieted by Michel's personality. Another factor may have been that his belief in the value of training led him to have little faith in Michel's project of utilizing masses of reservists. But strategically we shall see Gallieni, shortly after, taking the same view as Michel of the likelihood of a German advance through Belgium. When Michel, thrown down by all his colleagues on the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre, was forced to resign, Gallieni could have had the succession to his place. Gallieni's scruples forbade him to reap a personal advantage by his opposition and he declined the prize, on the excuse of his age and the limitation of his experience to colonial warfare. Messimy, the Minister of War, asked him to take two days for reflection. But Gallieni was still firm, saying, 'It is my duty to repeat that you have a great

and cruel duty to perform — that of removing General Michel; but I, who have indicted him in front of you, cannot accept to be substituted for him.' In the impasse, Messimy asked him for alternative names. Gallieni suggested first Pau, a deeply read and intellectually qualified soldier, but politically suspect for his clerical views; secondly, Joffre, who had served under him in Madagascar; and the Minister of War accepted the latter suggestion.

Gallieni's recommendation of his former subordinate was the one disservice he rendered to France and the worst to himself. He certainly did not realize that he was merely creating a massive puppet which would dance to the measure dictated by the 'Young Turks' of the General Staff, for he was by no means fitted with their blind faith in a victory march to the tune of the *offensive à outrance*. In 1912 he insisted that war ought to be avoided, as the French Army was unready, and in March 1914 he directed a war game at the Centre of Higher Military Studies which foreshadowed the march of the German armies through Belgium. The danger so impressed him that in his report he urged that Dunkerque, Lille, and Maubeuge ought to be put in a state to act as breakwaters to the German tide, and that a field army should also be disposed on this flank. His warning fell on the deaf ears of leaders who were confident that they had only to advance to conquer, and that it was waste of effort to renovate fortresses in their rear. A month later he reached the age for retirement, and although, in tribute to his prestige and work, he was nominally retained on the active list, he settled down in peaceful repose on a little estate at St. Raphaël. His contentment was soon doubly shattered. For, while the Austrian guns were sounding the tocsin of war on the Danube facing Belgrade,

Gallieni was standing by the graveside of his wife.

From his private sorrows and the débris of his dream of a tranquil eveningtide to his life a telegram from the Minister of War came to rescue him. Dated July 31, it notified him that in case of mobilization he would be deputy to the commander in chief, Joffre, and his successor, if the need arose. But when he arrived in Paris he was left to kick his heels in impatient idleness, for Joffre showed no desire to have a potential successor at his side or to keep Gallieni *au courant* with the operations of which he might be called on to take charge. The Minister of War asked Joffre to attach Gallieni to his headquarters, but was refused. As a courtesy a room in the Ministry of War was given to Gallieni, and there he sat studying maps and such bare information as Joffre chose to send to the Ministry. All Gallieni could do was to utter unheeded warnings against the idea that the German halt at Liège was a serious check, against premature rejoicings over the early superficial success of the Belgian resistance, against any attempt to push forward into Belgium — and the German noose.

On August 15 the Minister, disquieted, sent Gallieni to discuss the situation with Joffre, who merely spoke to Gallieni for a moment in an antechamber and then left him to a staff officer. Five days later alarming telegrams began to flow in from Joffre's headquarters, and when Joffre admitted the collapse of his rash hopes the Government, panic-stricken, was minded to throw over the commander in chief. A lesser man than Gallieni would have exploited this crisis, for Joffre's dismissal meant Gallieni's succession, but instead he joined with the Minister of War in dissuading the Cabinet from swapping horses when actually in midstream.

II

The defense of the capital was a different question, and on August 26 Gallieni was named military governor of Paris — when the enemy was almost at its gates. As he remarked, 'They have given me a formidable task. Nothing is ready and the minutes are centuries.' Having done the best it could for the menaced capital, the Government departed hastily for Bordeaux, leaving Gallieni to issue the famous proclamation, inspiring, yet with an undercurrent of sarcasm: 'Army of Paris, Inhabitants of Paris, the members of the Government of the Republic have left Paris in order to give a new impulse to the national defense. I have received a mandate to defend Paris against the invader. This mandate I shall carry out to the end.' The sarcasm was justified and explained by his private comment: 'The Government has left for Bordeaux and left me alone in the presence of a population which has been deceived until now by lying communiqués.' And it was significant of a fine sentiment that Gallieni, before accepting this charge to defend the capital, asked if its meaning was fully realized, that it might involve the destruction of historic buildings and works of art which are the glory of Paris.

His task of defense appeared to him, as he said, to comprise three elements — military defense, moral defense, and supply. While he pressed on the work of throwing up trenches and obstacles, pacified the fearful, and suppressed the alarmists, he showed an unusually acute appreciation of the reaction of the three elements of security upon each other. From experience of the 1870 siege he had culled the subtle lesson that in order to spread confidence — confidence particularly in the foresight of their leaders — 'it was not only

necessary that Paris should not want for bread, but that it should eat the same bread.' To this end he kept a firm hand on the wholesalers and retailers, checked profiteering, supervised distribution, and, as another moral safeguard, started a campaign against drunkenness and the opportunity for it.

This concern with the internal conditions and immediate defense of Paris did not prevent his keeping his eyes on a wider horizon. Thus, by exceeding his duty, he perceived and seized the chance to save not merely Paris but France. On August 25, when he had been warned to take over the military governorship, he had told the Minister of War, Messimy, that it was essential, for the defense of Paris, unprepared for resistance, to have a mobile force of at least three army corps beyond the actual garrison. The Minister telegraphed an order, accordingly, to Joffre; Gallieni wired direct; nothing happened. Two days later there was a reconstruction of the Government and Messimy was replaced by Millerand, to whom Gallieni renewed his urgent pleas. All that Joffre could offer, in response to repeated telegrams, was the statement, 'The German army will not be before Paris for some days,' — it was already within gunshot of the outposts, — 'Maunoury's army and the territorial troops of the entrenched camp ought to suffice to defend Paris.' Maunoury's army was the force which Joffre had hastily assembled near Amiens for an imagined counterstroke, only for it to be engulfed in the ebbing tide of the Allied Armies. Swept back in the general retreat, its course brought it to shelter within the entrenched zone of Paris, and, as it was separated from the main armies, Joffre had no option but to leave it in Gallieni's hands — a welcome reinforcement, if not all that he had asked for. And the very fact of relinquishing

direct control of this force, which had been intended for a counterstroke, appears one of the numerous proofs that Joffre had also relinquished any idea of an early return to the offensive.

On September 1, Joffre issued an order for the retreat of the Allied Armies to be continued to a line south of the Seine, Aube, and Ornain rivers. Not only was the effect of this to take the armies away from and far to the southeast of Paris, but a commander who is contemplating an early counteroffensive does not place the obstacle of a river barrier between himself and the enemy. And a further note to the army commanders next day added that it was Joffre's intention to 'organize and fortify' this line, whence he planned to deliver not an immediate but an ultimate counteroffensive. That same day he replied to a suggestion of a stand on the Marne, made by Sir John French and communicated through the Minister of War, 'I do not believe it possible to envisage a general action on the Marne with the whole of our forces. But I consider that the coöperation of the English army in the defense of Paris is the only course that can give an advantageous result.' To the Minister of War and Gallieni he repeated the same verdict.

This array of evidence is more than sufficient to dispel the legend that Joffre had any intention of giving battle on the Marne or that he planned the counterstroke which wrenched victory from disaster. But on the evening of September 3 an insignificant action elsewhere was to have momentous consequences. An aviator flying over the area where the German columns were advancing remarked signs of a change of direction. This was reported to Gallieni, who ordered for the next morning fresh reconnaissances by aircraft and cavalry. These confirmed the fact that the German columns, instead

of continuing their march south toward Paris, were wheeling southeast past the outskirts of the entrenched camp. Shut up in his office, Gallieni spent an hour in study of the map and in reflection. Then, his plan formed, he ordered Maunoury's army to get ready to move eastward for a blow against the Germans' flank, and told Joffre by telephone of the German change of direction and his own preparatory moves, urging the Commander in Chief to consent to a counteroffensive. This consent was necessary, not only to ensure a combined effort, but because Joffre had persuaded the new Minister of War to subordinate Gallieni to himself.

Gallieni's fiery and inspired pleas, however, had difficulty in making an impression on the slow-thinking Commander in Chief. That was not surprising. Four days before, a staff officer with the Fifth Army, Captain Fagalde, had found in the wallet of a dead German officer the German order for a change of direction, and sent it to G. Q. G. on the morning of September 2. Yet even this vital piece of information, earlier and more definite than any Gallieni gleaned, had evoked no active response from Joffre. To save time while Joffre was making up his mind, Gallieni rushed off by motor to Melun to explain the new situation to the British, and if possible gain their coöperation. Unhappily, Sir John French was absent from his headquarters, and at first Gallieni could not even find the Chief of Staff. It was a curious scene. Gallieni, on his side, found the British staff unsettled and depressed, not hesitating to say that had England known the situation of the French army she would certainly not have entered the war. The British officers, on their side, were hardly in the mood to discern the underlying qualities of this most unmilitary-looking military genius, bespectacled and untidy, with shaggy

moustache, black buttoned boots, and yellow leggings. Little wonder, perhaps, that one eminent soldier with a pungent gift of humor remarked that 'no British officer would be seen speaking to such a — comedian.'

Gallieni pointed out to the Chief of Staff that it was vital to seize the opportunity which the Germans had given by offering their right flank; told him that the 'Army of Paris' was already in motion against the German flank, and begged that the British should cease to retreat and join with his forces in an offensive next day. The British Chief of Staff showed 'une grande répugnance . . . à entrer dans nos vues,' and declared that he could do nothing in the absence of his Commander. After waiting three hours in vain for Sir John French's return, Gallieni had to leave with no more than the promise of a telephone message later. This brought no satisfaction, for its purport was that the British would continue their retreat next day. Their decision had been confirmed by receiving a letter, written that morning, from Joffre, who said, 'My intention, in the present situation, is to pursue the execution of the plan that I have had the honor to communicate to you — that of retiring behind the Seine — and only to engage on the selected line with all forces united.' The only influence which Gallieni's morning message to Joffre had achieved was shown by a subsequent paragraph, which said, 'In the case of the German armies continuing their movement toward the S-S-W . . . perhaps you will agree that your action can be most effectively applied on the right bank of this river, between the Marne and Seine.' This casual qualification of the definite opening statement gave the British little encouragement to fall in with Gallieni's audacious suggestion. There is a dramatic contrast between the sluggish

working of Joffre's mind, gradually but all too slowly veering round, and Gallieni's swift *coup d'œil* and instantaneous reaction.

Yet, if Gallieni's *coup d'œil* gained the opportunity, it was, as he himself said, '*coups de téléphone* which gained the Battle of the Marne.' For on returning to his headquarters in Paris he had found a belated message from Joffre which was favorable to his proposal for a counterstroke, but preferred it to be delivered south of the Marne — where it would have lost the greater effect given by a blow against the enemy's flanks and rear.

Gallieni seized the telephone, got through to Joffre, and by the fervor and force of his arguments at last won the latter's sanction for the Army of Paris to strike north of the Marne as part of a general counteroffensive by the left-wing armies. Joffre promised to obtain the coöperation of the British. Gallieni promptly issued orders (10.30 P.M.) to Maunoury's army, which he reënforced, and a few hours later Joffre's telegraphic orders for the general offensive arrived, fixing the date for the sixth of September — it was too late now for the fifth. The delay had worse consequences. Next morning, while Maunoury's troops were moving east toward the enemy, the British were marching leisurely south — away from the enemy — in accordance with their original orders. When they turned about on the sixth, they had much ground to recover, and were not as quick in retracing their steps as the situation demanded. This lack of pressure enabled von Kluck, commanding the German flank army — the First — to leave only a cavalry screen facing the British and to pull back the two army corps from this sector to reënforce the one hard-pressed army corps which was trying to hold off Maunoury's menacing advance against

the German rear. The arrival of these fresh forces began to check Maunoury's advance on the seventh, and Gallieni pushed forward every possible reserve he could scrape up in order to strengthen Maunoury.

Here occurred the immortal episode of the Paris taxicabs. The Seventh Division had just detrained in Paris, but it was forty miles from the battle front. If it marched thither it would be too late, and there was insufficient rail transport to take the whole division. That afternoon the police held up taxicabs in the streets, bundled the passengers out, and, after collecting six hundred cabs, filled them with soldiers. During the night this forerunner of the future motorized column swept, as only Paris taxicabs can sweep, through the suburbs and past their amazed inhabitants, making two journeys, and next morning the whole division was concentrated on the battlefield.

The pressure on the Germans gained extra force from the fact that it was directed against the enemy's rear. If Gallieni had received the two further army corps for which he had asked days before, and which were only just arriving piecemeal, the German forces south of the Marne might well have been cut off and the battle been as decisive tactically as it was strategically. Even in the actual situation the menace was such that von Kluck called back his two remaining army corps, thus creating a twenty-mile-wide gap between him and the neighboring army of von Bülow. The consequences were fatal. Although he was able to hold and even force back Maunoury's troops, the gap in the southern front gave Franchet d'Espérey's army the chance to overlap von Bülow's exposed flank; and when, on top of this, news came that the British, who lay between Maunoury and Franchet d'Espérey, were advancing into the

centre of the gap, it was the signal for the German retreat, which began on September 9. If the continuance of the British withdrawal on September 5 had marred the chance of a crushing victory, it was a pleasant irony of fate that their very withdrawal made possible the victory as actually achieved.

III

This victory might have been more decisive — to the shortening of the war — if its creator had not been removed from control at the beginning of the pursuit. For on September 11 Joffre informed Gallieni that he would resume direct control of Maunoury's army, leaving Gallieni to fret his soul within the confines of Paris while watching the fruits of victory slipping from the grasp of his slow-thinking superior. Throughout the battle Gallieni's governing idea had been to direct all reserves to the north, toward the enemy's rear, although several times frustrated by Joffre. With Gallieni's disappearance the advance became purely frontal, giving the Germans the breathing space to reorganize and stand firm on the line of the Aisne. Not until then did Joffre's slow mind awake to the idea of concentrating by rail a fresh mass of manœuvre behind the German flank. As a result, in the so-called 'Race to the Sea,' the French were always 'twenty-four hours and an army corps late,' until the trench front stretched to the sea, with ten fair provinces of France locked in on the German side.

The question has often been posed whether the trench stalemate would have come to pass if France had possessed a Napoleon. Although the unappreciated defensive power of modern weapons and the unwieldy masses of 1914 weighted the scales against the mobility and decisiveness of warfare, the Gallieni interlude raises a doubt.

For not only did Gallieni afford the one instance of 'Napoleonic *coup d'œil*' witnessed on the Western Front in 1914-1918, but his intuition, his boldness of manœuvre, and his swift decision were so vivid a contrast to the conduct of the other leaders, French, British, and German, as to suggest that it was possible to snatch a decision by manœuvre from the jaws of trench warfare, before the artisan swallowed the artist.

The hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that Gallieni's influence was exercised under the most shackling conditions. The command of a fortress was governed by rules and limitations which ordained a strictly defensive rôle, even gave the governor power to refuse assistance to the field armies, and discouraged him from any wider horizon than that of his immediate responsibility for the defense of the fortress. It was the irony of fortune that the commander in chief in the field should have led the way to universal siege warfare, that the commander of a fortress should have conceived and launched the most decisive manœuvre of the war. Yet war is a game where the joker counts, and when Joffre withheld the trump Gallieni played the joker. As he remarked later, half humorously, half bitterly, 'There has not been a Battle of the Marne. Joffre's instructions ordained a retreat on the Seine and the evacuation of Verdun and of Nancy. Sarraill did not obey: he saved Verdun. Castelnau held on to the Grand Couronne: he saved Nancy. I have taken the offensive. As for asserting now that it was the Commander in Chief — who had gone back far to the rear while I advanced — who conducted, foresaw, and arranged it all . . . it is hard to believe!'

For, from the moment that the Battle of the Marne was waged and won in spite of him, Joffre's satellites industriously propagated the legend that

the battle was the fruit of a masterly and foreordained strategic plan, and Joffre himself showed no inclination to discourage the legend or reject the stolen laurels. Yet he had been eager to divest himself of blame if failure had been the result. At the opening of the battle he had telegraphed to the President of the Republic and the Premier: 'General Gallieni having attacked prematurely,' — later revelations have shown that even a day's delay would have meant the collapse of the French centre, — 'the Commander in Chief has given the order to suspend the retreat and return to the offensive.'

Gallieni waited in vain for further scope now that the tide of battle had rolled back from Paris. The neglect caused wide comment and a visitor to Joffre was bold enough to mention it. Joffre's noncommittal reply was: 'He is difficult to place, but if he waits he will probably be given an important post.' Joffre's idea of this was to offer Gallieni the succession to Maunoury, his subordinate of the Marne. This was well calculated to provoke the refusal that it met. At last the Government proposed to give Gallieni the command of a group of armies, but Joffre refused.

What made Gallieni's enforced passivity more trying was his conviction of the futility of the Allied strategy. As early as October 1914, on returning from a visit to the front, he remarked: 'We shall not break through; we shall not make a gap. Joffre is too content to be in trenches.' A year later, after the abortive September offensive of 1915, he remarked: 'I doubt whether it will ever be possible to make a serious offensive on the Western Front: too many trenches, too much barbed wire, concrete, artillery, on one side and the other. What is called the "break-through," what the public sees in this word, I don't believe in it. As for the war of attrition, are we making it

against the Germans or they against us?’

His prescience was equally striking in other directions. When the Goeben and Breslau sailed through the Dardanelles, he declared: ‘We ought to follow immediately on their heels. If not, Turkey will be in arms against us.’ As early as February 1915 he proposed the expedition to Salonika — to use it, however, not for an advance into the mountainous Balkans, but as a base for a march upon Constantinople with an army strong enough to encourage the Greeks and Bulgars to join with the Entente. This, one may remark, was the route which Milne took in October 1918 — a menace which hastened the surrender of Turkey. After taking Constantinople, Gallieni proposed an advance up the Danube into Austria-Hungary in conjunction with the Rumanians. Moreover, he gave the warning that if the Allies did not go in force to Salonika the Bulgars and Greeks would turn against them. In October the Bulgars attacked Serbia.

The project of this expedition, for the command of which Gallieni was naturally designated, collapsed through the opposition of Joffre, who declared that he could not be answerable for the security of the Western Front if troops were taken away — although he found ample for the prodigal assaults in Artois and Champagne. Consulted by Briand, he even said that the idea was due to Gallieni’s personal ambition to have a command. ‘I will not give a man. Why seek elsewhere and far away for what I shall obtain in March? I am certain to break through and drive the Germans back to their own country.’ But in the autumn the futility of the Western Front operations combined with the entry of Bulgaria and the sacrifice of Serbia to bring about a political crisis, forcing a reconstruction of the Government in order to inspire

public confidence. Gallieni was called to be Minister of War, although protesting that he had neither the political finesse nor the health to stand the strain.

Only a few weeks before, Joffre had issued a belated citation of Gallieni’s service at the Marne, a citation so diminuendo that it could only have been intended to damn by faint praise and to check the volume of public acclamation of Gallieni’s services. It sought to give the impression that Gallieni had been merely a cog in the machine directed by the Commander in Chief, contributing a useful but minor share as assigned. But it was too subtle, thwarting its own purpose by the storm of indignation which its slighting phrases raised. Many urged Gallieni not to accept the citation, but he replied that indiscipline was the inherent fault of the time and the nation, and that France could only be saved if those in high places set an example in reëstablishing discipline.

IV

A few weeks later the position was reversed and Gallieni became Joffre’s superior. What a turning of the tables, what a chance for revenge! And if ever reprisal was justified it was in Gallieni’s case. Yet, as four years before he had refused the succession to Michel because he had helped to unseat him, so now he refused to use his power against the man who had treated him so badly, although a large section of opinion was clamant for Joffre’s dismissal and Gallieni had only to raise his finger to bring it about. Instead, his moral grandeur was attested by the way he not only strove to meet all Joffre’s material needs but generously defended him in the Chamber of Deputies. Gallieni’s scrupulous sense of responsibility not to abuse his power was a

handicap, leading him to make extra allowance for the failings of one who had used him badly. At the same time, his loyal support was also due to the opinion that Joffre's world-wide prestige, however ill deserved, was an asset not lightly to be discarded. Knowing the tide of criticism which was rising against Joffre, Gallieni tried to reason with this stubborn and jealous despot, to induce him to make reforms which would pacify the critics and contribute to greater efficiency. As a further step Gallieni caused Joffre to be named Commander in Chief of all the French armies and appointed Castelnau Chief of the General Staff, sending him to headquarters as a means of conserving Joffre's prestige while enabling a quicker brain to influence operations. But this remedy was marred by the passive resistance of Joffre and his entourage, who ignored Castelnau's presence as far as possible.

In December Colonel Driant, a Deputy, returned on leave from the front and exposed the neglected state of the Verdun defenses. Gallieni, who had already been disquieted by similar reports, wrote to Joffre for an assurance that the deficiencies would be rectified. Joffre replied in such a tone of pontifical infallibility and rebuke that even Gallieni was nettled and would have asserted his authority if his colleagues in the Cabinet, anxious not to precipitate a crisis, had not persuaded him to send a soothing answer for the moment. France paid heavily for postponing this political crisis. Gallieni, however, had worries enough, striving on the one hand to protect the Higher Command from continual parliamentary and press attacks, while, on the other, working to reform it without an upheaval, and also occupied in trying to speed up the supply of munitions and the training of fresh troops. A sick man, he drove himself unsparingly in order to

'simplify and accelerate' the cumbrous machinery of his own Ministry of War, fighting the civil servants in the battle against red tape, cutting down the mass of 'paper' which so often replaces action in the offices of a bureaucracy, ensuring a greater interchange between the staff and the trenches, giving a human touch to 'the military Moloch.

The clouds on this horizon were just beginning to disperse when the storm broke at Verdun — and the vivid play of the German lightning revealed beyond concealment the unreadiness and negligence of Joffre. The country cried out, but the Cabinet could only quiver, discuss, and adjourn. Gallieni could no longer bear to watch them shivering on the brink of a decision, and resolved to push them in. Through sleepless nights, racked by pain, he had been thinking out his scheme for the reorganization of the system of command, and on March 7, 1916, he brought the memorandum to the Cabinet. It laid down that the Government ought to assume the higher control and coördination of the war in the financial, economic, diplomatic, and military aspects; that the war must be recognized as a gigantic siege and treated accordingly; that the administration of the military resources should be restored to the Ministry of War, leaving the command of the field armies free to concentrate on the conduct of operations in conformity with, but not as hitherto in disregard of, the war policy laid down by the Government. The memorandum dealt with principles and not with persons, but to fulfill these principles Gallieni proposed to bring Joffre, as Commander in Chief of all the French armies, back to Paris, and to place Castelnau in executive command of the field army on the Western Front. The Cabinet, although many had been vociferous in their complaints about Joffre, were

panic-stricken when asked to translate their opinions into action. When he found they would not take his advice, Gallieni resigned, showing them a medical certificate, hitherto disregarded, stating that it was essential that he should have two months' complete rest. Instantly they were full of protests, declaring that it was impossible: 'Think of Verdun! We are in the midst of battle.' Gallieni scathingly replied: 'Pardon, we have been at war for eighteen months, and all that time at war has been battle. Moreover, it was in the midst of battle that the executive Command at Verdun has been changed. It was also in the midst of battle that in August 1914 the military government and defense of Paris was entrusted to me. One can take, one has always taken such measures in the midst of battle.'

His colleagues' arguments beat in vain against his inflexible determination. They suggested that he should take his rest, merely dealing with vital papers, and return when fit. He told them that he was undergoing an operation which, if successful, would restore his full powers and make him fit for active service; then the Government could make use of him as it wished — but he would never return to the Ministry of War. They begged him to

take two days for reconsideration; he told them that they could have an interval of grace to find a convenient explanation to tell the public. Ten days later his resignation was officially announced on the ground of ill health. Eight months later, after a summer and autumn during which hundreds of thousands of lives had been fruitlessly sacrificed, the Government carried out the reform of the Higher Command which he had pleaded. But Gallieni was gone. Although the doctors had declared that he needed four or five months' rest to become fit for the operation, he could not bear to remain idle while France was at war, could not bear to delay his return to her service. 'Head high' — his favorite phrase — as always, he entered the hospital to be operated upon, faced the pain of successive operations without a murmur, aided the doctors by his will power in the battle for his life, and with calm fortitude announced his passing.

Many eulogies have been pronounced over his grave; in 1921 he was created Marshal of France posthumously in recognition of the fact that 'without Gallieni victory would have been impossible'; but the finest epitaph, and that most acceptable surely to him, is also the simplest: 'Gallieni — la tête haute.'

MY FRIEND KAKOOT

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

I

I HAVE a friend who has three wives. This sounds perfectly immoral, but it is a fact. And not only has he three wives, but he lives with all three together in perfect peace and happiness, which is quite a feat in itself, as anyone, I think, will concede.

My friend is really a Canadian. Should any very religious person, reading these lines, feel the urgent need to go to him so as to show him how wrong are his ways, and incidentally try to save his soul, he will have to travel quite a bit. For my friend lives close to the Arctic Circle — without a permanent address, and far away from the sea, which makes it all the more difficult and complicated to reach him at any season of the year.

His name is Kakoot, and with a little luck, or if sundry arrangements have been made a year or so beforehand, one may find him between Ennadai Lake and Yathkyed Lake, somewhere on the Kazan River, which, as anybody might or might not know, is between the sixty-second and the sixty-third degree, in the Northwest Territories.

I might add also that my friend Kakoot is a full-blooded Eskimo. I have known him for several years, and not later than last summer I had the privilege of touring his own bit of the country, in his company, for a matter of several weeks.

Kakoot, I should judge, is about forty-five years old. I never could get his right age from him, for the very

simple reason that he has absolutely no idea when he was born. He knows the exact spot of his birth, which, by the way, is a hollow between two rocky hills on the shores of Angikuni Lake. He also remembers his father and mother and two of his grandparents, and can show you where they are buried, but these are about all the indications he can give you as to his approximate age.

In appearance he is about five feet six and nearly as broad as he is high, especially when he has his winter clothes on. He wears his hair long, not in a braided pigtail such as some of the old Indians still used to wear a few years ago, but loose all around the head, evenly trimmed at the base of the neck and clipped short above the eyebrows. His face is dark and sunburned, with tremendous cheek bones, very hollow cheeks, and a few straggling black hairs at each corner of the mouth, giving him a little moustache 'à la Chinese.' His eyes are dark brown and hardly ever still, although they look directly at you when he speaks. His nose is slightly curved, his jaws exceedingly square, and his teeth, although very even, seem to have been filed down to the very edge of the gums. That comes from cracking too many reindeer bones in search of the marrow. He smokes incessantly a short black pipe.

Kakoot is by far the most intelligent and the most prosperous Eskimo

among the thirty-odd families which form the entire population of that part of the Barren Lands.

While the other natives never go to the sea, and live entirely on the caribou between the edge of the trees on Nuel-tin Lake and Baker Lake farther north, he has traveled extensively. He knows three hundred miles of the western shores of Hudson Bay, has been as far as Bothnia to the north and the Great Slave Lake to the west, and has picked up a lot of knowledge and experience through dealing with other tribes and meeting, occasionally, white men.

He relies, of course, on his own hunt, meat and fur, to obtain all the necessities of life. Nevertheless he is a born trader and does not hesitate to journey south to the trees so as to get a small outfit of goods which enables him to collect part of the other Eskimos' white foxes.

From all accounts he is a shrewd dealer, drives a hard bargain, and, I'm sorry to say, is not overscrupulous as regards prices and quantities. All that, added to his untiring energy, has made him what he is, and his igloo and topek contain priceless treasures in the eyes of the other natives.

Last summer, for instance, he was the proud possessor of a good-sized wooden trunk, all brass-bound, a phonograph of old vintage but still in good working order, a shotgun, a Mauser pistol with two hundred rounds, a new 303 British rifle with a fair amount of ammunition, a fishing net, a secondhand canoe, a few carpenter's tools with nails and screws, a three months' provision of tea and plug tobacco, and, last but not least, white men's clothes for summer wear, including a pair of rubber boots.

And then, of course, there are his three wives. It takes a lot of things to keep three wives, even within a short distance of the Arctic Circle. Kakoot

manages that as well as he seems to manage everything else, as far as he is concerned.

His wife number one is about his age. He married her when he was a very young man. She has had several children who are now grown up and have families of their own. In summer she discards her native garb of winter hides and wears, outwardly at all events, civilized clothes, consisting of a dress and shirt of thick stroud and a shawl round her head. She wears no ornaments and her hair is arranged at the back in a loose knot. Her appearance is very slovenly, reminding one of a middle-aged gypsy. But she rules the household with a rod of iron and superintends the storing of the food, the drying of the meat, the tanning of the caribou skins, the manufacturing of garments and boots, and the everlasting search for dry willow twigs for the fire. When the family moves from one place to another she sees that the loads are evenly distributed. Finally, she attends to the dogs.

Wife number two is about thirty or thirty-five years of age. Her children still play about the camp, but can look out for themselves. She wears native clothes all year round, unadorned, and her sole duty is to accompany Kakoot wherever he goes, either hunting or traveling. Then she tends his camp, repairs his clothes, looks after the dogs, prepares the food, and sets an occasional fox trap. Outside of that, she seems to do nothing but sit on the ground, smoke her own or somebody else's pipe, and spit thoughtfully into the fire.

Wife number three is barely twenty. Her sole duty is to bear Kakoot children. She also wears native clothes, caribou fur in winter, caribou hide in summer. But she must always look beautiful. So she is covered with ornaments of all kinds. For instance, when

I saw her a few months ago she was wearing a brand-new two-piece suit of reindeer hide, scraped and tanned until it was nearly white. Her trousers were tucked in high deerskin boots, the laces below the knee being strips of red flannel. The swallowtail of her coat nearly reached the ground, the edges being trimmed with wolverine fur and a row of empty cartridge shells. She wore on her chest, from neck to waist, a wide 'stomacher' of multicolored beadwork; in the centre hung a large bright ornament which I recognized as one of my spoon baits, given to Kakoot the summer before, from which the hook had been neatly filed off. Her head was uncovered, but her hair, parted from back to front, was divided in two braids which, tightly wrapped in beadwork, hung down beside her cheeks like two fat sausages. Her wrists were one mass of copper and bead bracelets, while each finger of her hands sported several broad copper rings, the middle finger of each hand having as many as five. She was smoking a little soapstone pipe. The bowl was dark green in color, somewhat like jade, while from the willow stem, two feet long, hung little streamers of beads.

Yes, she looked beautiful, and knew it, too. I had no difficulty in having her pose for a few photographs, but each time she insisted on raising both her hands, palms forward, to each side of her face. She did not want her rings to be out of the picture!

Kakoot, of course, is tremendously proud of her, but it seems that it would be a breach of etiquette, on his part, to take any notice of her in public. And when you try to say something about her he immediately endeavors to attract your attention in another direction.

Little does he know, I suppose, that I was told by other natives how much he paid for that young wife of his.

'Ten white foxes, a secondhand canoe, a new rifle, and ten boxes of ammunition.' A tremendous price, which her father snapped up greedily. But the poor old man did not have time to enjoy his wealth long. For that was in the summer, two years ago, when the caribou, migrating south, changed their usual route and all the Eskimos missed the herds completely. Kakoot, being wise and having a net, pitched off at once to the nearest lake and started fishing for dear life before freeze-up. Thus he was able to 'stack up' enough trout and white fish to last him until spring, when the reindeer migrated north again and he was able to secure all the fresh meat he needed. But the old man was obstinate, and he went on and on, searching for the herds, until his food gave out and his dogs lay down, dying one by one. Finally he gave up the fight himself and starved slowly to death. Kakoot found him the next spring — that is, what remained of him — under the torn skins of his topek, which, crushed under the weight of the snow of the whole winter, had fallen down, covering his body like a shroud.

II

When I reached Kakoot's camp last June I found everyone expecting me. Had I not made special arrangements with him, a year before, to meet him on that very same spot and explore, with him, the lower regions of the Kazan River? For a whole year he had prepared for that trip in my canoe. For twelve months he had told all the other Eskimos about the event. For weeks ahead he had all the children of the camp perched on every hilltop, looking south, so that he should be advised in time of my arrival. And when I did appear with my two Indians a small volley of rifle shots heralded my approach.

As soon as I stepped on the shore I noticed that the Kakoots had finished their yearly spring cleaning. This, of course, is an important matter, but it is really quite simple. It consists in removing one's self and all one's belongings a few hundred yards upstream or downstream, as the case may be.

When twenty-odd people with at least as many dogs have wintered on the same spot for about six or seven months, eating, roughly speaking, five hundred reindeer and goodness knows how many fish, throwing the discard each day around the igloos in the deep snow — when that snow melts in the spring, the sooner one leaves that place, the better it is for all concerned!

Everyone was on the bank to shake hands — the three wives, the children, and a few orphans and destitute grown-ups, for Kakoot has a kind heart. I might add also that he dearly loves a large retinue. But Kakoot himself was not there. As chief of his clan, as my equal and as my host, he was waiting for me in one of the topek — his own, the largest one of all. He was trying to look unconcerned, smoking his pipe and sitting on his brass-bound trunk. But he showed his excitement by streams of perspiration which ran down his face and disappeared down his neck.

When I entered the topek, bending low under the reindeer-skin flap, he rose to meet me and we solemnly shook hands in dead silence. Then I pulled out my tobacco pouch to have a smoke. With a grunt of joy Kakoot stretched out his hand and took it. While he stuffed my precious tobacco with thumb and first finger in the bowl of his pipe, which was still burning, I could see him store a lot more, with the remaining fingers, in the inside of his palm.

Having had my property restored with a polite and loud 'Matna,' I proceeded to fill my own pipe. Then I sat beside him on the brass-bound trunk; and under the admiring eyes of all the other Eskimos, young and old, who by then had crept in, one by one, my friend Kakoot and I smoked in silence the pipe of peace and contentment.

Such was the way we met a few months ago. The next day we proceeded on our way north, Kakoot sitting beside me and acting as pilot.

While my two Indians and myself, having traveled steadily for seven weeks to reach that spot, were beginning to show rather a little wear and tear in our clothing, Kakoot was splendidly rigged up. Everything he wore was new. He had on his rubber boots, a pair of blue overalls over a suit of thick woolen underwear, two shirts, — one black, one gray, — two mackinaw shirts, — one in black and green, the other in black and red checks, — a huge pair of caribou-skin gloves, and a wolverine fur cap with a long peak and ear flaps. His sleeping robe was in a neat waterproof bag, which also contained, outside of several pairs of moccasins, a large package of raw reindeer tongues. Of these he would eat one or two occasionally, between meals, peeling them carefully with a clasp knife until, held at one end, they looked exactly like large pink bananas.

The difference of manner with which Kakoot, during the entire trip, addressed the two Indians and myself was very marked. He plainly considered my two men his inferiors. He was quite amiable to them, however — oblivious, of course, of the fact that my two Crees, true to their race, thought him only one degree removed from a wild savage; but he never lost a certain patronizing attitude which was

very apparent. As far as I was concerned, he treated me as an equal. He knew me as some sort of white chief hailing from the south. Did n't I know him as Kakoot, the mightiest hunter and cleverest trader of all these barren lands?

During all the time we traveled together he did cheerfully his share of the work, even more than his share at times, especially when, for instance, we had to look for firewood over a few acres of ground. Then he was by far our superior. He seemed to guess with one look at the bleak landscape where there was a patch of dead willows, and in an incredibly short time he would be back, staggering under a load of fagots.

But all the time his manner to me was that of a host showing to his guest his own house and lands. Every mile or so he would point out a rock, a caribou trail or river crossing, a hill, a far-away lake, an old camp site. He would call it by name, making me repeat it several times, and then try to tell me all about it. Here he would draw my attention to a coulee between the rocks, where he had once a cache raided by a wolverine. There he would show me, on a high ledge of hill, a mound of rocks, a grave, sometimes of a relation, always of someone he had known. Now and then we would land and examine the spot. Kakoot, of course, would be there first to look things over.

I recall one enormous grave. The dead man's name was Ky-yo. I remember it because it means 'wood.' He had been laid upon his back on a flat slab of stone. Around him and above him the Eskimos had built a regular vault of rocks. It happened that the base had been made out of such huge boulders that the latter projected over the body, thus enabling the men to build up a round roof of lesser boulders which held together and did

not fall down on the dead. The body was therefore ensconced in a little niche, just like a coffin, but there were a few cracks between the stones through which the sun filtered. And Kakoot was delighted when he found a large one through which we could plainly see the bottom of the tomb and, in the middle of it, the white skeleton, rigid, gleaming in the semidarkness.

When there was nothing of special interest to show, Kakoot would describe in gestures the country ahead of us, the lakes, the winding of the river, the rapids, and the portages. He had discovered that I had a notebook and a pencil. At regular intervals he would borrow them and draw for me maps of the surroundings over and over again. First he would draw one starting from where we were at the time and going northward. Then, another time, he would draw the same one starting from where we were going to, for instance, backward to where we were at the time. The maps, made perhaps half a day apart, would always coincide exactly.

He would always add information about the country by little crude drawings on the side — reindeer, musk ox, willows if there was a certain quantity, fish, topeks with people around them. At first it was somewhat confusing, but in a very short time one could understand them perfectly. The only thing he could not do was to decrease the scale of his map. He was used to a certain scale, and when he had to draw two hundred miles he needed sheets and sheets of paper, which was very expensive.

Although Kakoot shared our meals and ate enormously, he really enjoyed only the tea, sugar, while it lasted, and jam. Pork and beans he scorned. Bannock he could not understand, and fresh caribou meat he thought we spoiled by overcooking it. Like all

inland Eskimos, he was accustomed to raw frozen meat in winter and what we called 'lukewarm meat' in summer. He also missed his sundried pemmican and fish. Nevertheless he always took a special pride in showing us where and how to get the best meat and fish throughout the trip.

When we needed meat and sighted a herd of caribou, he would whip out of his pocket a small telescope and select the buck most easily stalked and appearing the fattest. Then he would take great pains in pointing it out to me, crawling behind me and looking down my rifle barrel before I shot, so as to make sure that I had understood which one to kill. When we could not find meat and needed fish, he would never let us camp until we had reached a likely place for our net.

As far as duck eggs were concerned, he knew every island where the birds laid in large quantities, and took great delight in helping us to collect what we needed. He liked eggs, for that matter, just as much as we did, and he could eat three times more than any one of us. The dividing of the spoils was made easy by the fact that we wanted only the fresh ones, while he preferred the other kind. When we had found a certain quantity we always put them in a kettle full of water. The ones that remained flat at the bottom we kept. The others, which floated on the surface, Kakoot took for his share.

While we ate ours boiled three minutes, he would invariably eat his raw. Of course, at first when I saw him break the shell, fish out the contents with the point of his knife, and swallow them as we would an oyster, I should have preferred to be elsewhere. Happily one gets accustomed to small details such as these when one travels north of 63.

III

The most remarkable achievement of Kakoot was the way he carried on a running conversation with me, considering that I can remember only about twelve words of Eskimo, while he does not know more than thirty words of English, picked up here and there, and invariably pronounced with a Husky ending. For instance, his way of saying George was 'Joss'; willow, 'willok'; rifle, 'reeflek'; but one caught on after a certain time.

His idea of time was always in 'sleeps' for days, while for hours he pointed to where the sun should be. He used the word 'hello' all the time, just to fill in or to mean 'Then I saw' or 'Then we shall reach such and such a spot.' The only words which he pronounced perfectly and always in their proper place were 'Never mind.' He always spoke of his children, some grown up to manhood, as 'me baby,' and of his father, dead by now, as 'me old buck.'

But his real way of talking was by gestures. With one or two words in English and Eskimo to put you on the right track, he could pantomime anything, and we understood him perfectly. I remember especially one story concerning the father of one of the orphans in his camp. The man was killed by a lame timber wolf, while one of the other Eskimos, a mile or so away, saw the whole tragedy through his telescope from the top of the hill. When we had left Kakoot and reached the trees that August, we met a white trapper and trader who speaks Eskimo well and who knows all the natives. We asked him about the story and he told it to us exactly as Kakoot had made us understand it through pantomime.

'It was a few years ago. The Eskimo had shot a lone reindeer, a straggler from the big herd that had migrated south. He cut up the carcass and

cached it under a huge mass of rocks. He had used his four remaining cartridges to kill the caribou and his rifle was empty. His boots were covered with blood and he left a red track on the snow as he plodded back to his igloo. There was a lame wolf in the neighborhood. He had been caught in a fox trap in the early fall, had broken the chain, and had been seen several times limping on three legs, with the trap still fixed on one of his hind legs. The brute, unable to follow the reindeer, was starving.

'Wolves in the Far North have the habit of feeding on the remains of the slain deer, and rifle shots do not frighten them, for the country is wide open and treeless and they can see for miles from the tops of rocks and hills.

'When the Eskimo killed the caribou, it happened that the lame wolf was within hearing. From a distance he watched the man caching the carcass, then limped up as soon as the hunter went on his way. But he soon found out that there was nothing left for him to eat, and that the weight of the rocks defied his frantic efforts to dig out some of the meat. Maddened by hunger, the wolf took up the man's trail, which was all the more enticing from the fact that each footstep had left a mark of fresh blood in the snow.

'While the Eskimo plodded on without thinking of looking behind him, the other man, having also heard the shots from the camp, had climbed up a hill close by and was watching the approaching hunter with his telescope. In a few minutes the wolf had closed the gap between them, for even a lame wolf on three legs can travel faster than a man on two.

'Forgetting the cringing caution of his race, the wolf never stopped at the sight of the hunter. When the latter, hearing a noise, turned around, it was already too late. Before he

could raise his rifle as a club the wolf had darted in at close quarters, snapping at the nearest leg, as he would do when trying to hamstring a caribou. The man was tripped up and fell backward; the wolf instantly flew at his throat and remained there. There was an awful struggle, the brute staying uppermost and keeping his hold. The other Eskimo ran down the hill for his rifle, then hastened to the rescue, but when he got within long-distance range the man was dead, his neck and face already gone.

'The lame wolf, hearing the bullets whistling by, limped away, untouched, and all the man could do was to shoulder his dead comrade and carry him back to camp for burial.'

This was the story that the white trapper told us and it fitted exactly with what we had understood from Kakoot's gestures and pantomime. The only thing we missed was the parentage between the slain man and the boy in Kakoot's camp. He repeated over and over again the child's name, but as we did not know it we failed to grasp his meaning, although we knew he was speaking of someone in his topek.

As far as I remember, the only words in Kakoot's story that we understood were 'taitba' (meaning 'over there'); 'look' (meaning 'looked and saw'); 'tokto' (meaning 'reindeer'); 'Ennuit' (meaning 'Eskimo'); and 'Him old buck' (meaning 'He was the father of').

The first and only stumblingblock was at the beginning, and it was the word 'wolf' in Eskimo. Kakoot did not know it in English, and when he repeated it in his own language we did not understand. When he saw that, he proceeded to imitate a wolf. He showed the height of the animal with his hand, then got on four paws and howled. In the meantime he was describing with one hand the shape of

the head, the pointed muzzle, the stuck-up ears. We nodded approvingly. Still he was not satisfied. He may have thought that we were thinking he meant a dog. So, still on four paws, he described the tail by placing his arm, curving downward, exactly where the tail should start from. That he knew we should grasp, for when one describes a Malemute's tail one always pictures it curled up on one side or other of the rump.

The rest of the story went on swimmingly. The killing of the reindeer with four cartridges, the cutting up of the carcass, the piling of the rocks, the other Eskimo watching from the hill with his telescope — all that we followed as fast as he made the proper gestures. The limping of the wolf was easy, but it took some time for him to explain the fox trap. He finally drew its exact size in the sand, and then we knew.

But the climax of the story was the pantomime of the struggle between man and beast. Kakoot worked himself up into a frenzy and, rolling and struggling on the ground, first took the part of the wolf, then of the man, uttering the most savage growls or the most heart-rending cries, as the case would be.

Finally, when he described the man carrying away painfully the body of

his dead friend, I think that the exhaustion he appeared to be suffering from was real. He was quite pale under his tan, and bathed in perspiration.

When our trip was over and we had returned to Kakoot's camp on our way south, we took leave of one another on the river bank, under the eyes of the whole family. Poor old Kakoot! He was munching one of his raw caribou tongues — which, by the way, was the first thing he asked for of wife number one as he stepped out of the canoe. He was plainly moved at the idea of saying farewell, and for once his excited laugh was gone and his busy hands were still.

When we had paddled a little way upstream I turned round for a last look. There he was, standing bare-headed on the bank, beside one of his meat caches. His three wives were at his side, the rest of the clan grouped a few yards behind. In the background rose the huge topek of reindeer skins which was his home.

I waved at him for the last time, and he answered by one small gesture with his right hand. Then, before dipping my paddle in the swift gray waters of the Kazan River, I shouted to him in English, 'Good luck to you, my friend Kakoot.' He remained silent, but I am certain that he understood my meaning.

ETCHINGS

BY FLORENCE CALL ABBOTT

Appeal to the Sea

EXPRESS for me the discords bleak
All crashing in my heart!
Prolong for me the intervals
That hold despairs apart!

Betrayal

LAUGHTER,
Unconscious, free,
The soul's betrayal be.
Nature
Doth thus reveal
The inner quality.

Presences

LAST night the dark was vibrant with life.
There was no murmur nor sigh,
Though everywhere, illusive, aware,
Black within black surged by.

THE TRADITION AGAINST THE THIRD TERM

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

I

ONE hundred and thirty-eight years have gone by since the first inauguration of Washington. During that time twenty-nine men have served as president of the United States. Eight of them have had two terms, four one term and part of another, nine one term, eight less than a term; two have declined and two sought a third. That the Constitution puts no limit to the number a chief magistrate may have is no oversight on the part of its framers, for every phase of the question, from a short term with eligibility to reelection to a long term with no reelection, was most carefully considered by them. There were those who favored a term of three years and reelection any number of times; there were those who insisted on a term of seven years and no reelection; and there was one who thought that triennial elections and never more than three terms was the best plan. The first decision reached was that Congress should choose the president; that he should serve one term of seven years and could not be elected to a second. But the delegates soon changed their minds and resolved that he might be reelected, and then almost immediately again changed their minds and decided that he could not. This seemed final; but, when the Committee of Detail reported, so vigorous an effort was made to take the appointment of president away from Congress that the Convention, unable to come to a decision, sent the question

and other troublesome matters to a committee of one from each of the eleven states. To that committee we owe the provisions as they stand today in the Constitution: a choice by the electoral colleges, a term of four years, and any number of reelections.

From all this it seems quite certain that the intention of the Convention was that a president should hold his office on good behavior, an intention defended by Hamilton when, in *The Federalist*, he urged his fellow citizens in New York to ratify the Constitution.

'It is,' said he, 'a general principle of human nature, that a man will be interested in whatever he possesses, in proportion to the firmness or precariousness of the tenure by which he holds it; will be less attached to what he holds by a momentary or uncertain title, than to what he enjoys by durable or certain title; and, of course, will be willing to risk more for the sake of the one, than for the sake of the other. This remark is not less applicable to a political privilege, or honor, or trust, than to any article of ordinary property. The inference from it is, that a man acting in the capacity of chief magistrate, under a consciousness that in a very short time he must lay down his office, will be apt to feel himself too little interested in it to hazard any material censure or perplexity.'

Nothing 'appears more plausible at first sight, nor more ill-founded upon

close inspection,' than the idea of continuing the chief magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it, either for a limited time or forever. Exclusion, Hamilton argued, would lessen the inducements to good behavior, deprive the community of the advantage of the experience gained by the chief magistrate while in office, banish men from stations in which, in certain emergencies of the State, their presence might be of the greatest value, and tend to produce fluctuating counsels and a variable policy. It was not to be expected that, while men changed, measures would not.

II

Such was the argument of one of the framers of the Constitution in defense of what he believed to be the intent of his colleagues: that the term of a president should depend on good behavior. If this be true, then their intent has been strangely confounded by the presidents and the people, for no task has proved so hopeless as the attempts to elect a president a third time, and only twelve have ever served twice. Washington, indeed, might have had as many terms as he would accept, but would not take more than two. To him, therefore, is ascribed the origin of the popular tradition that two are enough for any president. No such political maxim was ever asserted by him. To one who congratulated him on his reelection he said:—

'To say I feel pleasure from the prospect of commencing another tour of duty would be a departure from truth; for, however it might savour of affectation in the opinion of the world (who, by the way, can only guess at my sentiments, as it never has been troubled with them) my particular and confidential friends well know, that it

was after a long and painful conflict in my own breast, that I was withheld, by considerations which are not necessary to be mentioned, from requesting in time, that no vote might be thrown away upon me, it being my fixed determination to return to the walks of private life at the end of my term.'

Having accepted a second term, he positively refused a third and gave his reasons in the Farewell Address. 'The acceptance and continuance in office, to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference to what appeared to be your wishes. . . . I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the pursuit of duty or propriety.'

He was troubled with no scruples as to how many terms it was proper for a president to accept. He said nothing concerning the wisdom of rotation in office, a favorite political doctrine in his day. He retired because he was weary of the cares of office and longed for the quiet life at Mount Vernon, and because the state of the country no longer required a sacrifice of ease and comfort to duty.

Mr. Jefferson was the first to find a political reason, the first to apply the doctrine of rotation in office and to attempt to limit the number of terms to two. When he came into office he was fully resolved to serve but once; that he served twice was the fault of the Federalists. 'I sincerely regret,' he said just after renomination by the congressional caucus of his party, 'that the unbounded calumnies of the federalist party have obliged me to throw myself on the verdict of my country for trial, my great desire having been to retire at the end of the present term, to a life of tranquility;

and it was my decided purpose when I entered into office. They force my continuance.' 'I should,' he wrote another friend, 'have retired at the end of the first four years, but that the immense load of tory calumnies which have been manufactured respecting me, and have filled the European market, have obliged me to appeal once more to my country for a justification.' But he would not accept a third term. Once he was of the opinion 'that the President of the United States should have been elected for seven years and be forever ineligible afterwards.' But 'service for eight years, with a power to remove at the end of the first four,' came nearer to his 'principle as corrected by experience. General Washington set the example of retirement at the end of eight years. I shall follow it; and a few more precedents will oppose the obstacle of habit to any one after a while who shall endeavor to extend his term.' Knowing nothing of this resolution, his fellow citizens, before his second term was half over, began to invite him to accept a third. The Legislature of Vermont led off in November 1806, and the great Democratic strongholds, Georgia, Maryland, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, made haste to follow. But thirteen months passed before he answered the invitations of Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania, saying:—

'That I should lay down my charge at a proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an Inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the

greatest sum of happiness to mankind. I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the first person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office.'

The dangers of repeated reëlections having thus been pointed out, and the anti-third-term doctrine formally announced, the followers of Jefferson, the country over, made haste to assure him that they approved. A meeting of Democrats at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, admired 'the manly and sublime effort which dictated your determination to retire from public life at the close' of the second term. A meeting of delegates from the wards of Philadelphia, 'in yielding homage to the motives which have induced your voluntary retirement from public life, while surrounded by the warmest affections of the people,' derived 'consolation from the consideration that your example may operate on all future Presidents to pursue a course which has added luster to your character, already dear to liberty and to your country.' While we duly appreciate the motives, said the Legislature of Maryland, 'which induce you to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom the choice of our next President is to be made, and while we revere the patriotism which dictated those motives, permit us still to indulge the pleasing hope that when the next period of presidential election approximates (1812), should the united voice of your countrymen require it, those same motives and that same patriotism will induce you to sacrifice your private wishes and convenience to your country's good.' No votes for presidential electors could be cast in the far-away Territory of Orleans. Nevertheless his friends there assured him: 'However we

may regret, in common with our fellow citizens of the United States, this determination to decline being a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people, the motives which induce it afford another proof of your patriotism, and must command the approbation of the country.' The Tammany Society in Philadelphia, when celebrating its anniversary in 1808, drank to the toast: 'President Jefferson — Rotation in office is the bulwark of freedom. His precedent deserves our homage and our gratitude, and traitors would alone refuse them.' When the Fourth of July came he was honored in many places with some such toast as: 'Jefferson — May his successor imitate his virtues and follow his motto, rotation in office.'

III

Twenty years now passed away; four successors to Jefferson were elected and Jackson was in the White House before another president appeared who felt any concern whatever regarding the question of a third term. But it must not be supposed that the question was of no concern to anybody. Again and again it appeared in Congress in the form of a proposed amendment to the Constitution. Among the amendments demanded by New York when she ratified the Constitution was one limiting the number of terms to two. A Senate committee, in 1803, reported a resolution 'that no person who has been twice successively elected President shall be eligible as President until four years elapse, when he may be eligible to the office for four years, and no longer.' The resolution was rejected by a vote of four to twenty-five. Massachusetts and Connecticut, after the Hartford Convention had done its work, proposed that the executive should have but one term, and that never should two presidents in succession come from the

same state. Nine years later a Senator from New Jersey repeated the proposition to limit the terms to two, and the Senate in 1824, by a vote of thirty-six to three, and again in 1826, by a vote of thirty-two to seven, sent to the House joint resolutions providing that no man should be chosen president more than twice. No popular demand for such a restriction existed, so the House suffered the resolutions to die. The contested election of 1824, the defeat of Jackson and his prompt renomination, produced a crop of proposed amendments. Thirty-eight had to do with the choice of presidential electors. Ten were intended to limit the president to one term, some of four, some of six years.

Jackson came to the presidency an earnest advocate of one term, and never failed in any of his eight annual messages to ask that the Constitution be so altered as to provide for it. During his eight years of administration twenty-one joint resolutions, providing some for one term of four years only, some for one of six years only, others for no third term, or one term and ineligibility to two in succession, or one term and ineligibility until four years had gone by, were laid before Congress; but, great as was his popularity, his party would approve none of them, and he went out of office leaving the issue just where he found it. Yet it would not down, and ten more one-term joint resolutions were moved in Congress before Van Buren gave way to 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.'

Harrison came to the presidency pledged to one term, a pledge which he reaffirmed in his inaugural speech. Republics, he said, could commit no 'greater error than to adopt or continue any feature in their systems of governments which may be calculated to create or increase the love of power in the bosoms of those to whom

necessity obliges them to commit the management of their affairs; and surely nothing is more likely to produce such a state of mind than long continuance in an office of high trust.' Therefore 'it is the part of wisdom for a republic to limit the service of that officer, at least, to whom she has intrusted the management of her foreign affairs, the execution of her laws, and the command of her armies and navies to a period so short as to prevent his forgetting that he is the accountable agent, not the principal; the servant, not the master. Until an amendment of the Constitution can be effected public opinion may secure the desired object. I give my aid to it by renewing the pledge heretofore given that under no circumstances will I consent to serve a second terme.'

A month later Harrison died, and the country, for the first time in its history, beheld the duties of the President 'devolve' on the Vice President. The situation was new, and for a while there was doubt as to just what he was. He had not been elected President. How, then, could he rightfully be called President? The Constitution provided that the duties of the President should pass to him, but said nothing about the title. The Secretaries, when officially announcing the death of Harrison, addressed him as Vice President; John Quincy Adams held that he should be called 'Vice President acting as President'; Clay considered him nothing better than Regent; but the press and the people regarded him as President, and such he called himself.

And now a great political party took up the doctrine of one term for the president. The Whigs, when they read Tyler out of the party, asserted in their manifesto that it was good Whig doctrine and as such inserted it in their Baltimore platform in 1844. During 1841, when the quarrel with Tyler was at its height, the legislatures of eight

states, Vermont, Indiana, Delaware, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and, in 1842, Kentucky, sent one-term amendments to Congress; but the day for such had gone, and for thirty years Congress almost ceased to be troubled with them. The men who nominated Frémont in 1864 declared in their platform, 'That the one-term policy for the Presidency, adopted by the people, is strengthened by the force of the existing crisis, and should be maintained by constitutional amendments.' Greeley, stating his reasons for opposing the renomination of Lincoln, said that it had been settled, and well settled, by the deliberate action of both parties that a president in office should not be reëlected save under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances. The Pomeroy circular, sent forth in behalf of the candidacy of Chase, declared that so great was the patronage due to war needs, and so loosely was it placed, that the one-term principle was absolutely necessary to the safety of republican institutions. The long fight with Johnson revived the old one-term issue, and twelve times during his administration joint resolutions of the old one-term type were moved in Congress. They were, as in Tyler's day, but expressions of antipathy to the occupant of the White House by disgruntled politicians, and caused not a ripple.

With the retirement of Johnson just sixty years had elapsed since the retirement of Jefferson. Never in all that time had the question whether a particular man should or should not have a third term come before the country, for in three cases only could it have arisen, and in no one of these did it do so. In Grant's second term, however, it did arise and become what was then considered a serious political issue. Scarcely was he reëlected in 1872 when the opposition press loudly proclaimed

that our republican institutions were threatened with ruin by his probable reelection in 1876, and raised the cry of Cæsarism, and No Third Term. He has, it was said, been given a second term. The great majority of the people think that is enough. But he declines to say what he thinks, and so long as he is silent the majority is in doubt whether he may not, by the use of his administrative machinery, procure his nomination by the Republican convention, and if so whether he would not have to be elected to save the country from the Democrats. One of those crises has arisen in which it seems possible for a man already in office to keep himself in office whether the voters want him or not. 'We,' said the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania, 'declare a firm unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic, which wisely and under the sanction of the most venerable examples, limits the presidential service of any citizen to two terms; and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the presidency of any person for a third term.'

To this Grant, who hitherto had paid no attention to the charge of Cæsarism, longing for a third term, longing for power, gave heed, and before the platform was three days old wrote to the chairman of the convention. Soon after the election of 1872, he said, a portion of the press hostile to the Administration raised the cry of Cæsarism and the question of a third term, and called lustily on him to state his position. He had not done so because it was beneath the dignity of the office to which he had twice been chosen to answer such a question until it was presented by an authority competent to make a nomination, 'or of such dignity or authority as not to make a reply a fair subject of ridicule.' He did

not seek the office for either the first or the second term, and did not want a third any more than he did a first. 'I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for renomination. I would not accept a renomination if tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty — circumstances not likely to occur.'

The letter put an end to the possibility of a third term for Grant; but the popular dislike of a third term for anybody continued to find expression in the platforms adopted by party conventions in the states. Republicans in Ohio resolved that 'the observance of Washington's example in retiring at the close of a second presidential term will be, in the future as it has been in the past, regarded as a fundamental rule of the unwritten law of the Republic.' Republicans in New York declared their 'unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third time.' Democrats in Ohio gave it as their opinion that 'the President's services should be limited to one term.' Democrats in New York declared 'the Presidency is a public trust, not a private perquisite — no third term.' How fully these resolutions expressed the public sentiment of the day was still further shown when Congress met in December 1875, and Mr. Springer of Illinois moved this resolution in the House of Representatives: —

'Resolved, That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington, and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions.'

The rules were immediately suspended and the resolution adopted by a yea-and-nay vote of 234 to 18.

Hayes in his inaugural address asked for an amendment to the Constitution limiting the president to one term of six years; but the excitement over the third-term issue had gone down; there seemed to be no danger that it would arise again, at least in the near future, and nobody cared.

But the unexpected is always happening, and it did arise again very soon. In 1877 Grant set off on a tour of the world, and on his return landed in San Francisco in September 1879, just when his party was looking for a successor to Hayes. He met with such a reception, as he traveled about the country, as never before had been given to any citizen of the United States. Believing this outburst of popular favor to be a sure sign that the scandals of his second term were forgotten, that he was again the hero of the Civil War, that his countrymen were ready to see him once more their chief magistrate, the masters of the Republican Party, Conkling of New York, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Logan of Illinois, determined to renominate him. Grant consented, and for the first time since the office of president was created there was an avowed candidate for a third term. A storm of criticism followed. Pamphlets were written on both sides; his supporters were dubbed 'Restorationists' and 'Imperialists'; No-Third-Term Leagues were formed; Anti-Third-Term meetings were held; and an Anti-Third-Term mass convention met at St. Louis. Alarmed by the hostility aroused, Grant wished to have his name withdrawn, but Conkling refused; his name came before the convention and on thirty-six ballots never received less than 303 and once as many as 313 votes.

The attempt to nominate failed, the

voters were not given a chance to express their opinions on the third-term issue, and thirty-two years elapsed before they ever were. Five times since 1841 presidents have died or been murdered while in office, and been succeeded by vice presidents; but none of them save Mr. Roosevelt — neither Tyler nor Fillmore, neither Johnson nor Arthur — was ever elected president, or so much as thought of as his own successor. The reelection of Mr. McKinley, in 1900, was soon followed by an innocent suggestion that it might be well to consider him as a candidate for another reelection in 1904; that 'the only objection which may be urged against his reelection is the anti-third-term feeling, and that would amount to nothing where the candidate possesses the confidence of the country to the extent that Mr. McKinley does.' The President did not think so, and immediately gave out a statement from the White House. 'I regret,' he said, 'that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give it notice. But there are now questions of the gravest importance before the Administration and the country, and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by even the suspicion of the thought of a third term. In view, therefore, of the reiteration of the suggestion of it, I will say now, once for all, expressing a long-settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it, if it were tendered me.'

Mr. Roosevelt served the unfinished term of Mr. McKinley, and was elected president in 1904. On the night of election day, after the returns made it sure that he would be president, he too gave out an anti-third-term statement. 'On the fourth of March next I shall

have served three and a half years, and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance, and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination.' It is foolish for anyone to say what he will or will not do four years hence. Mr. McKinley was assassinated and never called on to stand by his pledge; Mr. Roosevelt, despite his pledge, became the candidate of the Progressive Party in 1912, and brought up the issue of a third term in a new form. Is he running for a third term? it was asked. May a vice president who comes to the presidency on the death of his chief be said to serve a term of his own? If so Mr. Roosevelt has had two terms; if not he has had but one, which is all he has had, for only once was he elected president. There were those who held that the number of terms was of no consequence whatever, was but an idle tradition which had arisen in times very unlike our own; that the fears of Jefferson never had been, and never could be, realized; that, in a country so vast as ours, sectional feeling, if nothing else, would prevent the reelection of the same man for a long series of terms.

That the issue was not settled in 1912 is made certain by the fact that it is now again before us in identically the same form. That same year the Democratic National Convention put this plank in its platform: 'We favor the single presidential term and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this Convention to this principle.' There were those who saw in this 'the fine hand of Mr. Bryan,' who was determined, they said, to have Mr. Wilson out of the way when the time came to

find a successor. Be this as it may, when that time did come round the candidate pledged to one term was renominated by the party which pledged him, for neither the party nor the candidate, nor anyone else, believed the pledge meant anything.

IV

Thus has it come about that the idea of limiting the number of terms a president may have is as old as the Constitution; that it was debated and rejected by the framers of that document, has since been approved by some presidents and disapproved by none, has been approved by political conventions, has found its way into national platforms, has been the subject of popular debate and the cause of the introduction into Congress of more than a hundred joint resolutions to amend the Constitution; yet nothing has been done, for it has never been put fairly and squarely before the voters. Grant's desire for a third nomination was not gratified. The case of Mr. Roosevelt was complicated by the fact that he had been but once actually elected president, and so will that of Mr. Coolidge be should he be renominated. The prospect that he may be has again brought on a public debate and led to the introduction into the House of Representatives, during the last session of the last Congress, of the Springer resolution of 1875; but the House was afraid to bring it to a vote and suffered it to die in the hands of the Committee on the Judiciary. Should the time come when a president who has twice been elected to office seeks a third election, he will surely meet great opposition, for the no-third-term doctrine is still strong, and there are still a great many who believe, with Jefferson, that 'in no office can rotation be more expedient.'

A FORECAST

BY MARION L. FOX

I

A FEW weeks after the Republican and Democratic National Conventions have adopted their platforms, nominated their candidates, and organized their campaign committees for 1928, we shall see flaming posters on big billboards, in every state looked upon as a battle ground, telling why Calvin Coolidge or Alfred E. Smith should not be elected president of the United States. The campaign will be unique. For the first time a candidate will be seeking more than eight consecutive years in the White House. For the first time a Catholic will be a candidate for president.

The Democrats will make the third term their paramount issue, and the party's posters will picture Coolidge looking longingly at a crown and a sceptre. Behind him will be the shades of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, and Roosevelt warning him not to violate a tradition established by George Washington at the end of eight years as president.

The Republican billboards will bear huge posters of the Tammany tiger as pictured by T. H. Nast, in *Harper's Weekly*, when the Tweed ring was in control of the Wigwam and Tweed was ruthlessly looting the city of New York. The United States, as Miss Columbia, will be shown seated on the back of the tiger. She will be smiling, unconscious of her peril. The tiger will be pictured in all of his fearful symmetry — black and yellow stripes, ravening teeth and

claws, gleaming eyes, slinking, feline tail. Underneath the tawny belly of the beast of prey will be printed the limerick: —

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger:
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Fortunately no charges can be made against the private life or the official integrity of either Coolidge or Smith. Each has a record of impeccable honesty. The Republicans will not dare attack Smith on the grounds that he is a Catholic or because he is a 'wet,' unless a bone-dry plank, such as Wayne B. Wheeler would invite, should be inserted in the national platform, with an avowed dry candidate standing upon it. Merely a declaration for enforcement would bar the Republicans from attacking Smith, because he is committed to enforcement. Without both wet and Catholic votes the Republican Party could not hope to succeed nationally. In fact, it could easily lose almost every state it is in the habit of carrying. Attacks upon Smith as a Catholic and a wet probably will be left to the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League, both of which are strong and efficient political organizations — the Klan the stronger by far.

Of course the Democrats will charge that Coolidge is the tool of Wall Street and that Mellon is the real president.

Something will be said about tariff duties that favor big business at the expense of the consumer and oppress the farmer. They will say that the Republican administration has so bungled its foreign policy as to make enemies for this country in all parts of the world, and it is possible that our Mexican, Nicaraguan, and Chinese policies will come in for condemnation. The Fall, Daugherty, and other scandals of the Harding administration will be pointed to with alarm. Failure to attempt to bring relief to agriculture will be emphasized in the platform and featured in the campaign literature and by spell-binders on the hustings.

But as the campaign progresses it will be seen that voters have little interest in Wall Street, no fear of Secretary Mellon, and that the tariff, as an issue, is about as dead as the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, unless the agricultural states should decide to use the tariff as a club with which to force farm-relief legislation through Congress. Americans have supported a vigorous and independent foreign policy always, and certainly they are not now enamored of foreign nations. Coolidge will not lose a vote because of anything he has done to Mexico or in Nicaragua. He would be condemned if he had failed to protect, as far as possible, American lives and property in China. Little attention was paid in 1924 to the scandals uncovered by Senator Walsh of Montana. If fresh scandals failed to influence votes, why should we expect them to influence votes after a lapse of four years?

No doubt the agricultural states are resentful. Probably they have a right to feel they have been treated like a stepchild. But their anger usually takes the form of a third-party movement, which takes from rather than adds to the votes of the Democratic Party.

But there is a real issue in the third

term. A resolution passed by the lower house of Congress in 1875 — 234 votes for and only 18 against — clearly expresses the sentiment against a third term. Grant was nearing the time when he must tell whether he would be a candidate in 1876 to succeed himself. To smoke him out the legislature of Pennsylvania passed a resolution disapproving of a third term. Grant made only a vague comment. Then the lower house of Congress passed the following resolution: —

That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington, and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions.

There is basis for the claim that a vice president who succeeds to the presidency to serve out an unexpired term, and who then serves a term to which he is elected, has not served two terms. But Theodore Roosevelt, in 1908, was in exactly the position Calvin Coolidge will be in in 1928. When an enthusiastic Republican National Convention was on the point of nominating him rather than Taft, Henry Cabot Lodge, speaking for his friend President Roosevelt, said 'his refusal of a nomination, dictated by the loftiest motives and by a noble loyalty to American traditions, is final and irrevocable.'

Grant, after four years, again sought the nomination, holding, as Roosevelt held in 1912, that the tradition against a third term meant a third consecutive term. Roosevelt's position was that no president should serve more than eight years consecutively. Roosevelt's problem in 1908 now faces President

Coolidge. Anti-third-term sentiment defeated the nomination of Grant in 1880, after he had been out of office one term. It was used effectively against Roosevelt in 1912, when he was running on the Bull Moose ticket.

There are two unwritten laws in the United States: one is the Monroe Doctrine, the other is the tradition against any president holding office for more than eight years. Not infrequently we hear it said that the country has outgrown sentiment against a third term. Maybe it has. It was also said before the World War that the Monroe Doctrine had outlived its usefulness and lost its punch. The Democrats were disillusioned in 1920.

II

Coolidge will be the Republican nominee in 1928, unless he declines, as Roosevelt declined in 1908. The best guessers of all parties are guessing that he will further test Coolidge luck by accepting the nomination. It is useless now to speculate as to who will be the nominee in the event that he declines.

Few politicians of either party doubt that Governor Smith will be nominated by the Democrats. They will name him because he is the only Democrat who has a chance against Coolidge or any other Republican nominee. Another incentive to his nomination is that Democratic leaders, of fair judgment and better, know that refusal to nominate him would almost inevitably result in the death of the party as a national organization. That party, as we now know it, actually came into existence in 1828, with the first election of Andrew Jackson. Quite pathetic it would be, and a bit dramatic, if on the party's one-hundredth anniversary it should fall to pieces, like the 'wonderful one-hoss shay' of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem. That shay ran one

hundred years to a day and then went all to pieces, because it gave out in every part at the same time. The Whig Party fell to pieces in 1856.

Why should refusal of the Democratic National Convention in 1928 to nominate Alfred E. Smith sound the death knell of the party?

First of all, the Democrats have not been strong enough to elect a president since 1892. Even Democratic optimism has its limits, and is costly. Woodrow Wilson was elected in 1912 because the Republicans were split wide open and the country had the spectacle of a Republican president and a Republican former president running against each other and doing everything possible to defeat each other. The Republicans defeated themselves.

When the campaign of 1916 was launched every condition seemed to favor Democratic success. There had been three years of constructive reform legislation; Wilson was a strong and popular candidate for a second term; he had 'kept us out of war.' The Democrats had the biggest campaign fund in their history and an able campaign management. The Republicans were still sore from the split of 1912. Their standard bearer, Charles Evans Hughes, was a candidate of recognized ability and unquestioned integrity. His life was as pure as an iceberg and his contacts as cold. His campaign manager, William R. Willcox, was less fitted to direct a national campaign than any man who ever, before or since, attempted such a feat for any party. The Republican war chest, as usual, was well filled, but Willcox was afraid to spend it or have it spent, lest he do or permit something unethical. Roosevelt, campaigning for Hughes, was denouncing Wilson for not seizing all German vessels in American ports when the *Lusitania* was sunk. He was making great numbers of German votes,

usually Republican, for the Democratic candidate. But the supreme fluke favorable to Wilson was when Hughes went to California and snubbed Governor Hiram Johnson. He lost California by a little less than 4000 votes, while Johnson carried the state for the senatorship by nearly 300,000. The election of Wilson in 1916 was no more the result of Democratic Party strength than was his election in 1912. How great were the defeats of 1920 and 1924 may be judged by the fact that Cox had only 127 of the 531 electoral votes and Davis only 136.

Catholics cast about fifty per cent of the Democratic votes in the Northern states. They are the most active workers for the party in nearly every county of the Western states. Without them no Western state would ever be found in the Democratic column. In the South the Catholic vote is negligible except in Louisiana.

If the Democratic Party should refuse to nominate Smith in 1928, the Catholics would assume, and with reason, that his rejection was due to the fact that he is a communicant of the Catholic Church. He has shown, four times, his ability to carry the state of New York by large majorities. Without the 45 electoral votes of that state no Democrat could hope to win in 1928. The fact that Wilson won in 1916 without New York has no promise for the Democrats in 1928. The vast influx of negroes into Ohio makes carrying that state next to impossible. Negroes may vote for a Democratic candidate for governor or for the Senate or for state, county, or city offices. Frequently they so vote. But in presidential elections they vote for Abraham Lincoln, whatever the name of the Republican candidate may be.

The Catholics say, and few Democratic Protestants fail to agree, that if

VOL. 140 — NO. 3

Smith can carry New York for the presidency he should also carry the states of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, thus giving him an even 100 electoral votes in the East, not one of which could be carried by any other Democrat — except that Ritchie or Reed might carry the eight votes of Maryland.

With such political strength in Republican states, Smith should be nominated without opposition if he were a Protestant. But what will occur if Smith is defeated for the nomination? Catholics are about as human as the rest of us. What would we do if we were Catholics? Quit the party, of course. The 'Solid South,' which has only 114 solidly Democratic electoral votes, might continue to be Democratic. Now and then Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma might add their 35 votes, making the total Democratic strength 149. To elect a president 266 votes are necessary. Little or no money could be had for a party without hope of national success. The Democratic one-hoss shay would fall to pieces, after running one hundred years.

Democratic leaders do not want the party to die. They cannot see into the beyond. If Smith should be nominated and elected, or if he should carry the states of the South that are always solid but be defeated in the Eastern states, a ghost would be laid for all time. If he should be nominated and then be defeated in the Democratic South, the party would be no worse off than if it refused to nominate him.

III

What are Smith's chances of election? To answer that question is also to answer the question of Coolidge's chances. Let it be said in passing that Smith's great personal strength would

be in the cities. It is there that sentiment for prohibition is weakest; even among Protestants there is a strong sentiment against it in the South and the West, as well as in the East. Also the Catholic vote is largely in the cities; therefore the fight will be mainly between urban and rural voters.

The Democratic reply to the Tammany charge is that Tweed and Croker were of the long ago, that New York never was worse governed than Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, or Chicago, and that for twenty years it has been the best-governed big city in the United States. They will say that the reformation of Tammany was due very largely to Alfred E. Smith, a dominant influence in the Wigwam while Charles F. Murphy was its head and since.

Of course the Democratic Party will be attacked along the old lines used by the Republicans, the most powerful of which is that it brings disaster to business, while the Republican is the party of prosperity.

Democrats will be inspired to work for Smith because they believe he can be elected. The Republicans fear his vote-getting strength.

But can Smith be elected? Maybe.

Ordinarily we should believe that any Democrat who could carry the states of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island would be elected. Those states have 100 electoral votes. The actually solid South has only 114. Smith would carry them, probably. The states of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, with their 35 electoral votes, are far from solidly Democratic.

Cox lost Tennessee and Oklahoma, in 1920, and carried Kentucky by only 4017. Davis, in 1924, carried Tennessee and Oklahoma, but lost Kentucky. A change of less than 15,000 votes from Democratic to Republican would have

lost either Tennessee or Oklahoma. Therefore any Democratic candidate must fight for Kentucky's 13, Tennessee's 12, and Oklahoma's 10 electoral votes.

Granting Smith 100 votes in the Eastern states and 114 in the South, where will he get the 52 votes still necessary to elect him?

New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and Montana would likely give Smith 13 votes, though each of those states has been in the Republican column nationally since 1916. Missouri's 18 would probably be for him, and he would have a good chance of carrying Wisconsin's 13 against Coolidge, who never has been popular in that state. Coolidge lost that state to La Follette, in 1924, by 142,064. 'Young Bob' is fighting him in the Senate, and the whole La Follette family is fighting him relentlessly and ably in *La Follette's Magazine*.

But when we give Smith the Eastern states, except Pennsylvania, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and the Southern states, except Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, and give him Missouri, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and Montana, he still lacks 8 of the necessary 266. To carry all of the states thus credited to him would be little short of miraculous. Of course, he might carry Nebraska. Senator Norris does not like Coolidge, and he is about as strong in Nebraska as Robert M. La Follette ever was in Wisconsin.

It is safe to say that Smith cannot lose all three of the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma and be elected. He might lose two of them and still win, but the chances are to the contrary. He might carry all of them, thus giving him the 149 electoral votes possible from the South, and still lose.

Close at all times, what are those states likely to do to Governor Alfred E. Smith — a Catholic, wet, and a

member of the Tammany organization? Those states are Protestant and dry, and their people have been taught to look upon the Tammany tiger as a ravenous beast of prey.

Kentucky casts about 900,000 votes in presidential elections. It gave Cox a plurality of only 4017 in 1920. Davis lost it by 24,111 in 1924. The vote of Oklahoma, in presidential elections, is about 500,000. Cox lost that state by 23,656. Davis carried it by 29,556. Tennessee cast about 425,000 ballots for presidential electors in 1920. Harding carried it by 13,271. The vote in 1924 was only about 300,000, giving Davis a plurality of 27,522.

However, the Democratic leaders in these border states believe Smith can be elected if he can carry the South. That belief is a genuine inspiration to forget religious prejudice and prohibition and work for his election. There was no such inspiration in 1920 or 1924. Never before was Federal patronage so great as now. Never was there a time when so many worthy Democrats wanted office. Conditions have not been very good in Kentucky and Tennessee. The agricultural sections of Oklahoma have been hit hard, and now the oil companies are cutting production. Another powerful factor favorable to Smith in those states is the fact that, should they go Republican, the Democrats would lose a lot of state and county offices. Emoluments of office still make a strong appeal for political activity.

But what are the factors against Smith in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma?

He would lose some votes because he is wet. However, when the voters of those states came to realize that his position on prohibition is exactly that of Woodrow Wilson, who vetoed the Volstead Act, and that a president has really little power except to enforce the law, which he would do, it is doubtful if

his position on the Eighteenth Amendment would drive many votes from him. The driest dry does not imagine that any president could influence Congress to submit an amendment for the prohibition amendment. No enforcement would be less efficient than now; probably none much better. Smith stands on prohibition where Woodrow Wilson stood. Wilson could not prevent the Eighteenth Amendment, or the Volstead Act, which he vetoed. How absurd to imagine that Smith could repeal or nullify a law that President Wilson could not prevent!

The religious factor, however, is serious. The Democratic leaders in the South would endeavor to minimize the prejudice against Smith because he is a Catholic. But would those leaders be able to command enough followers to carry their states?

Right there the small-town Protestant preachers became highly important. As a rule they have more influence with their congregations and in the affairs of the neighborhood than preachers have anywhere else in the United States. Neither they nor the members of their churches have come in contact with many Catholics. They grew up in the belief that the Pope is the Antichrist of the Apocalypse. Not many years ago a ballad commonly sung in the home by grandmothers and maiden aunts was a reminder of the persecutions. Its first lines were:—

There was a Romish lady brought up in Popery;
Her mother always taught her the priest she
must obey.

Later, when she read a Bible secretly and was convinced that she must leave the Catholic Church, she started her confession with the following lines:—

O pardon me, dear Mother, I humbly pray thee
now,
But unto these false idols I can no longer bow.

The ballad then tells how the mother denounced the daughter to the priest. The daughter refused to recant; was tried for heresy and burned at the stake. Not many years ago Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* could be found in a large per cent of the homes, along with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*.

The story is now being circulated in these states that the Pope will move to America whenever a Catholic is elected president. The new Vatican is to be located at the Catholic University in Washington, though now and then the site agreed upon is Lafayette Square, opposite the White House. There is a suspicion that the papacy actually holds a deed to Lafayette Square. Strange to tell; but, according to Belfast Orangemen, the Pope is to make Dublin his capital and become temporal ruler of Ireland. If the Pope could be induced to move to America, it would be a great stroke of business for this country; but the papacy will remain in historic Rome, in the shadow of St. Peter's dome.

Of course the great majority of the people of the South are far too intelligent to believe that the papacy seeks political advantage in the United States. They understand that persecutions, which are really the source of present-day prejudices, were the products of the times in which they occurred, and that the Protestants persecuted quite as vigorously and as cruelly as the Catholics when they had the power. There were more Catholic-controlled countries, therefore more Catholic persecutions.

We know to-day that persecutions belonged to no one church, and that they were results of the prejudices, the ignorance, and the superstition of the times in which they occurred. But the descendants of persecuted Protestants have the tradition with them still, and

something of the prejudice inherited from their forbears.

The educated people of the South — that is, the college people, the percentage of whom is about as high as in the North — know that there has been a complete separation of Church and State in nearly all Catholic countries. Not long ago Dr. William States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Houston, Texas, replying to the wild talk of the Pope scheming to become head of the civil government in the United States, preached a sermon to his congregation in which he told how, when a plebiscite was taken in the Papal States to decide whether they should remain under temporal control of the Pope or be an integral part of United Italy, they voted, eight to one, to be incorporated into the Kingdom of Italy.

Of course all students of history know that the title of the Pope to the Papal States is one of the oldest in Europe, extending back to a grant from Charlemagne nearly one thousand years ago. There were no Protestants in those states. Every inhabitant was a Catholic, and the rule of the papacy had not been tyrannical. How, then, argued Dr. Jacobs, should any American be so foolish as to imagine it possible for the Pope to become temporal ruler of the United States when Protestants predominate fully five to one?

The states of Tennessee and Kentucky were largely settled by English and Scotch-Irish whose ancestors came to this country before the Revolutionary War. Nearly all of those ancestors were Presbyterian. Kentucky and Tennessee were the second and third states to be admitted to the Union after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. They became states while Washington was president. There are comparatively few Catholics in either

state. There are counties in each of them without a Catholic inhabitant. However, 'Al' Smith could not lose many votes in those counties, because they are overwhelmingly Republican. Oklahoma has drawn its population from everywhere, but mostly from Texas, Arkansas, Kansas, and Missouri. The Klan was quite strong in Oklahoma, and still is stronger there than it ever was in either Kentucky or Tennessee.

IV

The Catholics of America and the Protestants of the South may, and probably will, find themselves fighting side by side for the preservation of dogmatic Christianity. They agree that the Bible is divinely inspired as no other book; they reject higher criticism and the theory of evolution in so far as it teaches that the race of humans ascended from the lower orders of animal life; they are equally tenacious of the story of creation as told in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, because they hold that the Bible is inerrant; they speak a common language regarding the sin of Adam and the fall of man thereby, and the necessity for the incarnation of God in the person of His Only Son, who, as God and man, through His death on the Cross became the vicarious atonement for the sins of the world. Catholics and Southern

Protestants accept without question the story of the resurrection and ascension of Jesus to the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the world when all who live and all who have ever lived will be summoned to the bar of eternal justice on the day of final judgment. They differ on the apostolic succession of the Pope to the commission to Peter, to whom Christ gave the keys of the Kingdom, and who is said to have been the first Bishop of Rome.

The Democratic National Convention in 1928 will be held in June or the first of July. In the past, campaign work has not become active before the middle of September. History is likely to repeat itself next year. Governor Smith insists that he is not a candidate, and that if he is nominated the honor must come to him unsought. In that attitude he is quite sincere, and for it he is to be praised.

But while he is waiting for the nomination to be handed to him on a silver platter the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League are working persistently and effectively in the South and the West. Most of the pronouncements in behalf of Smith come from Tammany or from such wets as Walsh of Massachusetts and Edwards of New Jersey. Such pronouncements are not needed in the wet Catholic East. They hurt in the dry Protestant South and West.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY ROBERT DOLLAR

I

THIS article is written on the American merchant marine, but that subject is so closely related to foreign trade that the two cannot be separated. Therefore it can be considered as relating to both subjects.

From the early years of our history until about 1860, American ships carried practically the entire American trade. This was helped by a preferential tariff. But immediately after the Civil War there was a terrible slump, and by 1890 only 12.9 per cent of our trade was carried in American ships. In 1900 the proportion was 9.3 per cent, and in 1914 it was down to .97 per cent — practically extinct.

The Seamen's Act was the principal factor in producing this last result. As a result of its requirements, when we compared three ships of the same size but of different nationalities, we got the following figures:—

The American ship had to carry 47 men, and her wages were \$3270; the British steamer, of practically the same size, had a crew of 40 men and her wages were \$1308; the Japanese steamer carried 36 men and her expenses were \$777.

In analyzing those figures it would be quite pertinent to ask why, if American shipowners were able to operate British and Japanese ships under the laws of these countries at a profit, they could not operate American ships at a profit. The answer to this question has never been intelligently given, because our

laws have made such operation impossible. The reasons for this are so numerous that space would not permit them to be set forth here. But they will be seen in part in the figures which I will give.

For instance, the measurement of American ships is very much larger than the measurement of ships of other nations. The uninitiated might say, What difference does that make? It makes this difference: whenever the American ship goes into a foreign port she has to pay the various expenses that are assessed on her tonnage, such as harbor dues, pilotage, and so forth, and since those charges are assessed on the tonnage of the ship the American ship has to pay from 20 to 30 per cent more than her foreign competitors. This is of absolutely no benefit, but a direct loss, to the American nation. Foreign ships, on entering American ports, are measured on the American measurement and they have to pay the same tolls as American ships in American ports, which is quite right and just.

The United States Government, during the war, built about one hundred ships called the Robert Dollar type. They were modeled after an 8800-ton ship built to our specifications. Her British net measurement was 3420; her American net measurement was 4283 — a difference of 863 tons, or approximately 25 per cent. To get a correct average I took the

tonnage of three British, three Norwegian, two Danish, and two German ships. Their combined total net tonnage under the measurements of the various countries was 30,555. All those ships were measured under the American rule and the tonnage was 41,142, a difference of 34 per cent.

General Goethals, in a public address, stated that the ordinary American cargo ship passing through the Canal had to pay \$500 more than the ships of other nations. Just take one item. Our round-the-world ships entering the port of Shanghai have to pay \$1932 for the tonnage dues. A foreign ship of the same actual size would pay between 25 and 30 per cent less, or approximately \$500 less.

Probably this is brought about to some extent by our not having one shipowner in Congress to see that our laws are just and fair, whereas in Great Britain there are about seventy shipowners who are members of Parliament. Therefore there is a very decided indifference in the American lawmaking bodies about changing our shipping laws and regulations. Fortunately, for some time past a number of Senators and Congressmen have been posting themselves on the requirements necessary to put the American shipowner on an equal basis with his competitors, and we hope the time is not far distant when we shall be able to operate our ships on the same terms and conditions as our foreign competitors.

II

Our merchant marine is absolutely necessary for national defense. This was clearly in evidence when we entered the late World War and had to expend three billions of dollars to build ships. If our laws and regulations had been fair and reasonable our American shipowners would have had all the

ships the Government required and not a dollar of that three billion dollars would have been expended. When the war broke out Great Britain did not have to build a merchant ship. Congress had a splendid illustration of the necessity of ships, had it only taken notice of it, when President Roosevelt ordered our battle fleet to go around the world and it was an absolute impossibility to furnish it with coal without employing foreign ships, which was done. Secretary Metcalf at that time was severely criticized, by people who did not know the facts, because he was employing foreign ships to convoy the American fleet, and he, much against his will, had to admit that the American merchant ships did not exist in sufficient numbers.

As a concrete illustration of what can be done by privately owned ships, the S. S. President Grant was ordered by the Government to fit out to carry 1600 troops from San Diego to Olongapo, Philippine Islands. She had just arrived in San Francisco from the Orient and had half a cargo to discharge. Fumigation took twelve hours. Then bunks and culinary and sanitary facilities had to be provided. The notice was served on us Saturday at 5 P.M. The ship sailed from San Diego the following Saturday, having loaded a full cargo and deck load. The soldiers and cargo were all landed in the Philippines in twenty-six days from the time we got the notice. Could a government-operated ship beat that?

Now the difference between the domestic trade and foreign trade is this: the foreign trade brings gold into the country. When we sell goods abroad these goods have to be paid for in gold, or, far better, they may be paid for in raw materials which we bring in to keep our factories going and give employment to thousands of men. Our domestic trade is a swapping of

commodities. A certain commodity is produced and sold in one part of the country and another part of the country buys it, so that the commodity is just transferred and the money shipped back, and the nation at large is not bettered.

I will just mention one of the benefits that our country derived from having a merchant marine. Our ships had difficulty in getting cargoes out of the Philippine Islands. The Southern islands had not been developed to produce anything for export. I found that copra could be got in large quantities, and developed the trade by shipping a cargo to the west coast of America. This was the first copra that ever had been sent to that part of the United States. Fifteen years after, the export of copra per annum from the Philippine Islands to the Pacific Coast amounted to twenty-two millions of dollars. The Philippine Islands had the tremendous benefit from this trade and the west coast of the United States had the benefit of the copra in furnishing employment and in producing oil in large quantities from the copra.

Foreign trade is a necessity because our factories would be idle considerably more than one third of the time each year if no foreign trade existed. Our farmers and fruit growers produce much more than can be consumed; therefore the surplus must be exported or rot on the ground. So foreign trade is an absolute necessity for a great part of our manufacturers and for the selling of the products of our soil.

A bill was in Congress a year ago to give a subsidy to American ships. It was defeated, but the same Congress passed a 50 per cent duty on all repairs done on American ships in foreign countries. It is impracticable to operate ships that are on long voyages

without doing a certain amount of work in foreign countries, and this 50 per cent duty is a very heavy tax that no other nation in the world has to pay. Any other nationality can repair ships in foreign countries without paying a cent of duty.

Then our inspection service demands that a hydrostatic pressure shall be put on all our boilers once a year. This causes delay to the ship and also a big expense, as it causes repairs to be made that would not be necessary except for the test. No other nation exacts a hydrostatic pressure test once a year on its ships. All repairs and work ordered by the inspectors must be done before the ship is permitted to sail. Foreign ships get a certificate reading that the inspection has gone through, but that certain repairs have to be made at the first opportunity, thereby not delaying the ship.

Another serious matter for all American ships is that our Seamen's Act compels us to pay the crew one half their wages at every port, if the ports are one week apart. The result of this is that almost every sailor and fireman goes uptown as soon as he gets the money, and most of them return drunk to the ship. This has caused us a big loss of time and a great deal of expense, often delaying the sailing of the ship.

I could give you scores of incidents of this kind. It used to be that the captain used his own discretion as to whether he would pay the men part of their wages or not. Any sober man could get all the money he wanted. The drunkard could not get a cent, and this kept him sober until he came home. The Seamen's Act has done the sailors a great harm and has been a terrible injustice to the shipowner. No benefit to anyone, but a detriment to everyone. And Congress refuses to change it because the labor unions want it to

harass and cause expense to the shipowner.

The last Congress passed no bill to help, but attempted to pass many to hurt shipping and foreign-trade industries. These harmful bills had to be fought.

III

Shipowners are striving very hard to regain a small part of our carrying trade that foreign nations have been receiving. The Shipping Board, under the leadership of Chairman T. V. O'Connor, appreciating the great difficulty privately owned American ships were experiencing in competing with foreign-owned tonnage, adopted the policy of disposing of American government-owned tonnage to private corporations on sufficiently liberal terms to warrant their competing with foreign ships. This policy has proven most beneficial to American shipping, and through the assistance of the Board we were able to purchase a fleet of American combination freight and passenger vessels which were placed in the round-the-world service some four years ago.

The United States was the first nation to do this and is the only one now maintaining a regular round-the-world passenger service. Up to the present time over ninety ships have completed the round trip, calling at twenty-two ports of eleven nations, and sailing on time from every port. It was reported by all shipowners, before this service was started, that it could not be done. The distance around is 25,600 miles, so the total distance traveled up to the present time has been 2,304,000 miles.

In establishing this service and getting our offices started at all the different ports at which our ships call, I have had occasion to make four trips around. And on these four trips I have made

something over 1700 calls on merchants and shipowners in an endeavor to develop this business. We are running in direct competition with the British, French, and Japanese mail subsidized steamers. In fact, we are in direct competition with every nation having ships on the ocean.

While in Manila I said to the Postmaster, 'You are sending a lot of mail on our steamers to Singapore. Part of it is transferred from our ships to British ships and distributed by them at the ports at which we call.' He said, 'I could not have you carry it, as the British ships are subsidized and we do not have to pay them, since they get the mail from the British post office.' I offered to carry the mail for nothing from Singapore on, and this has been done.

We have managed to make an arrangement with the Egyptian Government to carry its mail, and also with the Italian Government. These payments help us a great deal.

As to what the benefit of ship-owning is to the country: Last year we spent in wages and supplies alone \$15,000,000. We provided a sailing every Saturday to the Far East from the Pacific coast, and on account of this service merchants have developed new business amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now they are selling large quantities of commodities as far as Ceylon by this service. This is a direct benefit to the United States. And from the Orient to the west coast of America we also have a sailing carrying the mail once a week. This is a better service than ever has been rendered before, and has helped trade and commerce considerably.

There is another great benefit to the country that should not be overlooked. We own seventeen large American passenger steamers. It is generally conceded that this class of

ship should be scrapped and replaced in twenty years. Therefore we should build one new ship every year, commencing at once. The price asked by American shipbuilders at the present time is about six million dollars. Think of the benefit of this to our country, since practically every cent of this amount goes to labor, from the time the iron ore is taken from the ground until it has been built into the finished ship. Then the development of foreign trade is so important and so great that it is impossible to think out what it will be many years hence. Those who are not in favor of a privately owned merchant marine should think this over.

Congress should treat shipowners exactly the same as the governments of the various nations treat their shipowners — namely, pay the same compensation for carrying the mail and make our laws and regulations exactly the same as those of our competitors. And when this is done I can assure our country that American shipowners can and will operate a merchant marine for all our requirements, in peace or war, and in competition with the whole world. Give us no advantage whatever, but just put us on an exact equality, and we will make a success of it as well as they. And, outside of payment for carrying the mail, it will not cost our country a cent.

THE NEW PRAYER BOOK

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

I

It would be hard to imagine the bookstores of any American city reporting that a revised edition of the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church was the 'best seller' of the day. A few weeks ago, however, the machines of the Oxford University Press, the Cambridge University Press, and the King's Printers were all working at high pressure to meet the public demand for the new *Book of Common Prayer*. This does not imply, of course, that there is a keener interest in religion in England than in the United States. The Church of England has been much more closely interwoven with the national life than its daughter Church across the Atlantic, and it is only natural that widespread

attention should be attracted by any proposal to alter the forms of worship that, to most Englishmen, have become almost as familiar as the words of Sacred Writ.

It is no wonder that the cry, 'Why can't you let it alone?' should have been raised at once by many for whom the old Prayer Book ranks second only to the Bible as a lifelong means of spiritual nurture. But the task of revision was inevitable. A manual of public worship reflecting the troubled conditions at the end of the seventeenth century must fail in many respects to meet the needs of the present generation. During the interval political changes, social changes, and religious

changes have profoundly modified the life and thought alike of the Church and of the nation, and the new wine is in danger of bursting the old wine-skins. The publication of the book that has just appeared is the culmination of an effort that started with the appointment of a Royal Commission in 1867, but it is the fruit of the diligent toil of the Bishops during the last few years. For many weeks they sat together continuously, listening to every suggestion that came to them from any quarter, and weighing every sentence with scrupulous care. 'Never before in the history of the Church of England,' says the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'has there been a corresponding perseverance in laborious work on the part of virtually the whole Diocesan Episcopate.'

When the completed revision was set before the public the feature that jumped at once into the newspaper headlines was the deletion of 'obey' from the bride's pledge in the marriage service. One may remark in passing that this recognition of the altered status of woman in modern times had long ago been anticipated in most of the Free Churches. Among other changes of more or less interest to the 'man in the street' are the excision from the same service of much of the introductory disquisition on the purposes of matrimony, the shortening of the Morning Prayer and the Litany, the provision of several new occasional prayers and thanksgivings (for example, 'for universities and other places of learning,' 'for use at time of an election,' and so on), the addition of a special service for the burial of a child, the permission to omit imprecatory passages from the Psalter, the abolition of compulsion to recite the Athanasian Creed at certain festivals, and the sanctioning, under certain conditions, of extempore prayer.

Most of these changes have been generally welcomed as manifest improvements, and no controversy worth noting has arisen with respect to any of them. A few criticisms have been offered on the literary side, but they have mainly shown how soon a man of letters may get out of his depth when he tackles religious and ecclesiastical problems.

Thus, Mr. George Saintsbury complains that 'that magnificent motto of all true love and marriage, "With my body I thee worship,"' has been 'watered down' into 'With my body I thee honor.' To which Bishop Temple replies that Mr. Saintsbury can never have attended a wedding in a slum parish, or he would have realized how much of the magnificent language of the old Prayer Book is unmeaning or even misleading to people of our day who have not received an advanced literary education. Mr. J. C. Squire, again, does no more than betray his own lack of theological instruction when he raises the objection that 'for a reason impossible to conjecture' the word 'everlasting' has been cast out of the Athanasian Creed in favor of the word 'eternal.' The reason is simply, as the theologians have since been telling him, that 'everlasting' and 'eternal' have not the same meaning. As Archbishop Lang reminds us, 'the Prayer Book, after all, is not a literary legacy,' but is, or ought to be, 'the expression of the mind and spirit of a living society, reflecting the needs of generations as they pass.'

II

It is the changes involving points of doctrine that are causing the only serious trouble. 'I wish to say emphatically,' declared Archbishop Davidson in laying the new book before Convocation, 'that in my deliberate judgment

nothing that we have suggested makes any change in the doctrinal position of the Church of England.' Four, at least, of his colleagues in the Diocesan Episcopate do not agree with him, for they have registered their dissent on doctrinal grounds. One of them complains in addition that there has not been sufficient frankness in letting the people understand the doctrinal changes implied in the revision. The attack has come mainly from the Evangelicals, who regard these changes as a concession to the Romanizing section in the Church. The controversy rages especially around (1) Prayers for the Dead, (2) the Prayer of Consecration in the Communion Service, and (3) the Reservation of the Sacrament.

1. The Anglo-Catholics have long been agitating for the inclusion of Prayers for the Dead, but the Evangelicals object to them as not sanctioned by Scripture and as postulating a belief in Purgatory. Such prayers are now to find a place in the alternative Communion service, and the practice of offering them receives particular sanction in the provision of a special collect, Epistle, and Gospel for All Souls' Day, whose observance, the Evangelicals point out, originated with, and has always been associated with, the doctrine of Purgatory. There is a further provision that this service for All Souls' Day may be 'used on any day when desired.'

2. It is alleged by the Evangelicals that the alternative Prayer of Consecration provided for the Communion office brings that service nearer to the Roman Mass, and will give color to the belief that a particular form of words effects a miraculous change in the bread and wine over which they are said. 'The present prayer,' says Bishop Knox, 'is consistent with the idea that no change is made in the bread and wine, and that the only sacrifices offered

are offered after the elements have been consumed, and are sacrifices of ourselves and of our praises and thanksgivings. The new prayer is consistent with the idea that a change is wrought in the elements by the action of the Holy Spirit, and with the idea that a sacrifice is offered by the priest for the remission of the sins of the living and the dead. This idea is reinforced by the introduction of the anamnesis, — the words of thankful remembrance, which are defined by liturgiologists to be the offering of the Son to the Father, — by the use of vestments associated with that sacrifice, and by the failure to forbid elevation, genuflections, incense, and sacring gongs, all of them recognized as accompaniments of the Mass.'

3. Provision is made for reserving the consecrated bread and wine for the Communion of the sick — an innovation which Dean Inge pronounces to be the 'crucial question' of the whole controversy. The Sacrament so reserved is to be used for no other purpose. It 'shall not be brought into connection with any service or ceremony, nor shall it be exposed or removed except in order to be received in Communion, or otherwise reverently consumed.' It is to be kept under lock and key in an ambry set in the north wall of the sanctuary, 'or in some other place approved by the Bishop.' Moreover the right to reserve is to be granted only under episcopal license. These restrictions, however, appear to Evangelicals an inadequate safeguard. They maintain that, once reservation is allowed, it will practically be impossible to prevent worshipers from praying before the consecrated bread and wine, and an opening will thus be given to the whole cultus of adoration of the elements. They point out that 'some other place approved by the Bishop' will mean, in some dioceses, that the

elements will be kept in a tabernacle on the altar with a red lamp burning before it. The Evangelicals protest further that the demand for reservation in the professed interests of the sick is almost entirely artificial and fictitious. What is really behind it is the desire to legalize the practice of adoration of the Sacrament.

On the whole, then, the proposed changes will mainly inure to the advantage of the Anglo-Catholics. At the least, they will give a more 'catholic' tinge to the worship of the Church of England. The Church Association, the Protestant Alliance, and most of the other Evangelical and Protestant organizations already in existence are therefore loudly beating the drum ecclesiastic, and their propaganda against the new Prayer Book has been assisted by the formation of an *ad hoc* 'Committee for the Maintenance of Truth and Faith,' which is supported by many influential clergy and laymen. On the other side, the Anglo-Catholics are by no means satisfied. Large as are the concessions made to them, they demand more. A memorandum of their English Church Union declares that many of them cannot accept the rubrics concerning Reservation, and that these restrictions 'could only be enforced, if at all, by a widespread and determined use of ecclesiastical discipline.' Middle-of-the-road opinion has been mobilized by the creation of a 'League of Loyalty and Order,' which serves as a rallying point and propagandist agency for those Churchmen, of varying schools of thought, who are anxious to see the new Prayer Book adopted.

'This alternative book is permissive only,' said Archbishop Davidson in laying it before Convocation; 'it is in no sense forced on those who do not wish to use it.' This general statement seems to need some qualification. A

parish priest will have the right to continue the use of the old Prayer Book if he so desires. If he wishes to adopt any of the alternative services provided in the new one, he must first lay the matter before his parochial Church Council. In the event of their objection, the question must go before the Bishop, whose decision will be final. The option, therefore, as Mr. Ronald McNeill has pointed out, is a purely clerical one, in connection with which the parishioners have no right except that of being consulted. Attention has further been drawn to the misleading implication of the term 'optional' when applied to country parishes. In the cities every worshiper can attend the church which offers him the kind of service he prefers. But in the villages the only option allowed to worshipers who do not like the Prayer Book used in the parish church is the option of staying away altogether. And it is notorious that in a large number of country parishes the incumbent has already strained to the utmost his opportunities of introducing an advanced ritual with which the bulk of his parishioners have no sympathy.

III

There is a widespread apprehension that the Anglo-Catholic party will by no means be content with the gains they have secured in the Revised Prayer Book. One of the main arguments used to induce Evangelicals and moderate men to accept the book is that it will restore law and order within the Church; that it will put an end to the unauthorized revisions — in other words, the illegalities — that are at present practised by individual clergy and groups of clergy in all parts of the country, and will thus bring in a condition of peace in place of perpetual internal controversy. But thoughtful people are doubting whether they can

have any assurance that the acceptance of the book will really have a pacifying effect. Do the Anglo-Catholics honestly intend to observe the new rubrics — the limitations, for instance, imposed in connection with the Reservation of the Sacrament? Note has been made above of the manifesto of the English Church Union, to which may be added the declaration of Lord Halifax, the most distinguished leader of the Anglo-Catholics, that they are bound to insist that rigid obedience to the Revised Prayer Book 'cannot rightly be enforced by ecclesiastical discipline.'

What have the Bishops to say to that? In a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir William Joynson-Hicks has put some plain questions on this point. What steps, he asks, do the Bishops propose to take in order to secure obedience to the provisions expressed or implied in the new book? Will they, in the event of its adoption, cease in future to appoint or to institute clergy who disregard these provisions? 'We shall do our best,' says the Primate in reply, and 'we shall act, I hope, unitedly, or at least shall endeavor to do so,' but he declines to give, either on his own behalf or on that of his episcopal colleagues, any undertaking to carry out such measures of discipline as his correspondent suggests. 'It is foolish,' declares Bishop Pollock, 'to alter the book with no certain guaranty that the clergy will follow the new ruling. What power is there to maintain the new book which did not exist for the maintenance of the old one?' Dean Inge takes very much the same view. 'The weak point in the whole scheme,' he says, 'is the absence of machinery for dealing with lawbreakers.' He anticipates that the spirit of lawlessness will not easily be exorcised. 'There are scores of clergymen,' he tells us, 'who

manage to combine an almost superstitious reverence for the episcopal office with an entire readiness to slap the face of the particular Bishop to whom they have promised canonical obedience. Especially in the diocese of London, where for many years there has been no discipline at all, it is most unlikely that the rule restricting Reservation will be observed.' (The Dean, by the way, ought to be well informed as to the condition of the diocese he specifically mentions, for it happens to be his own.) And, while there is no certainty that the new rubrics will be obeyed, there is perfect certainty that the concessions now made will be used as a stepping-stone for a demand for further concessions. Dr. Darwell Stone, the Principal of Pusey House, has not hesitated to tell Convocation that, if certain parts of the Revised Prayer Book become law, he will deem it his duty never to rest until he has done everything that he rightly can to obtain their alteration. It is evident that, if that example is widely followed, the new liturgy, instead of bringing about peace within the Church, will increase the existing strife and confusion.

As the discussion proceeds, this phase of the subject is becoming more and more prominent. At first, attention was concentrated on the doctrinal changes involved in the revision, but the practical question of administration is now being recognized as of no less importance than the theological issues. One may safely predict that it will receive increasing emphasis during the later stages in the process of legislation. At the time of writing, the Revised Prayer Book has been endorsed by the Upper and Lower Houses of the Convocations of Canterbury and York — bodies that are wholly clerical in composition. It will next come before the Church Assembly, which includes not only the members of Convocation,

sitting as a House of Bishops and a House of Clergy, but a House of Laity also, elected by the lay members of various diocesan conferences. If it runs this gauntlet, it will be presented to Parliament, which will submit it to the scrutiny of a special Ecclesiastical Committee, consisting of fifteen members chosen by the Lord Chancellor from the House of Lords and fifteen chosen by the Speaker from the House of Commons. If the report of this committee suggests any alterations, these will be laid before the Legislative Committee of the Church Assembly for its consideration before the bill authorizing the Revised Prayer Book comes up for discussion in the national legislature. Parliament has no power to amend, but can only pass or reject the measure as it stands.

When the controversy is thus finally transferred from the clerical to the lay arena, it may be anticipated that a determining factor in the decision will be the question, 'How will the new book work?' On this matter, M. P.'s will vote regardless of party ties. The Administration takes no responsibility whatever for the measure. Indeed, some distinguished members of it, including Sir William Joynson-Hicks

(Home Secretary), Sir Thomas Inskip (Solicitor-General), and Mr. Ronald McNeill (Financial Secretary to the Treasury), will on this occasion be leaders of the opposition. The hostility of such men to the new book will be based on their devoted attachment to Protestant principles, but the attitude of the majority of M. P.'s will probably be decided by the view they take as to the prospect of its effecting a real and permanent settlement of the 'disorders' which for many years have amounted to scarcely less than a scandal.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the controversy over the Revised Prayer Book has emphasized the lines of cleavage within the Church of England and made it imperative to face seriously and honestly all that is involved in the 'comprehensiveness' to which her leaders point with pride as her chief distinction. It has raised in an acute form the problem of uniting within a single religious home two groups separated by such fundamental differences as those that divide the Anglo-Catholics from the Evangelicals. Is it really possible to combine these discordant elements happily in one body? 'Can two walk together, except they be agreed?'

GAY AUSTRIA

BY NEIL FORBES GRANT

I

'*Bitte schön!*' The plaintive and ingratiating cry of the little venders of cakes, chocolates, and mineral waters greets one at the Austrian frontier station; and is it mere fancy that the plaintiveness has become a little more marked in these recent years of suffering and change for Central Europe? The politeness and the timidity of that appeal always strike me as characteristically Austrian, and reveal the national character in much the same way that the military stolidity of the German customhouse officer, the vivacity of the habitués of the French seaports, and the curious slickness and nonchalance of the English railway porter bring home to one the characteristics of their respective countries.

I was present at St.-Germain when Dr. Renner and the other Austrian delegates entered that little zoölogical museum to hear from President Wilson and the premiers of the Allies the peace terms which were imposed on them; but when I thought of what the Austro-Hungarian monarchy had been, and what Austria had then become, I could not help recalling Wordsworth's lines:

Men are we, and must grieve when even the
Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

The Treaty of St.-Germain and the kindred treaties broke up a once mighty empire, created three new independent States in Central Europe, — Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugo-

slavia, — and added scattered fragments of the Dual Monarchy to two existing kingdoms, Rumania and Italy. The great city of Vienna was once the bureaucratic and cultural centre of an empire of 50,000,000 inhabitants, with an area of 676,648 square kilometres, and is now the capital of a mountain republic of 6,526,661 inhabitants, with an area of 83,904 square kilometres, though among the smaller States of Europe it is one of the largest. With the disappearance of that empire went also the monarchy, which was the keystone of the imperial arch. There is strong monarchist sentiment in Hungary still, but there is little vestige of it in Austria. Idle tourists and holiday crowds now throng the gilded state apartments and dainty boudoirs where Maria Theresa ruled in her splendor, and where the last Emperor of the Hapsburgs, the ill-fated Charles, awaited the coming of the storms which engulfed his throne. To-day idle sightseers pace alongside the coffins of the great figures of the house of Hapsburg in the crypt of the Kapuzinerkirche, in much the same way that Frenchmen look at relics of the Bourbons and the house of Napoleon. They seem to say: 'This is now all a part of History; something has gone, never to return.'

The war was a cataclysm sufficient in itself to produce startling changes in Central Europe, but nothing strikes the Englishman or American so much in his visits to Central Europe as the

evidence on all sides that the war is something already hidden in the remote past. To the American and the Englishman the war is a landmark, something so stupendous that everything that has happened in the world since seems of minor importance. But when I was in Poland two years ago I discovered that the war that the Poles of Warsaw were thinking about was not the Great War, but that more recent conflict between the Bolsheviki and the Poles which brought Lenin's troops within twenty miles of Warsaw; and I found the streets of the good city of Lemberg marked by the rifle fire not of Austrians and Russians but of Poles and Ruthenians, in the struggle which broke out after the termination of the greater hostilities. In the same way Austria has gone through so many subsequent crises that the war is to its people remote history. They had to pass through those tempestuous days when Socialism had its first practical experiment in government in desolated, isolated Vienna, when the krone fell tumbling and brought all the miseries of inflation in its train, and when all the revolutionary movements of restless Europe — German *Putsche*, Hapsburg coups, Communist risings, Ruhr occupation, Fascist flag wavings — had their repercussions on Vienna, that sensitive nerve centre of a distracted country. Even when the worst was over and the League of Nations, with generous American and British help, had come to the help of an impoverished republic, there were other troubles, like the Vienna financial crisis of 1924, which was due primarily to the unexpected demoralization of the French franc. There have been in Central Europe since 1918 many harbingers of trouble, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Austria has changed.

You miss, of course, to begin with, the pomp and trappings of the Empire.

VOL. 140 — NO. 3

E

The Kaiser is no more, and the handsome officers in their gay uniforms and the light-hearted ladies rolling in their barouches along the Prater have gone with the Hapsburgs. That incurable gayety of the Austrian, which in the old days took the form of proud pomp and glittering circumstance, no longer holds revel on the banks of the Danube. The disappearance of the army has in itself made a political and social revolution in the life of the country, and the young men who would have been captains in crack regiments are now acting as bank clerks — and, incidentally, very good clerks, too. Palaces have become museums, and gay houses which once dispensed princely hospitality are now mysteriously and darkly closed or are let out in apartments at the dictation of the Socialist municipality which now controls Vienna. The cafés are not so sparkling; the night clubs, I am told on the authority of those who frequent those establishments, are comparatively tame affairs, and the hotels and shops, for some time at any rate after the war, had a very precarious existence. As has happened all over Europe, the middle classes in Austria have either disappeared or have just succeeded in adapting themselves to the new order of things, and that culture, that ease, that opulent hospitality of a well-established bourgeoisie, has faded away into the limbo of things that are no more. You feel to-day that Vienna is more of a working-class city than it was. That it has become again a comparatively happy one is, I think, a great tribute to that perennial resilience of the Austrian people which, if it takes the form of insouciance in good times, can also become a barrier of determination and patience in the hour of trouble.

The Austrian who before the war was either a bureaucrat or the willing victim of a good-tempered despotism

has now become a politician with an active share in guiding his country's destinies, and that he is a somewhat bitter politician can be excused on the ground that he has had to face a multitude of problems, and that the old antagonisms of aristocrat and social democrat, of Catholic and Jew, of workman and peasant, curbed and, so to speak, canalized under the Hapsburgs, have now become raging torrents. Vienna, which was once ruled by a nominee of the Court, is now under the dispensation of a Socialist administration, whose leading light is Dr. Breitner, a distinguished banker who went over from capitalism to the proletarian camp; once seat of an empire, she has now become a place of interesting Socialist experiments, for the city which provides seventy per cent of Austria's total state income gives a large revenue to its new municipal rulers. Their activities are innumerable — cheap trams, hostels of all kinds, for young and old, sick and poor, and above all, huge housing enterprises, especially for the outskirts of the city, where enormous blocks of flats, somewhat in the shape of a Roman amphitheatre, are continually arising, monuments to the ingenuity of the Socialist administrators and to the needs of a population suffering severely from house famine. In all Austrian politics, state and municipal, one is perpetually coming up against this housing problem. Capitalists groan at the virtual abolition of rents, with the consequent restrictions on the fluidity of capital, thus hampered by the inability to raise mortgages on bricks and mortar; the working classes rejoice at these nominal rents and at the huge sums set free for the building of these communal flats, while they also say that the provision of these cheap houses solved one of the important problems of Austrian industry, employers being able to give

smaller wages to employees who are thus comfortably housed at the expense of the State.¹

Whatever may be said about the merits or demerits of the Socialist régime which is now the dominating feature of Vienna, there can be no doubt that it has succeeded in solving, for the time being at any rate, many great problems, and the result is seen in the healthy faces and sturdy figures of the mass of the population and the disappearance of that terrible hunger which stalked through the streets and rendered ghastly the faces of men and women who had passed through the famine days of the war.

II

On the negative side, then, the Hapsburgs have gone, and to some extent the representatives of the working classes reign in their stead, at least so far as the municipality of Vienna is concerned. Now let me come to the positive side of the new Austria, and let me say at the outset that, following the imperious call of all life and of its organisms, the new Austria is determined to live. Most people said that the mountain republic, with the huge bureaucratic city of Vienna weighing it down on its eastern extremity, deprived of the industries of Czechoslovakia, the rich food of the Hungarian plain, the coal mines of Poland, the outlet to the sea at Fiume, would inevitably collapse. But Austria still lives, and gives every prospect of becoming as much a part of the European commonwealth as, say, Switzerland.

It has, of course, lost terribly by the war. The enormous bureaucratic army concentrated in Vienna after the

¹ It must be remembered, however, that the large employers of labor bitterly complain of the heavy burdens placed on industry by the housing and other schemes of the Socialist capital.

breakdown of the Empire, with the result that the state finances are laboring under an appalling pensions list, while industry is gravely handicapped by the necessity of providing some sustenance for the great number of men thrown out of employment. In my visits to Austria since the war I have come across many small tragedies — distinguished army officers in the ancient city of Graz, who have somehow or other to live on pensions which, to a general, work out at something like £150 a year; many Austrian noblemen who are parting with estates which have been in their families for generations; good upper-middle-class families whose sons are working as ordinary mechanics in the Ruhr, despite high qualifications and good university degrees. There are many empty rooms in the great banks of Vienna. In addition to the banks, the railways, newspapers, large export houses, and luxury trades suffer from the restricted territory in which they now have to operate. Before the war the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was the nearest approach in the Old World to that economic unity of which the United States is the great example in the New. The peoples of the Danube, under the flag of the Hapsburgs, were self-sufficing; their export trade was practically nil, compared with that of other great States, and their imports were correspondingly small. Now, so far as Austria is concerned, all is changed. Austria, like England, has to live on its invisible exports, for it not only has to import large quantities of raw material and food from abroad, but it also suffers from a lack of imports for its manufactured goods, owing to the mass of tariffs which now make Central Europe a stumblingblock not merely to the free-trade economist but to the ordinary practical business man. That, indeed, is the great change which differentiates

post-war from pre-war Austria — it cannot live on itself. It is hampered on every side by hostile trade barriers, and its position is therefore one of very great difficulty.

How is Austria going to meet this problem? In the first place it was necessary to stabilize the currency, and as a result of the action of the League of Nations that task has now been achieved and Austria, with the withdrawal of League control last spring, has now been given a clean bill of financial health. The second step was to try to come to some arrangement with the neighboring States, for the purpose of overcoming the tariff obstacles, mainly by means of commercial treaties. Unfortunately, this palliative has been only partially successful, and at the moment Czechoslovakia and Austria are threatened with a tariff war, owing to the breakdown of the recent trade *pourparlers*. Nationalism, since 1918, has been rampant in Central Europe, and artificial industries have been created not so much for the purpose of developing trade as of gratifying racial *amour propre*. Flag waving is a harmless amusement compared with tariff building, and the mania has become so widespread in Europe that the business men of the principal countries, led by Germany, are taking the matter in hand themselves and by regional arrangements and the fixing of prices and markets are trying to bring some order into the economic maze created by nationalist politicians. Austria, which has to sell its goods in order to pay for its food, is particularly hard hit by this economic chauvinism, and much of its chronic unemployment is due to this cause. Failing for the time being to create some kind of Zollverein on the Danube, Austrians are engaged in a number of enterprises whose main purpose is to reduce the adverse balance of trade, which according to the latest

report of the Austrian National Bank was 1076 million schillings (the schilling being roughly sevenpence). They are trying to develop their agricultural resources, led in this respect by the President of the Republic, Herr Hainisch, who is himself a practical agriculturist and whose prize cow, Bella, is mentioned in many a conversation which he has with foreign visitors to the famous room in the Ballplatz where Baron Aehrenthal used to receive the ambassadors. Last year they had made such progress that Austria, which at one time was expected to produce only about thirty per cent of her food supplies, is now producing more rye, oats, and potatoes than she can consume, ninety per cent of her barley, and fifty per cent of her wheat, sugar, and cattle.

Then they are utilizing their superb water power for the purpose of generating electricity, thus saving their coal bill. As you travel through Austria, you see silver threads shining amid the pines on the mountain sides. It is water, Austria's best raw material, on its way to provide the power for her main-line trains and light and heat for her cities and villages. Thus during the past six years fifty-four high-power stations have been erected at a total cost of 300 million schillings, a third of the cost only being borne by foreign countries. The effects of these undertakings are incalculable, for not only are they providing work for some of the enormous army of unemployed, but at the same time they greatly assist industry through the cheapening of motor power. It has been estimated, indeed, that the annual saving in coal amounts now to almost one million tons or a sixth of the quantity of coal that Austria has to import annually from abroad.

Thanks to the enterprise of the bankers — Austrian bankers are really statesmen and manufacturers, and deal

in coal, run hotels, or manage factories with equal skill — Austrians are making the best of Vienna's central position, standing as she does at the gateway of the East and West, for the purpose of retaining the influence she enjoyed as the hub of the banking world of Central Europe before the war. The banks have met with considerable success in this respect, helped doubtless by the fact that, while the business man of the hinterland has to go somewhere to transact his business, his wife prefers Vienna to any other capital. There are fine shops, good music, innumerable theatres; and women have an uncanny knack all over the world of making men do their business in the place where they are seeking their pleasure. Besides, the Vienna bankers know their business, and their skill has done much to promote the recovery of that great city which Mr. Zimmerman, the League's representative in Austria, described the other day as Austria's greatest asset.

But above all it is by the development of its tourist traffic that Austria hopes to balance its budget. Austria, I have said, is a mountain republic; and if those glorious peaks and ranges of pine-covered hills render the farmer a poor return, they promise to yield in time a golden harvest to the railways and the hotel keepers. A country endowed by Nature with the snow-capped giants of the Tyrol, with the waving symmetry of the Wiener Wald, with the rushing streams of the Salzach and the Mur, and with the stately Danube revealing beauty after beauty on its way from Linz to Vienna, is surely justified in its ambition to become another Switzerland. And, if Nature has been bountiful, man has been assiduous in his devotion to beauty. Vienna alone is a jewel of which any country might be proud — bringing to its service, in the course of a long and glorious

history, the arts of all the schools in almost all the countries, crowded with noble monuments, and still radiating from its hearths, despite its vicissitudes and sorrows, the generous glow of a gracious and immemorial culture. In the moment of its greatest misery Vienna, the proud city of Maria Theresa, refused to sell its priceless tapestries; and even with an unemployment which approximates to half a million it maintains intact its world theatre and world-famous national opera. For such a spirit will not Austria be forgiven much in the halls of Apollo?

Nor is Vienna the only city of Austria. There is Innsbruck, with its magnificent monument to the Emperor Maximilian in the Imperial Church, whose glorious figures in bronze have given immortality to the age of chivalry. There is Graz, that charming university town, whose venerable buildings rise from the banks of the swift-rushing Mur; there is Steyr, which takes you at one step right back into the Middle Ages, where can be still seen behind its ancient walls those rooms where Protestants worshiped in secret in the sixteenth century — and, coming to a later age, there is the house where Schubert lived, and where music lovers still search for the score of the *Lost Symphony*. Above all, there is Salzburg, whose musical festival in the early autumn is still one of the great events of musical Europe. I love to pass a summer's afternoon in the gardens of that amorous Archbishop of Salzburg at Hellbrunn, in whose

pleasant grounds he raised a coquettish villa to his mistress. Trout bask lazily in its ponds and rivulets, and children still flock to see all the mechanical toys set in motion by water power. Salzburg is one of the most romantic towns of the world; one of the kindest, too, despite the deluges of rain which too often descend on its ancient courts and old-fashioned streets.

Altogether, then, Austria is beginning to look up. Its people have a hard task in front of them, but with a grim determination, which seems alien to the character of the most light-hearted nation in Europe, they are doing their best to solve it. Every now and then the old Viennese love of laughter breaks out. I attended, not so very long ago, a performance of Mozart's ever delightful *Così fan tutti* in the Redoutensaal in Vienna. In the middle of one of the acts one of the actresses suddenly laughed at the amusing quips of one of the male lovers. She laughed so merrily that she was unable to proceed with her part of the duet. Thereupon the male actor began to laugh. This was too much for the conductor, who also began to rock his sides; then the faithful orchestra began to rock their sides, too. Finally the whole house burst into uproarious merriment and the progress of the opera was held up for some minutes. The Viennese people can still be as light-hearted as Lehar's operas. The desert can blossom as the rose; Austria can still smile; and surely gayety in a sorely tried house is the finest form of courage.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS

THE reader will remember in Scott's *Ivanhoe* that Athelstane, at the Norman banquet following the tournament, devoured the whole of a Karumpie, which was filled with nightingales and beccaficos. When the Normans discovered that he had thought it was filled with larks and pigeons, his ignorance received the derision which was merited by his gluttony. However, modern educators must admit that the Unready Saxon displayed a knowledge of things with which he was familiar, even in the Dark Ages, before the spread of culture and the I. Q.

I begin my first lesson on Burroughs's *Wake-Robin* with a class of twenty-four high-school students in the eleventh year of their modern education. All are American born and bred, most of them being natives of the locality. All have respectable I. Q.'s safely bestowed in a pigeonhole (alack, what a nest!) in the office of the principal. The month is May, and the world is beginning to soften; mountain peaks are visible through the branches of an elm outside the window; birds of the North Atlantic States call from without.

I face these sturdy sons and daughters of the mountains with some misgivings. Is it worth while, after all, to spend time on a subject with which they must all be as familiar as they are with the grass beneath their feet?

'This is a group of essays,' I announce, trying to appear confident, 'dealing with bird life, as you have already learned from the introduction.'

A chorus of warbling from the boys' side of the room interrupts me. From

the girls comes a responsive twitter of mirth. The pie is opened — the blackbirds are running true to type. I now know what the king did with his dainty dish, after he had recovered from his first surprise: neither will I eat such half-baked creatures. I virtually wring the necks of the more melodious, and silence is restored.

'How many of you are fond of nature?' I ask platitudinously. Every hand is raised. I beam deceptively.

'What is nature?' I inquire, and am startled at the cruelty of the effect. The light dies from every face. They begin to squirm uneasily and exchange grins, while a look of terror dawns on some of the timid. Hawk-like, I begin to single out victims.

'Grass and trees,' declares one. 'Flowers and bugs,' grumbles another defiantly. The word 'bugs' elicits a titter. 'Birds,' says a third hopefully.

A fourth student brings confusion upon the entire group by the mortifying reply of 'God.' Just as though this were Sunday School! The looks cast in his direction are poisonous; I follow his insult with the injury that his answer is most nearly right. Blank amazement on the faces of the majority hastens my definition of nature, for we are losing time.

The robin and the bluebird, two of our commonest birds, to whom a great deal of space is devoted in the first essay, are brought up for discussion. But I have become wary, like the maid who was in the garden hanging up the clothes. Doubtless her definition of the natural order of the universe included the nose upon her face — plain and simple — until 'along came a black-

bird,' and the matter presented a painful complexity.

'How many of you know the robin when you see him?' I ask. Four hands fail to respond. 'When you hear him?' I add. Only twelve students know the song of the robin. The bluebird meets with a worse fate: six students know his warble, thirteen his appearance. I deem it unfit to ask if they know the difference between the bluebird and the indigo bunting. This is no time for a fit of the blues!

An obliging robin appears in the branches of the elm at this moment, and leads the discussion. He poses, chirps, sings, summons his mate, who ogles us as brazenly as a movie star, and then the pair depart. The class is thrilled. Half of them have seen and heard a robin in a state of conscious observation for the first time. They turn to the text as though it were something more than mere under-arm ballast. We read what Burroughs says of the robin with reproachful delight. Why, they seem to ask, had n't I told them this was interesting?

I give instructions for bird notebooks. I urge personal observation, field glasses, trips to orchard and woods in twos and threes. I am called upon to explain why twenty-four people cannot enter the forest together to study the rarer songsters. The conversation turns to sandwiches, knickers, trails, and forest fires in the twinkling of an eye, and I reach out a talon to draw them back to the literary aspect of the work. Here I find wooden density, but I adopt the tactics of the woodpecker, and at length produce a few grubby ideas.

There remains to be dealt with only the relation of the essays to life — a relation I had dared to assume already well established. I feel that the foundation of the entire work has not been laid. But the period ends abruptly, and to-day, alas, is Friday! With

hoarse croakings of joy, my blackbirds make their week-end escape. I am a remnant, crusty and broken.

When I again face them on Monday to renew the discussion, I ask for the results of their observations. I look for signs of interest; I see nothing but signs of guilt. It was such a lovely week-end! There was a baseball game Saturday afternoon, and another (a professional game) on Sunday. Many of them had to work at home Saturday morning. Saturday evening was taken up by a movie — wild and Eastern. Sunday morning — I discover my class are all good church members in regular attendance. All roads lead through the village, and the automobile we have always with us. The problem is before me, unsolved, to produce order out of the chaos of modern life in our small, mountainous, religious village. I arise like an avenging pagan deity hurling thunderbolts.

'Did no one hear the whippoorwill on Cedar Mountain Saturday night? He called to you on your way to the motion pictures.' I produce a picture of the whippoorwill. 'Charles, how about the Baltimore oriole in the cherry tree in your back yard, who was singing Saturday morning as I passed you at your woodchopping?' Another illustration. 'Did anyone notice the hawk above the ball grounds on Saturday afternoon?' Another picture. 'Or hear the flicker in the tree at the entrance to the grounds? Two of you took tickets at the gate, I know.' Picture. 'The trees on Main Street were filled with myriads of various kinds of warblers Sunday morning — just returned from the South,' I conclude.

Hands begin to wave frantically. I am smothered with feathered anecdotes. My bolts have rent the clod and dispelled the mist — light is breaking through. Songs are recalled and properly ascribed. Strange-colored birds

that had flitted from memory are now identified by the illustrations and forever snared. An ornithological peace pervades my soul.

My blackbirds are singing a true song now, which is sweet, sweet, sweet! They are creatures of the air at last, rising on wings not man-made above the terrestrial din of Sunday baseball, moving pictures, and the thousand discords of modernity, into a purer, rarer, immortal atmosphere.

CONFESSION BY A TWO-TRACK MIND

LIKE President Coolidge, I have my Official Spokesman and my Unofficial Observer. The former is a sober, steady-going writer whose highest dream is to write a four-volume work entitled, 'The Effect of Machinery upon Human Nature and the Social Order.' If these heavy tomes take their place on library shelves along with Buckle's *History of Civilization* and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, the Official Spokesman for the firm of I, We and Company will be completely satisfied. Whether many or few read the book is matter of indifference to him, but he has reason to believe it will be a sweet revenge upon undergraduates who get in his way in libraries.

Among the other duties of the Official Spokesman is that of making halting addresses on social and industrial themes to conventions of earnest souls who don't mind hearing such themes haltingly discussed. But even while the Official Spokesman is speaking I am painfully aware that my Unofficial Observer is sneering at him. The Unofficial Observer renders me thoroughly uncomfortable in such crises, because he makes it so devastatingly clear that in his opinion I am gadding around the country for the sake of showing off before folks. No doubt

this is why I uniformly disappoint my hearers; one can hardly sell himself unless he is sure he is worth selling.

The Unofficial Observer is not much of a provider; still he does what he can for the family in a quiet way. He writes anonymous essays and little sketches which help to fill the back pages of magazines. Sometimes the author finds in these more cause for pride than in the reasoned, factual articles shouted at the world by the Official Spokesman. These essays help me to maintain a secret conviction that I might have been a creative literary artist if I had not become a reporter at the tender age of seventeen.

While the Unofficial Observer functions in private, his light shrouded by the bushel of anonymity, still occasionally he hears that he has written this or that. Sometimes the best of wives 'peaches,' as wives will. Recently there came one bearing praise, one whose opinion I value, but who remains consistently cold to the Official Spokesman's mighty efforts. Said he: 'My dear fellow, I seem to have underestimated you. Thought you were just one more of these confounded analysts who are treading the noble art of letters in the dust. But now I'm told you wrote this. Man alive, it's worth more than all the stale profundities you put your name to. You must do more of them; they will outlive your routine work twenty years to one. Do that, and you're made; otherwise an autographed first edition copy of your books will be worth less than fifty cents fifty years from now. There is a reaction coming in favor of quiet writing like this sketch of yours; the world grows weary of jazz, of the persevering analysis of mediocre souls which masquerades under the name of fiction, of highly seasoned sociology and all other literary abominations. Just sit in a chair, watch life slide by, and write

simply of those phases of the procession which appeal to you. Why, it's a call, like any other ministry.'

I confess I should like to follow this advice. With due allowances for the extravagances of friendship, I think the conclusion is sound. There is an audience for the still, small voice, and it is going to keep on growing in spite of Baal and Babel, Mammon and the Mob. But what becomes, then, of my investment in the Official Spokesman, that pseudo heavyweight who can be depended upon to fill editorial specifications on such themes as 'The Effect of the Quota Laws upon Piecework Rates'? For the Unofficial Observer is quite unconventional in some of his views; as contrasted with the eternal verities which he finds in Man and the lesser animals, he remains unimpressed by parties, groups, institutions. What he thinks of the sovereign State would make Mr. Kellogg shiver. Actually this essay writer is no more radical than a plug hat, but when the State waxes radical, as it is in the present stage of interference with personal and family rights, it tries to destroy its critics by calling them radical. Smart young State! So I suspect that no nice captain of industry would read one of my books if I were to sign the Unofficial Observer's stuff. And mirth! What, I ask you, is likely to happen when the Mountain of Social and Industrial Uplift (slight exaggeration for the sake of preserving robust figure of speech) brings forth a flippant mouse? Crash goes the mountain and flat goes the mouse.

So, for the time being at least, I am going to preserve the anonymous status of the Unofficial Observer. (That sentence is in the Official Spokesman's best style.) I tell myself that the Observer is going to hug the dusk for the good reason that he can do better by dark than by daylight. I tell myself he

can gather his material more easily if he walks the world unknown. He discourages frequently, you see, of innocent, naïve persons in a region where innocent, naïve persons are a little touchy on the subject of serving literary purposes. Our neighbors, I fear, would think the Observer was making game of them, whereas he loves them dearly in all their whims and crotchets and seeks to portray them, not as freaks in the national gallery, but as doers, thinkers, and be-ers richly worth recording.

But all the preceding paragraph, acutely considered, is mere rationalizing. The fact is that my neighbors might not object to the literary celebration of their qualities and landscapes; they might even like it and come bearing gifts of material. 'Here's one you never heard.' Those who object could do no more than punch my face, which is nothing compared to the risks the Official Spokesman runs whenever he quotes corporation statistics. No; the real reason I do not pitch the Spokesman overboard with a millstone round his neck and hoist Observer's flag to the masthead is because I'm afraid. Afraid of the losses, afraid of the explanations, afraid that Observer might fizzle out under the weight of responsibility.

It has always been my conviction that courage is a writer's best asset. An average high-school graduate can write well enough, from the standpoints of grammar and punctuation, to satisfy any editor. Practically all human beings think interesting thoughts, if they could bring themselves to reveal the secrets of their minds. Courage is therefore the key to the editorial heart. The Official Spokesman started courageously, but has grown, I confess, hackneyed. And yet I dare not make the Unofficial Observer official. This is rank cowardice, no doubt, but what would you?

JALNA: A NOVEL ¹

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XVI

ALAYNE and Eden were in their own room. He was at his desk, and she standing beside him. He began searching through a box of stamps for a stamp that was not stuck to another one. He was mixing them up thoroughly, partially separating one from another, then in despair throwing them back into the box, in such disorder that she longed to snatch them from him and set them to rights, if possible; but she had learned that he did not like his things put into order. He had been helping Renny to exercise two new saddle horses, and he smelled of the stables. The smell of horses was always in the house; dogs were always running in and out, barking to get in, scratching at doors to get out. Their muddy footprints were always in evidence in November.

'Here's a letter from New York to say they've got the proofs all right,' observed Eden. 'They think the book will be ready by the first of March. Do you think that is a good time?'

'Excellent,' said Alayne. 'Is the letter from Mr. Cory?'

'Yes. He sends his regards to you. Says he misses you awfully. They all do. And he's sending you a package of new books to read.'

Alayne was delighted. 'Oh, I am so glad! I am hungry for new books. When I think how I used literally to wallow in them! Now the thought of a package of new ones seems wonderful.'

'What a brute I am!' exclaimed Eden. 'I never think of anything but my damned poetry. Why did n't you tell me you had nothing to read? Why don't you simply

¹A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS

jump on me when I'm stupid? Here you are, cooped up at Jalna with no amusements, while it streams November rain, and I lose myself in my idiotic imaginings!'

'I am perfectly happy, only I don't see a great deal of you. You were in town three days last week, for instance, and you went to that football match with Renny and Piers one day.'

'I know, I know. It was that filthy job I was looking after in town.'

'That did not come to anything, did it?'

'No. The hours were too beastly long. I'd have had no time for my real work at all. What I want is a job that will only take a part of my time. Leave me some leisure. And the pay not too bad. A chap named Evans, a friend of Renny's, who has something to do with the Department of Forestry, is going to do something for me, I'm pretty sure. He was overseas with Renny, and he married a relative of the Prime Minister.'

'What is the job?'

Eden was very vague about the job. Alayne had discovered that he was very vague about work of any kind except his writing, upon which he could concentrate with hot intensity.

'Eden, I sometimes wish you had gone on with your profession. You would at least have been sure of it. You would have been your own master —'

'Dear,' he interrupted, 'wish me an ill that I deserve — trample on me — crush me — be savage — but don't wish I were a member of that stuffy, stultifying, atrophy-ing profession! It was Meggie who put me into it, when I was too young and weak to resist. But when I found out the effect it was having on me — thank God, I had the grit to chuck it! My darling, just imagine

your little white rabbit spending his young life nosing into all sorts of mouldy lawsuits, and filthy divorce cases, and actions for damages to the great toe of a grocer by a motor driven by the president of the Society for the Suppression of Vice! Think of it!' He rumbled his fair hair and glared at her. 'Honestly, I should n't survive the strain a week.'

Alayne took his head to her breast and stroked it in her soft, rather sedate fashion.

'Don't, darling! You make me feel a positive ogre!'

Eden had at last detached a stamp. He held it against his tongue and then stuck it upside down on his letter.

Watching him, Alayne had a sudden and dispassionate vision of him as an old man, firmly established at Jalna, immovable, contented, without hope or ambition, just like Nicholas and Ernest. She saw him gray-headed, at a desk, searching for a stamp, licking it, fixing it, fancying himself busy. She felt desperately afraid.

'Eden,' she said, still stroking his bright head, 'have you been thinking of your novel lately? Have you perhaps made a tiny beginning?'

He turned on her, upsetting the box of stamps and giving the inkpot such a jar that she was barely able to save it.

'You're not going to start bothering me about that, are you?' Rich color flooded his face. 'Just when I'm fairly swamped with other things! I hope you're not going to begin nagging at me, darling, because I can't wangle the right sort of job on the instant. I could n't bear that.'

'Don't be silly,' returned Alayne. 'I have no intention of nagging. I am only wondering if you are still interested in the novel.'

'Of course I am! But, my dear lady, a man can't begin a tremendous piece of work like that without a lot of thought. When I begin it I'll let you know.' He took up his fountain pen and vigorously shook it. He tried to write, but it was empty.

'Isn't it appalling,' he remarked, 'how the entire universe seems after one sometimes? Just before you came in, that shelf over there deliberately hit me on the head as I was getting a book from the bookcase.'

I dropped the book, and when I picked it up the sharp corner of the dresser bashed me on the other side of the head. Now my pen's empty, and there is scarcely any ink!'

'Let me fill it for you,' said Alayne. 'I think there is enough ink.'

She filled it, kissed the bumped head, and left him.

As she descended the stairs, she had a glimpse of Piers and Pheasant in a deep window seat on the landing. They had drawn the shabby mohair curtains before them, but she saw that they were eating a huge red apple, bite about, like children.

The front door was standing open, and Renny was in the porch talking to a man whom Alayne knew to be a horse dealer. He was a heavy-jowled man with a deep, husky voice and little shrewd eyes. A raw blast, smelling of the drenched countryside, rushed in at the open door. The feet of the two men had left muddy tracks in the hall, and one of the clumber spaniels was critically sniffing over them. The other spaniel was humped up in the doorway biting himself ferociously just above the tail. In the sullen twilight of the late afternoon she could not distinguish Renny's features, but she could see his weather-beaten face close to the dealer's, as they talked lovingly together.

After all, she thought, he was little better than a horse dealer himself. He spent more time with his horses than he did with his family. Half the time he did not turn up at meals, and when he did appear, riding through the gate on his bony gray mare, his shoulders drooping and his long back slightly bent, as likely as not some strange and horsy being rode beside him.

And the devastating fascination he had for her! Beside him Eden upstairs at his desk seemed nothing but a petulant child. And yet Eden had bright and beautiful gifts which Renny had neither the imagination nor the intellect to appreciate!

Rags's face, screwed up with misery, appeared around a doorway at the back of the hall.

'My word, wot a draft!' she heard him mutter. 'It's enough to blow the tea things off the tray.'

'I will shut the door, Wragge,' she said,

kindly. But, regarding her offer with cold criticism as she stepped over the long plumed tail of a spaniel, she came to the conclusion that she had made it for the sole reason that she might stand in the doorway an instant with the gale blowing her, and be seen by Renny. After all, she did not quite escape the plumed tail. The high heel of her shoe pinched it sharply, and the spaniel gave an outraged yelp of pain. Renny peered into the hall with a snarl. Someone had hurt one of his dogs. His rough red eyebrows came down over his beak of a nose.

'I was going to close the door,' explained Alayne, 'and I stepped on Flossie's tail.'

'Oh,' said Renny, 'I thought perhaps Rags had hurt her.'

The horse dealer's little gray eyes twinkled at her through the gloom.

She tried to close the door, but the other spaniel humped himself against it. He would not budge. Renny took him by the scruff and dragged him into the porch.

'Stubborn things, ain't they?' remarked the horse dealer.

'Thanks, Renny,' said Alayne. She closed the door, and found herself, not alone in the hall, but out in the porch with the men.

Renny turned a questioning look on her. Now why had she done that? The wind was whipping her skirt against her legs, plastering her hair back from her forehead, splattering her face with raindrops. Why had she done such a thing?

'Well,' observed the horse dealer, 'I must be off. Mrs. Crowdy, she'll have it in for me if I'm late to supper.'

He and Renny made some arrangement to meet at Mistwell the next day, and he drove off in a noisy Ford car.

They were alone. A gust of wind shook the heavy creeper above the porch and sent a shower of drops that drenched their hair. He fumbled for a cigarette and with difficulty lighted it.

'I felt that I had to have the air,' she said. 'I have been in all day.'

'I suppose it does get on your nerves.'

'You must have hated my coming out in the middle of your conversation with that man. I do not think I ever did anything quite so stupid before.'

'It did n't matter. Crowdy was just going. But are you sure you won't take cold? Shall I get you a sweater out of the cupboard?'

'No. I am going in.' But she stood motionless, looking at the sombre shapes of the hemlocks that were being fast engulfed by the approaching darkness.

Was she in his arms — the rough tweed of his sleeve against her cheek — his lips pressing hers — his kisses torturing her, weakening her? No, he had not moved from where he stood. She was standing alone at the edge of the steps, the rain splattering her face as though with tears. Yet, so far as she was concerned, the embrace had been given, received. She felt the ecstasy, the relaxation, of it.

He stood there immobile, silhouetted against the window of the library, which had been, at that moment, lighted behind him.

Then his voice came as though from a long way off.

'What is it? You are disturbed about something.'

'No, no. I am all right.'

'Are you? I thought you had come out here to tell me something.'

'No, I had nothing to tell you. I came because — I cannot explain — but you and that man made a strange sort of picture out here, and I moved out into it unconsciously.' She realized with an aching relief that he had not guessed the trick her senses had played her. He had only seen her standing rigid at the top of the wind-swept steps.

A long-legged figure came bounding along the driveway, leaped on to the steps, and almost ran against her. It was Finch back from school. He was drenched. He threw a startled look at them and moved toward the door.

'Oh, Finch, you *are* wet!' said Alayne, touching his sleeve.

'That's nothing,' he returned gruffly.

'Well,' muttered Renny, 'you had better change into dry things and do some practising before tea.'

His tone, abstracted and curt, was unlike his usual air of indolent authority. Finch knew that he was expected to move instantly, but he could not force his legs to

carry him into the house. There was something in the porch, some presence, something between those two that mesmerized him. His soul seemed to melt within him, to go out through his chest gropingly toward theirs; his body a helpless shell propped there on two legs, while his soul crept out toward them, fawning about them like one of the spaniels — one of the spaniels on the scent of something strange and beautiful.

'You're so wet, Finch,' came distantly in Alayne's voice.

And then in Renny's: 'Will you do what I tell you! Get upstairs and change.'

Finch peered at them, dazed. Then, slowly, his soul skulked back into his body like a dog into its kennel. Once more his legs had life in them. 'Sorry,' he muttered, and half stumbled into the house.

Meg was coming down the stairway, and Rags had just turned on the light in the hall. 'How late you are!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, what a muddy floor! Finch, is it possible you brought all that mud in? One would think you were an elephant. Will you please take it up, Wragge, at once before it gets tramped in? How many times have I told you to wipe your boots on the mat outside, Finch?'

She was at the foot of the stairs now. She kissed him, and he rubbed his cheek, moist with rain, against hers, warm and velvety. 'M-m,' they breathed, rocking together.

'I've got to do some practising,' said Finch.

'No, dear,' replied his sister firmly. 'You can't practise now. It's time for tea.'

'But look here,' cried Finch, 'I shan't get any practice to-night, then. I've a lot of lessons to do!'

'You should n't be so late coming home. That's one reason I did n't want you to have such an expensive teacher. It's so worrying when there's no opportunity for practising. But of course Alayne would have it.'

'Darn it all!' bawled Finch. 'Why can't I practise in peace?'

'Finch, go upstairs this instant and change into dry things.'

The door of Gran's room opened and

Uncle Nick put his head out. 'What's this row about? Mama is sleeping.'

'It's Finch. He is being very unruly.' Meg turned her round sweet face toward Nicholas.

'Finch, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' said he. 'And all the money which is being spent on your music! Get upstairs with you. You deserve to have your ears cuffed.'

Finch, with his ears as red as though they had already had the cuffing, slunk up the stairs. Piers and Pheasant, still on the window seat, had drawn the curtains tightly across, so that they were effectually concealed except for the outline of their knees, and their feet, which projected under the edge. Finch, after a glance at the feet, was reasonably sure of their owners. What a lot of fun everyone had but himself! Snug and dry before warm fires, or petting in corners.

XVII

The books from New York were held in the Customhouse in the city. The day when the official card arrived informing Alayne of this the country was so submerged in cold November rain that a trip into town to get them seemed impossible. Alayne, with the despair of a disappointed child, wandered about the house, looking out of first one window and then another, gazing in helpless nostalgia at dripping hemlocks like funeral plumes, then at the meadows where the sheep huddled, next at the blurred wood that dipped to the wet ravine, and last, from a window in the back hall, on to the old brick oven, and the clothes drier, and a flock of draggled, rowdy ducks. She thought of New York, and her life there, of her little apartment, of the publishing house of Cory and Parsons, the reception room, the offices, the packing rooms. It all seemed like a dream. The streets with their cosmopolitan throngs; faces seen and instantly lost; faces seen more closely and remembered for a few hours — the splendid and terrible onward sweep of it! The image of every face here was bitten into her memory — even the faces of the farm laborers, of Rags, of the grocer's boy and the fishmonger.

How quiet Jalna could be! It lay under a spell of silence sometimes for hours. Now, in the hall, the only sound was the steady licking of a sore paw by the old sheep dog, and the far-away rattle of coals in the basement below. What did the Wragges do down there in the dim half-light? Quarrel — recriminate — make it up? Alayne had seen Wragge, a moment ago, glide through the hall and up the stairs with a tray to Meg's room. Oh, that endless procession of little lunches! Why could not the woman eat a decent meal at the table? Why this air of stale mystery? Why this turgid storing up behind all these closed doors? Grandmother: Boney — India — crinolines — scandal — Captain Whiteoak! Nicholas: Nip — London — whiskey — Millicent — gout! Ernest: Sasha — Shakespeare — old days at Oxford — debts! Meggie: broken hearts — bastards — little lunches — cozy plumpness!

And all the rest of them, getting their rooms ready for their old age — stuffy nests where they would sit and sit under the leaky roof of Jalna till at last it would crash in on them and obliterate them!

She must get Eden away from here before the sinister spell of the house caught them and held them forever. She would buy a house with her own money and still have enough left to keep them for a year or two — until he could make a living from his uncongenial work.

Above all she must not be in the house with Renny Whiteoak. She no longer concealed from herself the fact that she loved him. She loved him as she had never loved Eden — as she had not known that she was capable of loving anyone. A glimpse of him on his bony gray mare would make her forget whatever she was doing. His presence in the dining room or drawing-room was so disturbing to her that she began to think of her feelings as dangerously unmanageable.

Mrs. Wragge laboriously climbed the stairs from her domain and appeared in the hall. 'Please, Mrs. Whiteoak,' she said, 'Mr. Renny 'as sent word from the stables as he's goin' into town by motor this afternoon and if you'll send the card from the Customs back by Wright he says he'll get them books from the States. Or was it

books? Bless me, I've gone and forgot! And there's nothink throws 'im into a stew like a horror in a message!'

'It was books,' said Alayne. 'I will run up to my room and find the notice. Just come to the foot of the stairs and I'll throw it down to you.'

The thought of having the books that evening exhilarated her. She flew up the stairs.

Eden was not writing as she expected, but emptying the books out of the secretary and piling them on the bed.

'Hullo!' he exclaimed. 'See what a mess I'm in! I'm turning out all these old books. There are dozens and dozens I never look at. Taking up room. Old novels. Old *Arabian Nights*. Even old schoolbooks. And *Boys' Own*. Wake may have those.'

What a state the bed was in!

'Eden, are you sure they are not dusty?'

'Dusty! I'll bet they have not been dusted for five years. Look at my hands!'

'Oh, dear! Well, never mind. Renny's motoring into town and he will get the books from the Customs. Oh, wherever is that card? I know I left it on the desk, and you have heaped books all over it! Really, Eden, you are the most untidy being I have ever known!'

They argued, searching for the card, which was at last unearthed in the waste-paper basket. In the meantime the car had arrived at the door, and Mrs. Wragge was panting up the stairs with another message.

'He says he's late already, 'm, and will you please send the card. He says it's not half bad out, if you'd like a ride to town. But indeed, 'm, I should n't go if I was you, for Mr. Renny, he drives like all possessed, and the 'ighway will be like treacle.'

'Great idea!' cried Eden. 'We'll both go. Eh, Alayne? It'll do us good. I've been working like the devil. I can stir up Evans about the job, and you can do a little shopping. We'll have tea at The George and be home in time for supper. Will you do it, Alayne?'

Alayne would. Anything to be free for a few hours from the cramped and stubborn air of Jalna.

If Renny were disappointed at the appearance of Eden he did not show it. Husband and wife clambered, raincoated,

into the back seat under the dripping curtains. The wet boughs of the hemlocks swept the windows as they slid along the drive.

The highway was almost deserted. Like a taut wet ribbon it stretched before them, to their left alternate sodden woods, fields, and blurred outlines of villages; to their right the gray expanse of the inland sea, and already, on a sandy point, a lighthouse sending its solitary beam into the mist.

Alayne was set down before a shop. 'Are you sure you've plenty of money, dear?' — and a half-suppressed grin from Renny. Eden was taken to the Custom-house, and then the elder Whiteoak went about his own strange business among legginged, swearing hostlers, and moist-smelling straw, and beautiful, satin-coated creatures who bit their mangers and stamped in excess of boredom.

Alayne bought a bright French scarf to send to Rosamund Trent — 'just to show her that we have some pretty things up here'; two new shirts for Eden — a surprise; a box of sweets for Gran and another, richer, larger one for the family; a brilliant smock that she could not resist for Pheasant; and some stout woolen stockings for herself.

She found Eden and Renny waiting for her in the lobby of an upstairs tearoom. They chose a table near the crackling fire. In a corner on the floor Eden heaped Alayne's purchases on top of the package of books. Alayne's eyes gloated over them as they lay there. While they waited for their order, she told what she had bought and for whom, except the shirts, which were to be a surprise.

'And nothing for me?' pleaded Eden, trying to take her foot between his thick-soled boots.

'Wait and see.' She sent a warm, bright look toward him, trying to avoid Renny's dark gaze.

'Nor me?' he asked.

'Ha,' said Eden, 'there's nothing for you.' And he pressed Alayne's foot.

'What is that you have?' asked Renny, looking down his nose at Alayne's cake and ice cream.

'You seem to forget,' she replied, 'that I

am an American, and that I have n't tasted our national sweet for months.'

'I wish you would let me order an egg for you,' he returned, seriously. 'It would be much more staying.'

Eden interrupted: 'Do you know, brother Renny, you smell most horribly horsey?'

'No wonder. I've been embracing the sweetest filly you ever saw. She's going to be mine, too. What a neck! What flanks! And a hide like brown satin!' He stopped dipping a strip of toast into the yolk of an egg to gaze ecstatically into space.

Alayne gave way. She stared at him, drank in the sight of the firelight on his carved, weather-beaten face, lost herself in the depths of his unseeing eyes.

'Always horses — never girls,' Eden was saying rather thickly, through jam. 'I believe you dream o' nights of a wild mane whipping your face, and a pair of dainty hoofs pawing your chest. What a bedfellow, eh, brother Renny?' His tone was affectionate, and yet touched by the patronage of the intellectual toward the man who is interested only in active pursuits.

'I can think of worse,' said Renny, grinning.

Safe from the wind and rain, the three talked, laughed, and poured amber cups of tea from fat green pots.

'By the way,' said Eden, 'Evans wants me to stop in town all night. There is a man named Brown he wants me to meet.'

'Anything doing yet?' asked Renny.

Eden shook his head. 'Everything here is dead in a business way. The offices positively smell mouldy. But Evans says there's bound to be a tremendous improvement in the spring.'

'Why?' asked Alayne.

'I really don't know. Evans did n't say. But these fellows have ways of telling.'

'Oh, yes,' agreed Renny, solemnly. 'They know.'

Little boys, thought Alayne, that's what they are — nothing but little boys where business, city business, is concerned! Believing just what they're told. No initiative. I know five times as much about business as they.

'So,' went on Eden, 'if you don't mind trusting yourself to Renny, old lady, I'll stop the night here and see this man.

You'll just have to chuck those books back into the bookcase, and I'll look after them to-morrow. Too bad I left them all over the place.'

'Oh, I'll manage.' But she thought: He does n't care. He knows that I shall have to handle a hundred dusty books, that the bed is all upset, — they are even on the chairs and dresser, — and he'll never give it a second thought. He's selfish. He's as self-centred as a cat.

As Eden was putting her into the car he whispered: 'Our first night apart. I wonder if we'll be able to sleep.'

'It will seem strange,' she returned.

He pushed his head and shoulders into the dimness inside and kissed her. The rain was slashing against the car. Her parcels were heaped on the seat beside her.

'Keep the rug about you. Are you warm? Now your little paw.' He cuddled it against his cheek. 'Perhaps you would sooner have sat in the front seat with Renny.' She shook her head and he slammed the door, just as the car started.

They were off, through the blurred, streaming streets, nosing their way through the heavily fumbling traffic. Then out of the town. Along the shore, where a black cavern indicated the lake and one felt suddenly small and lonely. Why did he not speak to her? Say something ordinary and comforting.

They were turning into a lane, so narrow that there was barely room for the motor to push through. Renny turned toward her.

'I have to see a man in here. I shan't be more than five minutes. Do you mind?'

'Of course not.' But she thought: He asks me if I mind after we are here. If that is n't like the Whiteoaks! Of course I mind. I shall perfectly hate sitting here in the chill dark alone in this lashing rain. But he does not care. He cares nothing about me. Possibly forgets — everything — just as he promised he would — and I cannot forget — and I suffer.

He had plunged into the darkness and was swallowed as completely as a stone dropped into a pool. She snuggled her chin into the fur about her neck and drew the rug closer. Then she discovered that he had left the door open. He did not care whether she was wet or chilled to the bone.

She could have whimpered — indeed she did make a little whimpering sound as she leaned over the seat and clutched at the door. She could not get it shut. She sank back and again pulled the rug closer. It was as though she were in a tiny house in the woods alone, shut in by the echoing walls of rain. Suppose that she lived in a tiny house in the woods alone — with Renny — waiting for him now to come home to her. Oh, God, why could she not keep him out of her thoughts! Her mind was becoming like a hound, always running, panting, on the scent of Renny — Renny, Reynard the Fox!

She and Eden must leave Jalna, have a place of their own, before she became a different being from the one he had married. Even now she scarcely recognized herself — a desperate, gypsy, rowdy something was growing in her, the sedate daughter of Professor Knowlton C. Archer.

He was getting into the car. From the black, earthy-smelling void into which he had dropped he as suddenly reappeared, sinking heavily into the seat and banging the door after him.

'Was I long?' he asked in a muffled tone. 'I'm afraid I was more than five minutes.'

'It seemed long.' Her voice sounded faint and far away.

'I think I'll have a cigarette before we start.' He fumbled for his case, then offered it to her.

She took one and he struck a light. As her face was illumined he looked into it thoughtfully.

'I was thinking, as I came down the lane, that if you were n't the wife of Eden I should ask you if you would like to be my mistress.'

The match was out, and again they were in darkness.

'A man might cut in on another man that way,' he went on, 'but not one's brother — one's half-brother.'

'Don't you recognize sin?' she asked, out of the faint smoke cloud that veiled her head.

'No, I don't think I do. At least, I've never been sorry for anything I've done. But there are certain decencies of living. You don't really love him, do you?'

'No, I just thought I did.'

'And you do love me?'

'Yes.'

'It's rotten hard luck. I've been fighting against it, but I've gone under.' He continued on a note of ingenuous wonder. 'And to think that you are Eden's wife! What hopelessly rotten luck!'

She was thinking: If he really lets himself go and asks me that, I shall say yes. That nothing matters but our love — better throw decency to the winds than have this tumult inside one. I cannot bear it. I shall say yes.

Life in a dark full tide was flowing all about them. Up the lane it swept, as between the banks of a river. They were afloat on it, two leaves that had come together and were caught. They were submerged in it, as the quivering reflections of two stars. They talked in low, broken voices. When had he first begun to love her? When had she first realized that all those exultant, expectant moods of hers were flaring signals from the fresh fire that was now consuming her? But he did not again put into words his desire for her. He who had all his life ridden desire as a galloping horse now took for granted that in this deepest love he had known he must keep the whip hand of desire. She who had lived a life of self-control was now ready to be swept away in amorous acquiescence, caring for nothing but his love.

At last, mechanically he moved under the wheel and let in the clutch. The car moved slowly backward down the sodden lane, lumbered with elephantine obstinacy through the long grass of the ditch, and slid then, hummingly, along the highway.

They scarcely spoke until they reached Jalna, except when he said over his shoulder: 'Should you care to ride? This new mare is just the thing for you. She's very young, but beautifully broken, and as kind as a June day. You'd soon learn.'

'But did n't you buy her as a speculation?'

'Well — I'm going to breed from her.'

'If you think I can learn —'

'I should say that you would ride very well. You have the look of it — a good body.'

The family were at supper. Meg ordered a fresh pot of tea for the late comers.

VOL. 140 — NO. 3

'Could we have coffee instead?' asked Renny. 'Alayne is tired of your everlasting tea, Meggie.'

Nicholas asked: 'What books did they send? I should n't mind reading a new novel. I'll have a cup of that coffee when it comes. Where did you get rid of Eden? Are n't you cold, child?'

His deep eyes were on them with a veiled expression, as though behind them he were engaged in some complicated thinking.

'Evans wanted him to stay in town,' answered Renny, covering his cold beef with mustard.

As Nicholas and Ernest separated for the night Nicholas said in his growling undertone: 'Did you notice anything about those two?'

Ernest had been blinking, but now he was alert at once. 'No, I did n't. And yet, now I come to think of it — What d'ye mean, Nick?'

'They're gone on each other. No doubt about that. I'll just go in with you a minute and tell you what I noticed.'

The two stepped softly into Ernest's room, closing the door after them.

Renny, in his room, was sitting in a shabby leather armchair, with a freshly filled pipe in his hand. This particular pipe, this chair, were sacred to his last smoke before going to bed. He did not light up now, however, but sat with the comfort of the smooth bowl in the curve of his hand, brooding, with the bitterness of hopeless love, on the soft desirability of the loved one. This girl. This wife of Eden's. The infernal cruelty of it! It was not as though he loved her only carnally, as he had other women. He loved her protectingly, tenderly. He wanted to keep her from hurt. His passion, which in other affairs had burst forth like a flamboyant red flower without foliage, now reared its head almost timidly through tender leaves of protectiveness and pure affection.

There she lay in the next room alone. Not only alone, but loving him. He wondered if she had already surrendered herself to him in imagination. No subtle vein of femininity ran through the stout fabric of his nature that might have made it possible for him to imagine her feelings. To him she was a closed book in a foreign language.

There she lay in the next room alone. He had heard her moving about in her preparation for bed. She had seemed to be moving things about, and he had remembered Eden's saying something about emptying out the bookcase. The blasted fool! Leaving her to handle a lot of heavy books. He had thought of going in to do it for her, but he had decided against that. God knows what might have come of it — alone together in there — the rain on the roof — the old moss-grown roof of Jalna pressing above them, all the passions that had blazed and died beneath it dripping down on them, pressing them together.

There she lay in the next room alone. He pictured her in a fine embroidered shift, curled softly beneath the silk eider down like a kitten, her hair in two long honey-colored braids on the pillow. He got up and moved restlessly to the door, opened it, and looked out into the hall. A gulf of darkness there. And a silence broken only by the low rumble of Uncle Nick's snore and the rasping tick of the old clock. God! Why had Eden chosen to stay away to-night?

Wakefield stirred on the bed, and Renny closed the door and came over to him. He opened his eyes and smiled sleepily up at him. 'Renny — a drink.'

He filled a glass from a carafe on the washstand and held it to the child's mouth. Wake raised himself on his elbow and drank contentedly, his upper lip magnified to thickness in the water. He emptied the glass and threw himself back on the pillow, wet-mouthed and soft-eyed.

'Coming to bed, Renny?'

'Yes.'

'Had your smoke?'

'Yes.'

'M-m. I don't smell it.'

'I believe I've forgotten it.'

'Funny. I say, Renny, when you get into bed will you play we're somebody else? I'm nervous.'

'Rot. You go to sleep.'

'Honestly. I'm as nervous as anything. Feel my heart.'

Renny felt it. 'It feels perfectly good to me.' He pulled the clothes about the child's shoulders and patted his back. 'One would think you were a hundred. You're more trouble than Gran.'

A muffled tread sounded in the hall and a low knock on the door. Renny opened it on Rags, sleep-rumpled but important.

'Sorry to disturb you, sir, but Wright is downstairs. 'E's just come in from the stible and 'e says Cora's colt 'as took a turn for the worse, sir, and would you please 'ave a look at it.'

Rags spoke with the bright eagerness of hired help who have bad news to tell.

This was bad indeed, for Cora was a new and expensive purchase.

'Oh, curse the luck,' growled Renny, as he and Wright, with coat collars turned up, hurried through the rain, which was now only a chill drizzle, toward the stable.

'Yes, indeed, sir,' said Wright. 'It's pretty hard luck. I was just going to put the light out and go to bed, when I saw she was took bad. She's just been nursed, too, and we'd give her a raw egg, but she sort of collapsed and waved her head about, and I thought I'd better fetch you. She'd seemed a bit stronger to-day, too.'

Down in the stable it was warm and dry. The electric light burned clearly — lamps in the house, electricity in the stables at Jalna — and there was a pleasant smell of new hay. The foal lay on a bed of clean straw in a loose box. Its dam, in the adjoining stall, threw yearning and troubled glances at it over the partition. Why was not its tender nose pressing and snuffling against her? Why, when it suckled, did it pull so feebly, with none of those delicious buntings and furious pullings which, instinct told her, were normal and seemly?

Renny pulled off his coat, threw it across the partition, and knelt beside the foal. It seemed to know him, for its great liquid eyes sought his face with a pleading question in them. Why was it thus? Why had it been dropped from warm indolent darkness into this soul-piercing light? What was it? And along what dark, echoing alley would it soon have to make its timid way alone?

Its head, large and carved, was raised above its soft furry body; its stiff foal's legs looked all pitiful angles.

'Poor little baby,' murmured Renny, passing his hands over it, 'poor little sick baby.'

Wright and Dobson stood by, reiterating

the things they had done for it. Cora plaintively whinnied and gnawed the edge of her manger.

'Give me the liniment the vet left,' said Renny. 'Its legs are cold.'

He filled his palm with the liquid and began to rub the foal's legs. If only warmth and strength could pass from him into it! By Judas, he thought, perhaps there's some fiery virtue in my red head!

He sent the two men to their beds, for he wanted to look after the foal himself, and they must have their sleep.

He rubbed it till his arms refused to move, murmuring encouragements to it — foolish baby talk: 'Little colty'; 'Poor little young 'un'; 'Does she feel 'ittle bit better then?' and 'Cora's baby girl!'

Comforting noises came from other stalls — soft blowings through wide, velvety nostrils; deep, contented sighs; now and again a happy munching as a wisp of left-over supper was consumed; the deep sucking in of a drink. He took a turn through the passages between the stalls, sleepy whinnies of recognition welcoming him. In the hay-scented dusk he caught the shine of great liquid eyes, a white blaze on a forehead, a white star on a breast, or the flash of a suddenly tossed mane. God, how he loved them, these swift and ardent creatures! 'Shall I ever see the foal standing tall and proud in her box like one of these?'

He went back to her.

Cora had lain down, a dark hump in the shadow of her stall. In her anxiety she had kicked her bedding into the passage, and lay on the bare floor.

The foal's eyes were half closed, but when Renny put his hand on its tawny flank they flew wide open, and a shiver slid beneath his palm. He felt its legs. Warmer. He was going to save it! He was going to save it!

It wanted to rise. He put his arms about it. 'There — up she comes — now!' It was on its feet, its eyes blazing with courage, its neck ridiculously arched, its legs stiffly braced. Clattering her hoofs, Cora rose, whinnying, and looked over the partition at her offspring. It answered her with a little grunt, took two wavering steps, then, as if borne down by the weight of its

heavy head, collapsed again on the straw. 'Hungry. Hungry. Poor old baby's hungry! She's coming, Cora! Hold on, pet.' He carried the colt to its dam and supported it beneath her.

Oh, her ecstasy! She quivered from head to foot. She nozzled it, slobbering, almost knocking it over. She nozzled Renny, wetting his hair. She bit him gently on the shoulder. 'Steady on. Steady on, old thing! Ah, the baby's got it! Now for a meal!'

Eagerly it began to suck, but had scarcely well begun when its heart failed it and it turned its head petulantly away. Cora looked at Renny in piteous questioning. The foal hung heavy in his arms. He carried it back, and began the rubbing again. It dozed. He dozed, his face glistening with sweat under the electric light.

But another light was penetrating the stable. Daylight, pale and stealthy as a cat, creeping through the straw, gliding along the cobweb-hung beams, penetrating delicately into the blackest corners. Impatient whinnies were flung from stall to stall. Low, luscious 'moos' answered from the byre. The orchestra of cocks delivered its brazen salute to the dawn. The stallion's blue-black eyes burned in fiery morning rage, but the little foal's eyes were dim.

Renny bent over it, felt its legs, looked into its eyes. 'Oh, that long, long, lonely gallop ahead of me,' its eyes said. 'To what strange pasture am I going?'

Wright came clattering down the stairs, his broad face anxious. 'How's the wee foal, sir?'

'It's dying, Wright.'

'Ah, I was afraid we could n't save her. Lord, Mr. Whiteoak, you should n't have stopped up all night! When I saw the light burning I was sure you had and I came straight over.'

Cora uttered a loud, terrified whinny.

The two men bent over the foal.

'It's gone, Wright.'

'Yes, sir. Cora knows.'

'Go in and quiet her. Have it taken away. God, it came suddenly at the last.'

The rain was over. A mild breeze had blown a clear space in the sky. It was of palest blue, and the blown-back clouds, of

pearl and amethyst, were piled up one on another like tumbled towers. Behind the wet boles of the pines a red spark of sunrise burned like a torch.

Renny pictured the soul of the foal, strong-legged, set free, galloping with glad squeals toward some celestial meadow, its eyes like stars, its tail a flaming meteor, its flying hoofs striking bright sparks from rocky planets. 'What a blithering ass I am! Worse than Eden — writing poetry next. All her foals — and theirs — generations of them — lost.'

He went in at the kitchen door, and found young Pheasant, a sweater over her night-dress. She was sitting on the table eating a thick slice of bread and butter.

'Oh, Renny, how is the little colt? I wakened before daylight and I couldn't go to sleep again for thinking of it, and I got so hungry and I came down as soon as it was light enough to get something to eat, and I saw the light under your door and I was sure it was worse. Wake called to me and he said Wright had come for you.'

'Yes, Wright came.'

He went to the range and held his hands over it. He was chilled through. She studied him out of the sides of her eyes. He looked aloof, unapproachable, but after a moment he said gently: 'Make me a cup of tea, like a good kid. I'm starved with the cold in that damned stable. The kettle's singing.'

She slid from the table and got the kitchen teapot, fat, brown, shiny, with a nicked spout. She dared not ask him about the colt. She cut some fresh bread and spread it, thinking how strange it was to be in the kitchen at this hour with Renny, just like Rags and Mrs. Wragge.

Renny sat down by the table. His thin, highly colored face looked worn. Straws clung to his coat. His hands, which he had washed at a basin in the scullery, looked red and chapped. To Pheasant, suddenly, he was not imposing, but pathetic. She bent over him, putting her arm around his shoulders.

'Is it dead?' she whispered.

He nodded, scowling. Then she saw that there were tears in his eyes. She clasped him to her, and they cried together.

XVIII

Early in December, Augusta, Lady Buckley, came from England to visit her family. It would probably, unless her mother proposed to live forever, be the last Christmas the ancient lady would be on earth. At any rate, Augusta said in her letter, it would be the last visit to them in her own lifetime, for she felt herself too old to face the vagaries of ocean travel.

'She has said that on each of her last three visits,' observed Nicholas. 'She makes as many farewells as Patti. I'll wager she lives to be as old as Mama.'

'Never!' interrupted his mother, angrily. 'Never! I won't have it! She'll never live to see ninety.'

'Augusta is a handsome woman,' said Ernest. 'She has a dignity that is never seen now. I remember her as a dignified little thing when we were in shoulder knots.'

'She always has an offended air,' returned Nicholas. 'She looks as though something had offended her very deeply in early infancy and she had never got over it.'

Mrs. Whiteoak cackled. 'That's true, Nick. It was on the voyage from India, when I was so sick. Your papa had to change her under things and he stuck her with a safety pin, poor brat!'

The brothers laughed callously, and each squeezed an arm of the old lady. She was such an entertaining old dear. They wondered what they should ever do without her. Life would never be the same when she was gone. They would realize then that they were old, but they would never quite realize it while she lived.

They were taking her for her last walk of the season. This always occurred on a mild day in December. After that she kept to the house till the first warm spring day.

She invariably went as far as the wicket gate in the hedge beside the drive, a distance of perhaps fifty yards. They had arrived at the gate now, and she had put out her hands and laid them on the warm and friendly surface of it. They shook a good deal from the exertion, so that a tremor ran through her into the gate and was returned like a flash of secret recognition. Those three had stood together at that gate nearly seventy

years before, when she was a lovely-shouldered young woman with auburn ringlets and they two tiny boys in green velvet suits with embroidered cambric vests, and cockscombs of hair atop their heads.

They stood leaning against the gate without speaking, filled for the moment with quaint recollections, enjoying the mild warmth of the sun on their backs. Then Ernest: 'Shall we turn back, Mama?'

Her head was cocked. 'No. I hear horses' hooves.'

'She does, by gad,' said Nicholas. 'You have better ears than your sons, Mama.'

Renny and Alayne were returning from a ride. Like soft thunder the sound of their galloping swept along the drive. Then horses and riders appeared, the tall, bony gray mare and the bright chestnut, the long, drooping, gray-coated figure of the man and the lightly poised, black-habited girl.

'Splendid!' cried Nicholas. 'Is n't she doing well, Ernie?'

'One would think she had ridden all her life.'

'She's got a good mount,' observed Renny, drawing in his horse and throwing a look of pride over the chestnut and his rider.

Alayne's eyes were bright with exhilaration. In riding she had found something which all her life she had lacked — the perfect outdoor exercise. She had never been good at games, had never indeed cared for them, but she had taken to riding as a waterfowl to the pond. She had gained strength physically and mentally, and had learned to love a gallop over frozen roads, against a bitter wind, as well as a canter in the temperate sun.

Renny was a severe master. Nothing but a good seat and a seemly use of the good hands nature had given her satisfied him. But when at last she rode well, dashing along before him, bright wisps of hair blown from under her hat, her body light as a bird's against the wind, he was filled with a voluptuous hilarity of merely living. He could have galloped on and on behind her, swift and arrogant, to the end of the world.

Sometimes Eden and Pheasant and Piers rode with them, and once they were joined

by Maurice Vaughan, to Pheasant's child-like delight. It was on this occasion that Eden's horse slipped on the edge of a cliff above the lake, and would have taken him to the bottom had not Renny caught the bridle and dragged horse and rider to safety. He had pushed Piers and Maurice aside to do this, as though with a fierce determination to save Eden himself. Did he covet the satisfaction, Alayne wondered afterward, of risking his life to save Eden's, to make up to him for winning the love of his wife, or was it only the arrogant, protective gesture of the head of the family?

Now at any time the bitterness of winter would descend on them. The rides would be few.

'Watch me,' cried Grandmother. 'I'm going back to the house now. This is my last walk till spring. Ha — my old legs feel wobbly! Hold me up, Nick. You're no more support than a feather bolster!'

The three figures shuffled along the walk, scarcely seeming to move. The horses dropped their heads and began to crop the dank grass of December.

'You've no idea,' said Renny, 'how much the old lady and the two old boys mean to me!'

His grandmother had reached the steps. He waved his riding crop and shouted: 'Well done! Bravo, Gran! Now you're safe till spring, eh?'

'Tell them,' wheezed Gran to Nicholas, 'that when they've put their nags away they're to come and kiss me.'

'What does she say?' shouted Renny.

Nicholas rumbled: 'She wants to be kissed.'

When they had installed their mother in her favorite chair, he said in a heavy undertone to Ernest: 'Those two are getting in deeper every day. Where's it going to end? Where are Eden's eyes?'

'Oh, my dear Nick, you imagine it. You always were on the lookout for that sort of thing. I've seen nothing. Still, it's true that there is a *feeling*. Something in the air. But what can we do? I'd hate to interfere with an affair of Renny's. Besides, Alayne is not that sort of girl.'

'They're all that sort. Show me the woman who would n't enjoy a love affair with a man like Renny, especially if she

were snatched up from a big city and hidden away in a sequestered hole like Jalna. I'd be tempted to have one myself if I could find a damsel decrepit enough to fancy me!'

Ernest took up a newspaper and glanced at the date. 'The seventeenth. Just fancy! Augusta will arrive in Montreal to-morrow. I expect the poor thing has had a terrible passage. She always chooses such bad months for crossing.' He wanted to change the subject. It upset his digestion to talk about the affairs of Renny and Alayne. Besides, he thought that Nicholas exaggerated the seriousness of it. They might be rather too interested in each other, but they were both too sensible to let the interest go to dangerous lengths. He looked forward to seeing Augusta — he and she had always been congenial.

Lady Buckley arrived two days later. She was like a table set for an elaborate banquet at which the guests would never arrive. Her costume was intricate, elegant, with the elegance of a bygone day, unapproachable. No one would ever dare to rumple her with a healthy hug. Even old Mrs. Whiteoak held her in some awe, though behind her back she made ribald and derisive remarks about her. She resented Augusta's title, pretended that she could not recall it, and had always spoken to her acquaintances of 'my daughter, Lady Bunting — or Bunting — or Bantling.'

Augusta wore her hair in the dignified curled fringe of Queen Alexandra. It was scarcely gray, though whether through the kindness of nature or art was not known. She wore high collars fastened by handsome brooches. She had a long, tapering waist, and shapely hands and feet, the latter just showing beneath the hem of her rather full skirt. That air of having never recovered from some deep offense, of which Nicholas had spoken, was perhaps suggested by the poise of her head, which always seemed to be drawn back as though in recoil. She had strongly arched eyebrows, dark eyes, become somewhat glassy from age, the Court nose in a modified form, and a mouth that nothing could startle from its lines of complacent composure. She was an extremely well-preserved woman, who, though she was older than Nicholas or Ernest, looked many years younger.

Since it was her fate to have been born in a colony, she was glad it had been India and not Canada. She thought of herself as absolutely English, refuting as an unhappy accident her mother's Irish birth.

She was most favorably impressed by Alayne. She was pleased by a certain delicate sobriety of speech and bearing that Alayne had acquired from much association with her parents.

'She is neither hoydenish nor pert, as so many modern girls are,' she observed to her mother, in her deep, well-modulated voice.

'Got a good leg on her, too,' returned the old lady, grinning.

Lady Buckley and Alayne had long conversations together. The girl found beneath the remote exterior a kind and sympathetic nature. Lady Buckley was fond of all her nephews, but especially of the young boys. She would tell old-fashioned stories, some of them unexpectedly blood-curdling, to Wakefield by the hour. She would sit very upright beside Finch while he practised his music lesson, composedly praising and criticizing, and the boy seemed to like her presence in the room. She endeared herself to Alayne by being kind to Pheasant. 'Let us ignore her mother's birth,' she said, blandly. 'Her father is of a fine old English military family, and, if her parents were not married — well, many of the nobility spring from illegitimate stock. I quite like the child.'

It was soon evident that Meg resented her aunt's attitude toward Piers's marriage, her admiration for Alayne, and her influence over Finch and Wakefield. She first showed her resentment by eating even less than formerly at the table. It would have been a marvel how she kept so sleek and plump had one not known of those tempting secret trays carried to her by Rags, who, if he were loyal and devoted to anyone on earth, was loyal and devoted to Miss Whiteoak.

She then took to sitting a great deal with her grandmother with the door shut against the rest of the family, and a blazing fire on the hearth. The old lady thrived on the scorching air and gossip. There was nothing she enjoyed more than 'hauling Augusta over the coals' behind her back. To her face she gave her a grudging respect.

Since Augusta approved of Finch's music

lessons it was inevitable that his practising should prove a torture to the old lady. 'Gran simply cannot stand those terrible scales and chromatics,' Meg said to Renny. 'Just at the hour in the day when she usually feels her brightest her nerves are set on edge. At her age it's positively dangerous.'

'If the boy were taking lessons from Miss Pink,' retorted Renny, bitterly, 'the practising would n't disturb Gran in the least.'

'Why, Renny, Gran never objected to his taking from Mr. Oliver! It does n't matter to her whom he takes from, though certainly Miss Pink would never have taught him to *hammer* as he insists on doing.'

'No, she would have taught him to tinkle out little tunes with no more pep than a toy music box. If the youngster is musical, he's going to be properly taught. Alayne says he's very talented.'

The words were scarcely out before he knew he had made a fatal mistake in quoting Alayne's opinion. He saw Meg's face harden, he saw her lips curl in a cruel little smile. He floundered. 'Oh, well, anyone can see that he's got talent. I saw it long ago. That is why I chose Mr. Oliver.'

She made no reply for a moment, but still smiled, her soft blue eyes searching his. Then she said: 'I don't think you realize, Renny, how strange your attitude toward Alayne is becoming. You have almost a possessive air. Sometimes I think it would be better if Eden had never brought her here. I've tried to like her, but —'

'Oh, my God,' said Renny, wheeling, and beginning to stride away. 'You women make me sick! There's no peace with you! Imagine the entire family by the ears because of a kid's music lessons!' He gave a savage laugh.

Meg, watching him flounder, was aware of depths she had only half suspected.

'It's not that. It's not that. It's the *feeling* that there's something wrong — some sinister influence at work. From the day Eden brought the girl here I was afraid.'

'Afraid of what?'

'Afraid of something in her. Something fatal and dangerous. First she wormed her way —'

'*Wormed her way!* Oh, Meggie, for heaven's sake!'

'Yes, she did! She literally wormed her way into the confidence of the uncles. Then she captivated poor Finch. Just because she told him he was musical he is willing to practise till he's worn out and Grannie is ill. Then she turned Wake against me. He won't mind a thing I say! And now you, Renny! But this is dangerous. Different. Oh, I've seen it coming!'

He had recovered himself. 'Meggie,' he said, stifling her in a rough tweed hug, 'if you would ever eat a decent meal — you know, you literally starve yourself — and ever go out anywhere for a change, you would n't get such ideas into your head. They're not like you. You are so sane, so well balanced. None of us has as sound a head as you. I depend on you in every way. You know that.'

She collapsed, weeping on his shoulder, overwhelmed by his primitive masculine appeal. But she was not convinced. Her sluggish nature was roused to activity against the machinations of Alayne and Lady Buckley.

That evening when Finch went to the drawing-room to practise he found the piano locked. He sought Renny in the harness room of the stable. 'Look here,' he burst out, almost crying, 'what do you suppose? They've gone and locked me out. I can't practise my lesson. They've been after me for a week about it and now I'm locked out.'

Renny, pipe in mouth, continued to gaze in whole-souled admiration at a new russet saddle.

'Renny,' bawled Finch, 'don't you hear? They've locked me out of the drawing-room.'

Renny made sympathetic noises against the stem of his pipe and continued to gaze at the saddle. Finch drove his hands into his pockets and slumped against the door jamb. He felt calmer now. Renny would do something, he was sure, but he dreaded a row with himself the centre of it.

At last the elder Whiteoak spoke. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Finch. I'll ask Vaughan if you may practise on his piano. I'm sure he would n't mind. The house-keeper's deaf, so her nerves won't be upset.'

I'll have the piano tuned. It used to be a good one. Then you'll be quite independent.'

Soon young Finch might be seen plunging through the ravine on the dark December afternoons to the shabby, unused drawing-room of Vaughanlands. He brought new life to the old piano, and it, like land that had lain fallow for many years, responded joyfully to his labor, and sent up a stormy harvest of sound that shook the prised chandelier.

Often he was late for the evening meal, and would take what he could get in the kitchen from Mrs. Wragge. Several times Maurice Vaughan asked him to have his supper with him, and Finch felt very much a man, sitting opposite Maurice with a glass of beer beside him, and no question about his smoking.

Maurice always managed to bring the conversation around to Meggie. It was difficult for Finch to find anything pleasant to tell about her in these days, but he discovered that Maurice was even more interested to hear of her cantankerousness than her sweetness. It seemed to give him a certain glum satisfaction to know that things were at sixes and sevens with her.

Finch had not been so happy since he was a very little fellow. He had perhaps never been so happy. He discovered in himself a yearning for perfection in the interpretation of his simple musical exercises which he had never had in his Latin translations or his math. He discovered that he had a voice. All the way home, through the black ravine, he would sing, sometimes at the top of his lungs, sometimes in a tender, melancholy undertone.

But how his school work suffered! His report at the end of the term was appalling. As Eden said, he out-Finched himself. In the storm that followed, his one consolation was that a large share of the blame was hurled at Renny. However, that did him little good in the end, for Renny turned on him, cursing him for a young shirker, and threatening to stop the lessons altogether.

Aunt Augusta and Alayne stood by him, but with caution. Augusta did not want her visit to become too unpleasant, and Alayne had come to regard her position in the house as a voyageur his difficult

progress among treacherous rocks and raging rapids. She could endure it till the New Year, when Eden was to take a position in town which Mr. Evans had got for him, and no longer.

Christmas came. Books for Alayne from New York, with a chastely engraved card enclosed from Mr. Cory. More books and a little framed etching from the aunts up the Hudson. An overblouse, in which she would have frozen at Jalna, from Rosamund Trent. Alayne carried them about, showing them, and then laid them away. They seemed unreal.

There were no holly wreaths at Jalna. No great red satin bows. But the banister was twined with evergreens, and a sprig of mistletoe was suspended from the hanging lamp in the hall. In the drawing-room a great Christmas tree towered toward the ceiling, bristling with the strange fruit of presents for the family, from Grandmother down to little Wake.

A rich hilarity drew them all together that day. They loved the sound of each other's voices; they laughed on the least provocation; by evening the young men showed a tendency toward horseplay. There was a late dinner dominated by the largest turkey Alayne had ever seen. There was a black and succulent plum pudding with brandy sauce. There were native sherry and port. The Fennels were there; the two daughters of the retired admiral; and lonely little Miss Pink, the organist. Mr. Fennel proposed Grandmother's health in a toast so glowing with metaphor and prickling with wit that she suggested that if he were three sheets in the wind on Sunday he would preach a sermon worth hearing. The admiral's daughters and Miss Pink were flushed and steadily smiling in the tranced gayety induced by wine. Meg was soft and dimpled as a young girl.

A great platter of raisins smothered in flaming brandy was carried in by Rags, wearing the exalted air of an acolyte. The raisins were placed on the table in the midst of the company. Tortured blue flames leaped above them, quivering, writhing, and at last dying into quick-running ripples. Hands, burnished like brass, stretched out to snatch the raisins: Wake's, with its round, child's wrist;

Finch's, bony and predatory; Piers's, thick, muscular; Grandmother's, dark, its hook-like fingers glittering with jewels — all the grasping, eager hands and the watchful faces behind them, illuminated by the flare, Gran's eyes like coals beneath her beetling red brows.

Pheasant's hands fluttered like little brown birds. She was afraid of getting burned. Again and again the blue flames licked them and they darted back.

'You are a little silly,' said Renny. 'Make a dash for them, or they'll be gone!'

She set her teeth and plunged her hand into the flames. 'Oh — oh, I'm going to be burned!'

'You've only captured two,' laughed Eden, on her other side, and laid a glossy cluster on her plate.

Renny saw his hand slide under the table and cover hers in her lap. His eyes sought Eden's and held them a moment. They gazed with narrowed lids, each seeing something in the other that startled him. Scarcely was this unrecognized something seen when it was gone, as a film of vapor that changes for a moment the clarity of the well-known landscape and shows a scene, obscure, even sinister. The shadow passed and they smiled, and Eden withdrew his hand.

Under the mistletoe Mr. Fennel — Grandmother having been carefully steered that way by two grandsons — caught and kissed her, his beard rough, her cap askew.

Uncle Ernest, a merry gentleman that night, caught and kissed Miss Pink, who most violently became Miss Scarlet!

Tom Fennel caught and kissed Pheasant. 'Here now, Tom, you fathead, cut that out!' from Piers.

Finch, seeing everything double after two glasses of wine, caught and kissed two white-shouldered Alaynes. It was the first time she had worn an evening dress since her marriage.

Nicholas growled to Ernest: 'Did you ever see a hungry wolf? Look at Renny glowering in that corner! Is n't Alayne lovely to-night?'

'Everything's lovely,' said Ernest, rocking on his toes. 'Such a nice Christmas!'

They played charades and dumb crambo.

To see Grandmother — inadvertently shouting out the name of the syllable she was acting — as Queen Victoria, and Mr. Fennel as Gladstone!

To see Meg as Mary, Queen of Scots, with Renny as executioner, all but cutting off her head with the knife with which he had carved the turkey!

To see Alayne, as the Statue of Liberty, holding a bedroom lamp on high ('Look out, Alayne, don't tilt it so! You'll have the house on fire!'), and Finch as a hungry immigrant!

You saw the family of Jalna at their happiest in exuberant play.

Even when the guests were gone and the Whiteoaks getting ready for bed, they could not settle down.

Ernest, in shirt and trousers, prowled through the dim hallway, a pillow from his bed in one hand. He stopped at Renny's door. It was ajar. He could see Renny winding his watch, Wake sitting up in bed chattering excitedly.

Ernest hurled the pillow at Renny's head. Renny staggered, bewildered by the unexpected blow, and dropped his watch.

'By Judas,' he said, 'if I get you!' With his pillow he started in pursuit.

'A pillow fight! A pillow fight!' cried Wake, and scrambled out of bed.

Ernest had got as far as his brother's room. 'Nick,' he shouted, in great fear, 'save me!'

Nicholas, his gray mane on end, was up and into it. Piers, like a bullet, sped down the hall. Finch, dragged from slumber, had barely reached the scene of conflict when a back-handed blow from Eden's pillow laid him prostrate.

Nicholas's room was a wreck. Up and down the passage the combatants surged. The young men forgot their loves, their fears, their jealousies, the two elderly men their years, in the ecstasy of physical, half-naked conflict.

'Boys! Boys!' cried Meg, drawing aside her chenille curtain.

'Steady on, old lady!' — and a flying pillow drove her into retreat.

Pheasant appeared at her door, her short hair all on end. 'May I play, too?' she cried, hopping up and down.

'Back to your hole, little hedgehog!'

said Renny, giving her a feathery thump as he passed.

Renny was after Nicholas, who had suddenly become cognizant of his gout and could scarcely hobble. Piers and Finch were after Renny. They cornered him, and Nicholas, from being the well-nigh exhausted quarry, became the aggressor, and helped to belabor him.

Eden stood at the top of the stairs, laughingly holding off little Wake, who was manfully wielding a long old-fashioned bolster. Ernest, with one last hilarious fling in him, stole forth from his room and hurled a solid sofa cushion at the pair.

It struck Eden on the chest. He backed, missed his footing, and fell. Down the stairs he went crashing, with a noise that aroused Grandmother, who began to rap the floor with her stick.

'What's up? What have you done?' asked Renny.

'My God, I've knocked the lad down-stairs! What if I've killed him!'

The brothers streamed helter-skelter down the stairs.

'Oh, those bloody stairs!' groaned Eden. 'I've twisted my leg. I can't get up.'

'Don't move, old fellow.' They began to feel him all over.

The women emerged from their rooms.

'I have been expecting an accident,' said Augusta, looking more offended than usual.

'Oh, whatever is the matter?' cried Alayne.

Ernest answered, wringing his hands: 'Can you ever forgive me, Alayne? Piers says I've broken Eden's leg.'

XIX

Six weeks had passed, and Eden was still unable to leave his room. Besides a broken leg he had got a badly wrenched back. However, after the first suffering was over, he had not had such a bad time. It was almost with regret that he had heard the hearty red-faced doctor say this morning that he would soon be as fit as ever. It had been rather jolly lying here, being taken care of, listening to the complaints of others about the severity of the weather, the depth of the snowdrifts, and

the impossibility of getting anywhere with the car. The inactivity of body had seemed to generate a corresponding activity of mind. Never had he composed with less effort. Poetry flowed through him in an exuberant crystal stream. Alayne had sat by his couch and written the first poems out for him, in her beautiful, legible hand, but now he was able to sit up with a pad on his knee and scrawl them in his own way — decorating the margins with fanciful sketches in illustration.

Alayne had been a dear through it all. She had nursed him herself, fetching and carrying from the basement kitchen to their room without complaint, though he knew he had been hard to wait on in those first weeks. She had looked abominably tired. Those brick basement stairs were no joke. Her face seemed to have grown broader, flatter, with a kind of Teutonic patience in it that made him remember that her mother had been of Dutch extraction, several generations ago; but still it was there, the look of solidity and patience. A benevolent, tolerant face it might become in later life — but plainer, certainly.

She must have been disappointed, too, at his inability to take the position got for him by Mr. Evans, at the New Year. Though she had not said much about it, he knew that she was eager to leave Jalna and have a house of their own. He had refused to let her put her money into the buying of one, but he had agreed that, he paying the rent from his salary, she might buy the furniture. She had talked a good deal about just how she would furnish it. When his leg was paining, and he could not sleep, it was one of her favorite ways of soothing him; to stroke his head and furnish each of the rooms in turn. She had chosen the furniture for his workroom with great care, and also that for his bedroom and hers. He had been slightly aggrieved that she spoke of separate rooms, though upon reflection he had decided that it would be rather pleasant to be able to scatter his belongings all over his room without the feeling that he was seriously disturbing her. She was too serious, and that was a fact. She had a way of making him feel like a naughty boy. That had

been charming at first, but often now it irritated him.

There was something strange about her of late. Remote, inward-gazing. He hoped and prayed she was n't going to be mopy. A mopy wife would be disastrous to him — weigh on his spirits most dreadfully.

She had slept on the couch in their room during the first weeks after the accident when he had needed a good deal of waiting on at night. Later she had taken all her things and moved to a big low-ceiled room in the attic. She spent hours of her time there now. Of course, all he had to do was to ring the little silver bell at his side and she came flying down the stairs to him, but he could not help wondering what she did up there all alone. Not that he wanted her with him continually, but he could not forgive her for seeking solitude. He was really very happy. He was well except for a not unpleasant feeling of lassitude. He had also a feeling of exquisite irresponsibility and irrelevance. This interval in his life he accepted as a gift from the gods. It was a time of inner development, of freedom of spirit, of ease from the shackles of life.

He had scarcely felt the chafing of those shackles yet, and he did not want to feel them. He should have been a lone unicorn stamping in inconsequent gayety over sultry Southern plains, leaving bonds to tamer spirits.

He was just thinking this, and smiling at the thought, when Pheasant came into the room. She was carrying a plate of little red apples, and she wore the vivid smock bought for her by Alayne.

'Meggie sent you these,' she said, setting the plate beside him. 'As a matter of fact, I think you eat too much. You're not as slim as you were.'

'Well, it's a wonder I'm not thin,' he returned with some heat. 'God knows I've suffered!' He bit into an apple, and continued: 'You've never had any real sympathy for me, Pheasant.'

She looked at him, astonished.

'Why, I thought I'd been lovely to you! I've sat with you, and listened to your old poetry, and told you what a wonder you are. What more do you want?'

He reclined, drumming his fingers on the afghan that lay over him, a faint smile shadowing rather than lighting his face.

She examined his features and then said darkly: 'You're *too* clever, that's what's the matter with you.'

'My dear little Pheasant, don't call me by such a horrid word! I'm not clever. I'm only natural. You're natural. That is why we get on so famously.'

'We don't get on,' she returned, indignantly. 'Uncle Ernest was saying only the other day what a pity it is you and I quarrel so much.'

'He's an old ninny.'

'You ought to be ashamed to say that. He has done everything in his power to make up to you for hurting you. He has read to you by the hour. I don't think he'll ever get over the shock of seeing you hurtle downstairs with his pillow on top of you.'

'I agree with you. It was the most exhilarating thing that has happened to him in years. He looks ten years younger. To have knocked an athletic young fellow downstairs and broken his leg! Just when he began to feel the feebleness of old age creeping on! Why, he's like a young cockerel that's saluted the dawn with its first crow.'

'I think you're sardonic.'

'And I think you're delicious. I especially admire your wisdom, and that little tuft of hair that stands up on your crown. But I do wish you'd put it down. It excites me.'

She passed her hand over it.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that you pass your hand over your head exactly as I do. We have several identical gestures. I believe our gesture toward life is the same.'

'I think your greatest gift,' she said, stiffly, 'is flattery. You know just how to make a woman pleased with herself.'

She was such a ridiculous little child, playing at being grown up, that he could scarcely keep from laughing at her. Neither could he keep the tormenting image of her from his mind when she was away from him. He lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes.

Outside, the snow-covered lawns and fields, unmarked by the track of a human

being, stretched in burnished, rosy whiteness toward the sunset. The pines and hemlocks, clothed in the sombre grandeur of their winter foliage, threw shadows of an intense, translucent blueness.

When he opened his eyes and turned toward her she was gazing out on this scene. He thought there was a frightened look in her eyes. A faint sound of music came from Uncle Nick's room. He was playing his piano, as he often did at this hour.

'Pheasant.'

'Yes?'

'You look odd. Rather frightened.'

'I'm not a bit frightened.'

'Not of me, of course. But of yourself?'

'Yes, I am rather frightened of myself, and I don't even know why. I believe it's that wild-looking sky. In a minute it will be dark and so cold — you'll need a fire here.'

'I am on fire, Pheasant.'

He found her hand and held it. Then he asked: 'Do you think Alayne loves me any more?'

'No, I don't think she does. And you don't deserve it — her love, I mean.'

'I don't believe I ever had it. It was my poetry she loved, not me. Do you think she loves — Renny?'

She stared at him, startled. 'I'd never thought of that! Perhaps she does.'

'A nice mix-up.'

'Well, I should not blame Alayne. Here she is, pitchforked into this weird family, with a husband who is absolutely devoted to himself, and a most remarkable-looking and affectionate brother-in-law.'

'Remarkable-looking and affectionate! Heavens, what a description!'

'I think it's a very good description.'

'Well, I suppose Renny is remarkable — but affectionate! That scarcely describes making love to another man's wife. I don't believe Alayne would fall for him unless he

did make love to her. But affectionate! I can't get over that.'

'How would you describe your holding my hand? That's affectionate, is n't it?'

He took her other hand and laid both hands on his breast. 'I shan't mind about anything,' he said, 'if you will only care for me.' He drew her closer, his face stained by the afterglow that transformed the matter-of-fact room into a strange and passionate retreat.

Pheasant began to cry. 'Don't,' she implored. 'Don't do that! It's what I've been afraid of.'

'You care for me,' he whispered. 'Oh, my darling little Pheasant! Say that you do — just once. Kiss me, then — you know you want to. It's what you've been dreading — but — desiring, too, my dearest. There's nothing to be afraid of in life — nothing to be ashamed of. Just be your precious self.'

She flung herself against him, sobbing.

She did not know whether or not she loved him, but she knew that the room had a sultry fascination for her, that the couch where Eden lay was the centre of all her waking thoughts, that his eyes, blazing in the afterglow, compelled her to do as he willed.

She hated Piers for being absorbed in his cattle, seeing nothing of her temptation, not saving her from herself, as he should have done. He knew that she was not like other young girls of his class. She had bad, loose blood. He should have watched her, been hard with her, as Maurice had been. His idea was to make a 'pal' of his wife. But she was not that sort of wife. He should have known, oh, he should have known — saved her from herself, from Eden!

As she wept against Eden's shoulder, her tears became no longer the warm tears of surrender, but the tears of black anger against Piers, who had not saved her.

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

ON our office map a blue star on the white waste area of northwestern Canada marks the frontier home of **Hilda Rose**. From her Peace River claim have come letters enlisting our warm sympathy in a struggle which, though it seems almost unparalleled, doubtless has its counterpart in many an unchronicled life. Readers will remember Mrs. Rose's letters written from her American Stump Farm which we published in February, March, and April 1927. This later correspondence comes to us through the kindness of Dr. Mary Hobart of Massachusetts. ¶Another pioneer, though in the more urban field of advertising, is **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, senior partner of a prominent New York firm. A timely supplement to his paper is Mr. Robert Updegraff's report of the following interview which appeared in a recent issue of the *Magazine of Business*:—

'You have not seen it in the newspapers,' the banker said, 'but Gibraltar has fallen. Of course,' he hastened to add, 'the rock still stands there, majestic symbol of impregnability, and of course it would be practically impossible for an unfriendly ship to get past it. But there lies the point: it is no longer necessary to get past Gibraltar. Where sheer force of frontal attack would fail, imagination has surmounted it. A murderously equipped force could now fly over this great fortress; modern guns could stand well out of range and shoot over it, devastating the country behind it. For practical purposes it is to-day little more than a great museum rock, a relic of 1914 security.'

This analogy, which the banker applied to his own business, seems significant also of the conservative stand-pat attitude of the great fire and life insurance companies. The rock of Gibraltar has been for years the symbol, the trade-mark, of one of the greatest of these companies. The waning strength of Gibraltar under modern progress is a material illustration of the changing spiritual values created in a new world by the upheaval of a great war. Gibraltar has never been taken. It has been quietly superseded. Its passing is a warning that other standards and symbols by which the insurance people set such

store are no longer what they were. Forces are at work which will eventually affect the selling of insurance. Insurance, like all business, must adjust itself to the new thinking, the new buying, the new conceptions of good will, reputation, friendly relations, and intimate acquaintance, which play so large a part in the success of some of the greatest corporations. It is not merely advertising that is needed. Advertising is but a means of expression. The insurance companies need a better understanding of their own place in the social scheme, which advertising would give them.

A young English critic, **I. A. Richards** is on the jump. He began his present essay in New York, continued it in San Francisco, and finished it in Japan. No wonder it has a continental flavor. ¶The Reverend **Samuel McChord Crothers**, of the First Church, Cambridge, is the most quotable minister alive. ¶Together with Mr. James Stephens and Mr. Edward O'Reilly, **Margaret Prescott Montague** has had a hand in perpetuating the genuine lore of our lumber camps. But of all her Tony Beaver stories, several of which have appeared in the *Atlantic*, this latest is, we believe, the most gigantic.

* * *

Charles Prince, an American living in Paris, pays a tribute which many have felt to be due. ¶A noted trial lawyer of Chicago, **Edwin Hedrick** speaks his full mind about murder trials and the death penalty. A trial of quite another color was that legal pantomime in which **Kenneth Griggs Merrill**, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, took part. ¶When, in his analysis of the Great Reputations of the war, **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** came to Gallieni, he was able to give support to a judgment extraordinary for its admiration—and its stricture. Here is a fresh reading of history. ¶As president of Revillon Frères, **Captain Thierry Mallet**, a distinguished French *bleu*, has yearly access to the Arctic Circle and some curious friends. ¶It has been said that the verses of **Florence Call Abbott** are

'authentic reincarnations of Emily Dickinson.' John Bach McMaster is Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. Three decades ago he began to earn his great reputation with a paper on the Third Term. At this political juncture it is fitting that he should review the field seriously and impartially. Long training as a newspaper editor has enabled Marion L. Fox to allege facts which are generally verified by subsequent events. It is no secret that Mr. Fox is a Democrat.

* * *

Robert Dollar is head of the steamship company that bears his name. Although the Dollar Line is the only conspicuous example of American success in the merchant marine, it should be observed that the stringent provisions of the La Follette Bill have compelled the company to place all its ships under British registry. Mr. Dollar's paper is drawn from an address which he was unable to deliver at Trinity College. Herbert W. Horwill, for ten years London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and a close student of church affairs, writes us that the Revised Prayer Book has so far been the best seller of the year in the English bookstores. Neil Forbes Grant, foreign editor of the *Morning Post* of London for half a dozen years, now gives his time largely to writing plays.

* * *

Mazo de la Roche, author of the Atlantic prize novel, has been spending the summer on the Maine coast. For the benefit of those readers who may have missed an installment we print below the synopsis of the narrative thus far:—

When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old

woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. Her daughter Augusta, by marrying a young Englishman who later inherited a title, has become Lady Buckley. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

The relations of this pungent family are complicated and intensified by two further marriages contracted by members of its youngest generation. Piers arouses unbridled resentment and abuse by bringing home as his bride a girl of illegitimate birth. She is Pheasant, whose father, Maurice Vaughan, is a friend of Renny, and had been engaged to Meg until she learned of his fault. Eden in the meantime has upset Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems. During a visit to his New York publisher, he meets Alayne Archer, a girl of sheltered and cultivated life, who, on the death of her parents, has become a publisher's reader. On the news of their engagement, the family at Jalna naively conclude that the girl is rich, and the pair, arriving after their marriage, are extended a welcome in sharp contrast to the hostility shown to Piers and Pheasant. Alayne finds adjustment to the members of Eden's family peculiarly difficult. But, as her residence at Jalna continues, one figure presses into her consciousness with disturbing force. It is Renny, master of the clan.

* * *

Miss de la Roche sends us another appealing note which the publication of 'Jalna' has brought to her study.

BOGALUSA, LA.
April 18, '27

CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE:

The writer of this note is only a plain mechanic, a native of Belgium who has lost 7 boys in the war and 2 girls in the Red Cross, also his wife.

Came to America to leave in 'Peace,' and now I am finishing my invention who will saved *Millions, Millions* to U. S. and I hope Canada will get her shares about it, but Mademoiselle de la Roche mes petites economies are all gone and Now, I will have to get my Patents, but have not a cent.

As I have read your great success writing Novels, I send you that poor missive asking you

if you will be aimable to help me to get my Patents, only \$85.00, which will be *returned* to you as *soon* my *invention* is *sold*, with compound interest. Before the war, Mlle. de la Roche, I was well-to-do, but have lost everything, 2 manufacturing plans, and family, and it is very hard, Mademoiselle, to start life again with my 72 years, but with the *volonté* and courage I will succeed again.

Wishing you a continual success in your ligne as 'Autoress'

I am, Mlle de la Roche

Your obedient

A. M. C. (machinist)

* * *

Old Believers in a New World.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE
ERIE, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Reading, interestedly, 'The Old Believer,' by Albert Rhys Williams, in the July *Atlantic*, it occurred to me that you might be interested to know that two colonies of these archaic Russian Nonconformists have settled in the United States: one, with whom this Household dwells in amity, another at Marianna, Pa. Our neighbors have their own church and 'priest.' The latter, an erstwhile grocer, lays about him with the stinging whip of orthodoxy, much to the chagrin of the Modernists among us whose daughters heretically bob their hair and sing and dance. It is a 'sin' for a baby to eat the candy 'teacher' hands her in Big, or Little, Lent. Fasting twenty-eight weeks out of the year; abstaining from meat, flesh of fowl, milk, animal fats, sweets — one wonders how the sturdy babies and their elders maintain their physical balance. Following 'Lents' the devastating feasts set in.

Our bearded patriarchs toil on the docks near by. Lake Erie beckoned them long ago from the lower regions of Pennsylvania where they originally came from a remote Russian province and persecution. Thrift, honesty, simple living, with a deadly thirst for the current vodka, mark these stolid people. Their children have come to us for twenty years for recreation, kindergarten, and social and 'neighborly' service.

When death comes to one of them a pitiful little cortège winds down the street to the church around the corner, with the body of the departed carried on an open stretcher by loving hands as in the olden days in the Volga province. The journey to the desolate cemetery on the bleak hillside — then faces turned homeward toward 'Erie with Norse-blue eyes,' to more toil, more vodka, and some day soon will come the last of the Old Believers and his strange Odyssey.

VIRGINIA HUNT

The opinion of one who, like Mr. Bland, has been on the spot.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with the greatest interest and keenest delight Mr. J. O. P. Bland's article in the July *Atlantic*, 'China: And Yet Again.' As a missionary priest just returned after five years in the interior of China, it is refreshing indeed to read something about China written obviously by one who has no axe to grind, no constituency to fear, and from the point of view of facts. Since my return home I have been astonished and dismayed at the amount of misleading, vicious propaganda that has been and still is being broadcasted throughout the country by Chinese students, and others, on behalf of the so-called 'Nationalist' party in China. As Mr. Bland so ably points out, the 'political activities of the Cantonese faction' *do not* 'represent a real awakening of national consciousness and genuine patriotic ideals.' What the Cantonese faction does represent is a skillfully imposed and wholly artificial state of mind among millions of lovable, peace-loving, friendly Chinese, who, bewildered by the delusion of the 'Republic,' ground down by rapacious officials, overrun, looted, raped, and impressed by armed coolie mercenaries, at last in desperation are led to believe by lying tongues that somehow, and in some way, the foreigner is at the bottom of all the trouble.

Would that Mr. Bland's article could be reprinted in every newspaper in the country.

Sincerely,

H. S. S.

* * *

What does the Fourth mean to you?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When I was a little girl my father used to love to say, 'Well, it has been a very quiet Fourth,' and we, sensing the coming of that safety and sanity now so much applauded and dreading it, used to contradict him as politely as possible and say that, in our judgment, it had been a very noisy and joyous Fourth. Now I myself have reached the age when the Fourth seems 'quiet,' as of course it is, compared with those explosive older days when the delicious smell of gunpowder was in the air. Something else has gone out of the day too. It went with the Great War. Never again can one read the tales of the Revolutionary War with quite the same simple hatred for Britain which children brought up on the histories of thirty years ago certainly had.

One of the most impressive Fourths I can

remember was spent in a small town near the summit of the Sierras. The summer visitors were rather shallow and frivolous and no preparations had been made to make the birthday of our nation any different from any other day. There was an old man in the village whose fading eyes were already fixed on things invisible to the rest of us. He was a Civil War veteran and, fragile as he was, he had arranged a carriage block as a platform, put a table on it with a Bible, decorated his impromptu rostrum with a large flag, the bunting quite frayed and stained, and there, in a trembling voice, with that far-away look in his eyes and with one veined brown hand resting on the Bible, he read the Declaration of Independence to that vapid, rather scoffing crowd. That was all. Some of us never forgot our shamed feeling that we had not helped him in his little ceremony of remembrance.

Our quiet Fourth this year began by the head of the family reading aloud after breakfast the Declaration. Then from Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* was read a description of Jefferson's writing of the document, bits about some of the battles, of the sad winter at Valley Forge, of Washington's indomitable courage and military genius, of the unfit Congress, of the squabbles and jealousies among the states, of 'Mad Anthony' Wayne's dash and Benedict Arnold's treason, of the rebuke to Lee at Monmouth, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—a pitiful matter of 9000 men, but it ended the war.

We saluted the Revolutionary musket with its powder horn which hangs above our library door and we looked with a new interest at the old splint chair, made by hand in 1750, for that very chair must have been in somebody's kitchen or common room and if it had had ears could have heard at first hand the news of these skirmishes and battles. That spinning wheel beside the fireplace must have stopped in its whirling for a few minutes as the bulletins passed from mouth to mouth. As we go upstairs we look again at the old mahogany clock on the landing. This one has a very plain case, an unexciting face, and soft, pewter hands. And as all the brass was needed for cannon, this brave old veteran has only wooden insides!

A very quiet Fourth! Yes, God be thanked.

MABEL CRAFT DEERING

* * *

Freshmen look in the glass.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In these days when so much is being said about college education and college students, it may be interesting to you to hear what college students think of some criticisms of themselves. Dr.

Rubinow's article, 'The Revolt of a Middle-Aged Father,' in your May number was so interesting that I recommended it to my freshman classes in Citizenship here at Stanford. Their reading cards for the week gave such novel comments that I thought you and Dr. Rubinow might be interested in some of their reactions. I quote herewith a few.

'Unfortunately this article is quite true. The author shows pretty clearly the tremendous waste of money and energy in college.'

'He has, in my opinion, a narrow view of college life.'

'An article which most college students would read rapidly and then try to forget.'

'A discussion of our present "four years of advanced loafing."'

'I think that he puts his college expenses too high and that he pays too little attention to the fact that many earn their way through.'

'I agree with him. I know in my own case I could work in the daytime and get as much out of night school as I am getting out of college.'

'Whether you are getting as much out of college as you should is an individual matter. The knowledge is offered you, but it is not always accepted.'

'You're right. I did n't like this article. The worst of it was he seemed to be right in his accusations. After reading this I felt like quitting college and going to work.'

'Evident that Eastern colleges are more expensive than Western.'

'Makes me feel ashamed to go to college. However, I can make all my expenses at college and do it on \$900 per year. Much truth in his article.'

'Anyway, what is the B.A. degree worth besides permitting one to study for the A.M. — and the A.M. for the Ph.D.?'

(Signed) ELMER L. SHIRRELL

* * *

Our advertising department specializes in human nature as well as in publicity. Perhaps it is right in considering the following appeal more editorial than commercial. We publish it without cost.

PETALUMA, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, — Kindly insert the following in your next issue and mail me your charge for this. I wish only a small space.

I would like to make the acquaintance of some one who dislikes automobiles, newspapers, radios, commercialism — and who has a taste for the music of Mozart, the philosophy of Spengler, the poetry of Hardy. — R. H. WHELDON